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THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.

THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.

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THE
GANGES AND THE SEINE:

SCENES ON THE BANKS OF BOTH.

"There is a river in Monmouth, and there is a river in Macedon."
Captain Fluellen.

BY
SIDNEY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1862.

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P R E F A C E .

OF the chapters in these volumes which relate to India, the greater number are now published for the first time. The remainder of the general contents, with the exception of a few papers, have appeared in the pages of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*.

Two or three papers included in the collection have no especial reference to either the Ganges or the Seine ; but it is hoped that they will not be considered unpardonable intruders upon that account.

The author has only to add, that although many of the incidents recorded in the following pages are written in an autobiographical form, he must not always be considered as their hero, but be understood as sometimes availing himself of a license commonly accorded to writers of either fact or fiction.

London, October, 1862.

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THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.



I.

THE CITY OF AKHBAR KHAN.

I ONCE heard a youthful subaltern of the (late) East India Company's army describe the city of Akhbar Khan as the finest place in the world. His reason for arriving at this conclusion was that he had been stationed there for two years, and during that period might have gone to bed intoxicated every night, had he so chosen—such was the amount of festivity then prevalent. Granting the decided advantage of such an opportunity, I am afraid that if the locality possessed no other attractions the perusal of these pages would scarcely repay the reader. Like a great many of our countrymen in a similar position, my friend the subaltern was wont to measure the merits of any place in which he might find himself by the price of beer, and the accessibility of kindred comforts and indulgences. His "primrose by the river's brim" might be a lotus on the banks of the Ganges; it would remain the simple flower, as far as he was concerned, and nothing more would he ever make of it. And, after all, if a man is sent to a place where he may have to stay for years,

without being consulted in the matter, and has to plant himself there under possible difficulties in the shape of a wife and family, he may perhaps be excused for taking a material and unpoetical view of his destiny, and for holding the opinion that a comfortable house, and provisions at reasonable rates, are more important considerations than romantic scenery and historical associations. Even love, if it cannot live on flowers, can scarcely be expected to reside in ruins; and perhaps there may not be love, but never mind. I am afraid that a great many very fine descriptions of the beauties of nature would never have been written had their authors been stationed among them as officers of a marching regiment, or as officials with distressing desk work and regular promotion. Let us not blame men—nor even women—so placed, for considering even such a locality as the city of Akhbar Khan in the mere light of a “station.”

But for persons who are able or willing to take an interest in matters beyond the ordinary range of garrison gossip and civil service “shop,” there is much to be seen in most places where they are likely to be quartered in India, from which they may derive both pleasure and profit. And if they had their choice of localities they could scarcely make a better selection, as far as scenes and associations are concerned, than the city of whose principal “lions” I am about to attempt a sketch.

The city of Akhbar Khan, otherwise Akhbarabad, better known to Europeans as Agra, is the capital of the province of that name, now merged in the north west provinces of Bengal. Its glories as a capital, however, have been brief. Akhbar Khan made it his head quarters, and made the city, in fact, which so came to be called by his name; but the previous Mogul emperors

had Delhi for their capital; and there the last titular descendant of Timur held a mimic court, without power, until a certain Sunday night in May, 1857, when the outbreak at Meerut gave him something like real sovereignty. But this was brought to an end in the September of the same year, when Delhi fell, and with it all his hopes. Under British rule Agra was the seat of government of the north-west provinces; but it has lately been abandoned, as a capital, for Allahabad, where the little court of the lieutenant governor is now held.

Those were great days for Agra, in the time of Akhbar. But of the monuments of his reign few remain; and the noblest work of which Agra can now boast was the work of a successor. But the fort, in which is the palace of the great monarch, still stands, and is occupied by a British garrison. It was within its walls that the entire European population of Agra took refuge from the rebels in 1857; and it was from its high ramparts that they saw their bungalows burning in the silent night, with sensations which only those who have stood thus "by their own firesides" can properly appreciate.

To the fort we will direct our first attention. Its exterior is grand and imposing; its walls are of great height, with immense bastions, and it is surrounded, except where it is bathed by the Jumna, by a deep ditch crossed by drawbridges. It has the appearance of considerable strength; but the idea is delusive. The red sandstone, of which it is outwardly composed, is not the most solid of material, and before the mutiny the structure was considered so frail that it was thought imprudent to fire the evening gun from the battlements, lest the repeated shock should weaken its foundations. During the time when the garrison was holding out against an enemy which fortunately never presented

itself, the works were much strengthened, and the defences are now of a very respectable kind; but it would have no chance against a regular siege, with artillery. A very few hours would settle its fate. In the time of Akhbar, however, it was considered equal to any emergency, and very likely was so.

The most beautiful object inside the fort is the Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque. It is a white marble edifice built upon a high platform of the prevailing red sandstone. Its three white domes, surmounted by gilded spires, are conspicuous objects seen from afar, when they appear almost as if floating in the sky. Upon nearer view they lose nothing of the effect due to their exquisite grace and proportion. The entrance is reached by a high flight of steps; inside is a quadrangle of white marble; and on the western side is the place of devotion, which is divided into three aisles by rows of Moorish arches. These are of wonderful beauty, both as regards proportion and elaborate ornamentation. Above them are written the following Persian verses :*

This splendid place, "the second heavenly temple"†
 Of beauty, far surpassing every other ;
 From whence the sun derives its radiance ;
 Elevated like the throne of the High God ;
 Its domes like the highest heavens ;
 Its beautiful original being in heaven ;
 Each of its golden spires shining like the candles of the firmament ;

* For these, as well as for the inscriptions which follow, and for other matter of which I have made free use, I am indebted to a little hand-book printed some years ago at Agra, but which can scarcely be considered as *published* anywhere. It is a compilation from native manuscripts, and contains many facts, or assertions at any rate, which are not to be found in any other form.

† Like the one at Mecca, which is in imitation of the vault of heaven.

Its arches like the full moon's in the Edee ;*
 Is situated in the centre of the far-famed
 Red sandstone fort at Akbarabad,
 Which is to it, like the halo round the moon.
 The grace of God always rests upon it ;
 It is like the palace in heaven, made of one pearl ;†
 It is built of pure marble from top to bottom ;
 Another place like this exists not on this earth ;
 From the beginning of the world, such a place of worship never was
 seen

As this, which was built by Shah Jehan, who was like
 Solomon as to wisdom, and as venerable as Abraham,
 Whose throne is like the one in the heavens.
 The whole creation came under his protection,
 And he increased the power of the commands of God, (the source of
 equity);

The earth before his feet, thinks itself equal to the heavens,
 And the heavens, seeing his munificence, are suppliants.
 Wealth and prosperity wish always to be his servants,
 Religion, seeing his purity, is most friendly to him,
 The zephyrs of heaven begged the soil before his throne,
 The fires of hell before the temper of his sword were suppliant ;
 His kingdom is strong, because he rules, and justice also ;
 The cup of war is always full from his conquering sword.
 The heavens are slaves to his beauty,
 His countenance is as a looking glass for the moon ;
 He is the north star of the heavens, defender of the faith,
 Protector of the land, diffuser of justice,
 Good ruler over his mighty kingdom,
 This Aboul Mosufur Shahahbodeen,
 "The second lord of felicity,"

Shah Jehan, the victorious emperor of all the world.
 The edifice was finished in the twenty-sixth year of his reign ;
 The Motee Musjid took seven years to complete,
 And cost thirty laks of rupees, or £300,000.
 "From the abundance of his good designs,"

* The Mahomedan Festival of the sacrifice of Abraham, who, according to that creed, was ordered to offer up Ishmael.

† Where all the best of the faithful are supposed to go.

May God grant favor to all who come to pray here,
May the star of prosperity and salvation
Shine on his head : so be it,
Oh God of the universe, "so be it."*

On either side are fret-work screens, also of white marble, behind which the ladies of the harem were allowed to hear prayers read. It need scarcely be remarked that they were invisible to the devotees, although they could see all that passed themselves. Among a people who consider that no man can be trusted to look at a lady belonging to somebody else, even in the ordinary intercourse of life, it may be supposed that such a distraction when at his prayers would not be permitted—more especially in a place which is considered so holy that travellers come from afar to worship within it.

In the palace of Akhbar the largest apartment, if one may call it by so domestic a name, is the Dewan Khass, or private Hall of Justice, where the emperor sat and administered the article in question. His Diwan or Judgment Seat still stands in the centre of the hall, which is a large pavilion, well elevated, built of white marble inlaid with stones of various colours, representing flowers. Upon its floor are placed two massive marble chairs. The hall was originally opened to the sky, but it has been roofed in by our practical countrymen, who now use the place as an arsenal. The floor is mainly occupied by stands of arms, and round the walls are displayed a number of standards, some captured from the enemy, and others the tattered colours of regiments of our own—records of many a glorious deed which has become a household word of history. At one end, reared against the wall, are the celebrated Gates of

* "Ameen."

Somnauth, or Somanátha, which were taken by the Emperor Mahmoud from an ancient temple on the coast of Kutawah, near Bombay, in the year 1025, and carried by him to his capital at Ghuznee. After the Affghan war, Lord Ellenborough brought them away as a trophy, and deposited them where they now remain. The gates are made of sandal wood, elaborately carved and inlaid, though much of the inlaying has disappeared, the wood itself being not a little decayed. The Mahomedans have set their mark upon the gates, in the shape of the symbolical horse shoe and crescent, which may be seen securely nailed to their panels. There are also some bosses driven into it, supposed to have been taken from the shield of Mahmoud.

A native poet has celebrated the majesty of the Dewan Khass in the following lines :—

Its white battlements shine like the teeth of heaven ;*
 If any one should bow down in this place
 Misfortune will fly from his forehead ;
 It is the rising sun, good fortune attends there ;
 Oppression that was is here lost,
 And bound by the chains of justice ;
 I will imagine each link has eyes,
 For those who come to demand justice ;
 In the palace of the king are a thousand grandeurs,
 Like the sun shining upon the golden ornaments of the roof ;
 When this building first adorned the world,
 There was no other king like unto him,
 And heaven granted him her protection ;
 It never saw such a perfect edifice on this earth before ;
 Its court is like the face of the moon ;
 The shadow of heaven falls on its grounds ;
 I endeavour to ascertain the date of its erection,
 And the four doors of knowledge are open to me ;
 Historians say, "This is an auspicious building,
 And its origin blessed."

* i. e., the stars.

Outside the Dewan Khass, on an open terrace, is the black marble throne of Akhbar. This throne—which, despite the name by which it is generally called, happens to be of a dark blue colour—is a slab of marble about six feet in length, brought from Jussellmere. It is broken across, and the native legend is that it became so during the invasion of the Jats, when the King of Bhurtpore took the fort, and had the temerity to place himself in the imperial seat. The stone, it is said, resented the indignity upon the spot; and it is also added that blood oosed from it at the same time—a sure sign of the downfall of the empire. The same phenomenon, it is added, took place upon Lord Ellenborough seating himself upon the throne when he held state in Agra after the Affghan war; but this time it was supposed to have reference to the blood spilt at Caubul.

That the stone is broken is most true, and that there is a stain as of some red substance having escaped from it is also incontrovertible; but incredulous persons consider that though the stone was probably broken by the Jats, it was by some ruder process than that of sitting down on it; and they are also of opinion that the red stain may be attributed to the effects of a pigment, which escapes from several varieties of stones, in which the one in question may be included. It is a pity to spoil a good story, but I am afraid that the mystery of the marble throne is open to this vulgar solution.

The following verses are inscribed upon the throne, surrounded by flowers and ornamental devices:—

“Such a mighty king was he,
That when he drew his sword
The heads of all his enemies flew in pieces.

He was the heavenly gold-stone* of the sun and moon,
 As the earthly one is of gold and silver.
 So long as the sun in the heavens remains,
 So may the throne of Suleem last ;
 May his splendours always remain like the light of God !
 Upon the throne of Soultan Suleem, son of Akhbar Shah,
 The august Jehangeer, (surnamed Noor-Deen,) for his justice,
 Succeeded to the crown and signet,
 And governed the country after the maxims of his father."

Opposite to the black throne is a small white slab, upon which, it is said, the young princes or viziers sat when the king held a court ; or sometimes, when it had no other occupant, his majesty's fool, who mimicked his master's motions, to the great delight of those who dared to derive pleasure from such a source.

Among the wonders of the place, the Sheesh Mahal, or Palace of Glass, deserves special notice. It is an oriental bath, the several chambers of which, as well as the bath itself, are lined with mirrors—walls and ceiling—everywhere except the floor. The mirrors are small, and when disposed in close order, completely cover the surface upon which they are placed. Being oval and convex, they each reflect the entire object presented to them, which is thus multiplied a thousand times over. It is here that the emperor used to take his bath in the cool evenings, when the water was let in from without, flowing in mimic cascades from the sides of the apartment, over lamps placed in recesses. The effect of the flowing water, and the shining mirrors, and the brilliant light, is of a beauty beyond all we have seen in dreams, with the practical advantage of being real, and rendering enchantment unnecessary.

It was after the bath that the emperor would some-

* *Mahakka*, "test-stone," on which gold is rubbed to prove it.

times sit upon the marble throne in the cool evening air, or if disposed for ladies' society, would divert himself with the "birds" of his zenana, as orientals sometimes delicately call the female members of their household, when speaking to persons of their own sex, to whom those earthly houris are unmentionable with the naked tongue. All day, be sure, these birds have been fluttering in their gilded cage, counting the sunny hours with a view to getting rid of them, filling up the time with the business of the toilette—which business is a pleasure, and may be prolonged to an indefinite extent;—inhaling the hookah to be scented and soothed, or eating the aromatic pân in search of a little excitement. A pleasant picture they present no doubt. Each with her jewel box beside her, that she may examine and compare her trinkets when seized with a yearning that way; her pipe to be flirted with at intervals, and her pân to be consumed whenever she is willing to make her teeth and lips look brown and besmeared. Each with her attendant fanning her, or it may be fashioning her hair anew. All gauzily clad, and in easy graceful attitudes, sitting or reclining. Most of them chattering, and it may be all of them at once, like so many birds upon branches. Some retailing whatever scandal may be gleaned from limited materials, others quarreling, and it is whispered, sometimes even fighting. And the party generally, you may depend upon it, as unmanageable as any large collection of young ladies must necessarily be. Thus has the day passed, with no more mental stimulus than is afforded by the chirpy conversation, and the monotonous chant, perhaps, of a love-song, until the cool hours, when the prisoners may disport themselves on the bit of terrace, or roof, or in the garden which may be appropriated to their recreation, or with the emperor when he

comes to divert himself in their company. A favourite amusement at this time is the game known in England as "hide-and- seek;" and at this the ladies play with great glee, in a number of underground passages below the palace, which may still be seen by the visitor to the Fort. The game has the great advantage of being intelligible to the meanest capacity. It has not to be learned, the knowledge of it being doubtless innate, and for the same reason it cannot be forgotten. It involves so little exertion of the intellectual faculty that it might easily be played by a person without a head, supposing that the body could make arrangements to run about by itself. You may suppose, therefore, that it is peculiarly adapted for the ladies of the zenana, who are not permitted such dangerous accomplishments as reading and writing, and who live rather more aloof from the world than the occupants of a nunnery.

Standing in these dark passages, one may fancy them peopled once more with the frolicsome players, whose mirth, you may be sure, gets fast and furious when once they are let loose upon the diversion. What a pattering of naked feet—slippers of course are spurned—upon the paved floor; what a tinkling of golden anklets among the seekers for the hidden one; what a struggle, what a screaming, what a clatter of ornaments, when the lost one is found and brought away in triumph, for another to take her turn! And there are lost ones, too, who are never found at all, if they happen to have incurred the displeasure of their master. There is yet a well in a dark corner where such offenders were quietly deposited,—one splash, and they were never more seen or heard of. Into this well, now dried up, two English soldiers accidentally fell some years ago. They were the last victims, and the

opening has since been partially bricked over. The underground passages, so the natives declare, were of greater extent than appears in the present day. There was a subterranean communication from the fort to the Taj, and also to an old ruin called Nâu Mylah, in the cantonments; but all traces of these, if they ever existed, have disappeared.

On the walls of the palace are many flowers painted upon the marble, which have preserved their colour almost unimpaired; and among these the flowers of Europe are represented by the tulip and the carnation, both of which were not uncommon in Persia. There are lilies, too, carved in relief upon the marble, executed with delicate art. Inlaid flowers are also to be found, the shadowing of the turned leaves being represented by stones of darker colour, inserted with rare ingenuity. Among the specimens of carving which abound, the screens are distinguished above all by the wondrous beauty of their workmanship.

There are many native legends concerning the fort. One is to the effect that a very holy man, by name Bhyroo, inhabited one of the bastions,—now called by his name,—and that he threw himself into the ditch when the fort was taken by the Jats. His spirit is supposed to wander about the place in many shapes, particularly in those of a black snake and a white cat. Some years since, the native sentries presented arms whenever any animal of these kinds passed their posts. Upon enquiry into the origin of this custom, it was found that the order to pay this mark of respect had been handed down from guard to guard ever since the place came into the hands of the English.

Although the fort was the work of Mussulmans, it appears that the Hindoos had previously built upon its

site. There is still within its walls the remains of an old palace, of apparently Hindoo architecture. They are of red sandstone, carved with great elaboration.

There is another favorite residence of the emperor Akhbar at Futtehpore Sikree, some two and twenty miles from Agra, which it would be well for the reader—who has to perform the journey only upon paper—to visit before making a pilgrimage to the tomb of the great man at Secundra, only five miles from the station. Of the origin of this palace, an account is given in a native manuscript, to the following effect.

King Jelal-e-deen Mahomed Akhbar, when at the age of twenty-eight years, having lost all his progeny, went to the tomb of Kourja Moenudeen Chistie, a celebrated shrine at Futtehpore Sikree, and prayed for another family in the place of that which had been taken from him. He vowed that if the High God granted him a son that should live, he would walk barefoot to the saint's tomb. When he had said this, a priest by name Sheik Suleem, a most pious man, who had travelled all over the world, and now lived, like a hermit, in a small hut on one of the hills near Futtehpore Sikree, gave him the news that by the intercession of Moenudeen Chistie his wish would be accomplished. After this the emperor went frequently to the sheik, and placed great confidence in him. One day, when the king was in a reverie, he asked Sheik Suleem how many children he should have. The sheik answered that he would intercede with heaven. The king thereupon promised that his first son should be placed under the care of the sheik to educate. The sheik agreed to accept the charge, and said that he would give the child his name. When the empress was near her confinement, the emperor sent her to the sheik, that the child might be born within the

shadow of his sanctity; the child was there born, and received the name of Soultan Selim; and the emperor, in honour of the event, made Futtehpore Sikree a great place, and brought his court there, and in fourteen or fifteen years built on the hill, which was formerly the abode of the wolf and the hyena, most splendid palaces, with gardens and wells, and enclosed the whole with a strong wall of more than three miles in girth. After the victory of Goojerat, he called this place Futtehpore, or "Town of Victory."

Of the "Town of Victory" only the ruins now remain, but the great palace has habitable apartments where European visitors may rest and refresh. The gateway is approached by a magnificent flight of steps, supposed to be the largest in the world, the highest step standing one hundred and twenty feet from the ground.

A few years ago there was a guide, since dead I believe, who showed the visitors over the place, and entertained them with many stories concerning it. Busharut Ally, who claimed to be a descendant of Selim Chistee, was a very intelligent man, of imposing appearance, made more conspicuous by an enormous white beard. He was a well-known character to travellers, was of great age, and had preserved large numbers of testimonials from distinguished persons for whom he had done the honours of the place. Among the "chits" which he displayed to visitors were those of governor generals, and some of the highest functionaries of the state, of days long since past. He would talk interminably to anybody who would listen to him, and some of his stories have been preserved. Here is one of them.

It happened one day that Akhbar, being out hunting, lost his way, and becoming thirsty, requested a countryman, whom he saw at work in a field, to give him a

piece of sugar-cane to allay the sensation. So the man left his work, and going into the midst of the field, brought a large cane to the king, who asked him why he went so far for the cane when there were plenty of others near at hand?

The countryman replied, "Because you are the king, and I wished to procure for you the largest cane in my field."

The king then said, "If you knew me to be the king why did you not salam to me when I first came?"

The man answered, "It is your place to salam to me, when you have received from me, whereas I have had nothing from you."

The king was pleased at the answer, and said, "I have heard the truth once in my life." He thereupon gave the man a magnificent gold ring, worth three thousand rupees, telling him to point out the way to the palace, and to go thither himself in two days, when, on presenting the ring, he should receive a *bakshesh* of fifty rupees.

Returning to his palace, the king told a friend, a certain Rajah Beer Bul, of the adventure which had befallen him. Beer Bul said that the king had been too trusting in giving the man so valuable a ring, and expecting him to return it for the small gratuity of fifty rupees. But the king said, "He told me the truth; he will be honest."

In the meantime the countryman, going home with the ring upon his finger, was met by the kotwal, or chief of the police of the village, who took the ring from him, declaring that it must have been stolen, and threatening to cast him into prison if he made any complaint. So the two days passed away, and the poor man dared not go to the palace.

Months passed away, and the emperor heard nothing of his ring. Beer Bul laughed; but the emperor always maintained that it would be restored some day. While the emperor was waiting for the day to come, the kotwal, having possession of his ring, was able to make any amount of exactions in the village in his name; and the kotwal grew rich by plundering the poor.

But one day Beer Bul and the emperor were riding together, and saw the countryman a short distance off. Akhbar pointed him out, and Beer Bul said, "If he is innocent he will not run away upon seeing you; if he is guilty he will hide himself." The king approached, and the man continued his ploughing. Akhbar then asked the man why he had not brought the ring back to him? The man answered that it was taken from him by violence. Akhbar said, "Why did not you come and complain?" The man answered, "O king! my story would not have been believed." Beer Bul said, "Here is truth, but it is mixed with lies." The ploughman then told how the kotwal had taken the ring from him, and threatened to throw him into prison if he complained.

The king thereupon went to the kotwal, and approaching him unawares perceived the ring upon his finger, though he appeared not to make note of it. He asked that functionary how he contrived to keep up the magnificent style in which he lived upon such poor pay as seventy rupees a month? The kotwal, confused, took the ring off and hid it about him, calling the villagers to bear testimony to his fairness; and these, through fear of his vengeance, were all in his favour, swearing that he was a most just man, and never oppressed them in any way. Akhbar then gave orders for the countryman to be brought and confronted with the kotwal, who, when he saw him, turned white with

fear. Seeing him trembling and discomfited, the people took courage and exposed all his oppressions, but said, "He showed us your majesty's ring—what could we poor eaters of dirt do?"

The king then ordered the kotwal to give the countryman back his ring, put the countryman in the place of the kotwal, and reduced the kotwal to the place of the countryman. Beer Bul said, "Honesty will always triumph; I have seen justice once in my life."

Beer Bul and Akhbar appear to have been great friends, but nevertheless the king—according to the old guide already mentioned—did not scruple to play upon him a practical joke, which might have cost him his life. One day Akhbar asked his friend which was best—one's own personal strength or that of an army. Beer Bul declared in favour of the former; but the king was of a contrary opinion. Some time after this conversation the two were out hunting, and while they were sitting upon the ground refreshing themselves with some baked bread, Akhbar suddenly gave orders to his mahout (elephant driver) to make the animal trample upon Beer Bul. The mahout prepared to obey; and Beer Bul, seeing that nothing but his own alertness could save him, seized by the tail a dog which happened to be looking out for scraps, and flung him with all his might against the elephant's forehead. The animal, not used to this species of warfare, was seized with fright, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. Beer Bul thereupon turned round and reminded the king that he had lost his argument, since the personal strength of Beer Bul had vanquished a force so infinitely superior. The story has not much point, according to European notions, but these two solemn Asiatics no doubt relished it exceedingly.

Another story derived from the same source is better worth re-producing.

The practice of wandering about at night in disguise was not peculiar to the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. Several of the Mogul emperors frequently indulged in the diversion, and among them Akhbar Khan. One night, while on one of these nocturnal expeditions in the city, he overheard the daughter of a merchant, who was desirous of being married, telling her confidential servant to try and find her a clever, handsome young man, for a husband. But she required as a condition of being accepted that he should answer this enigma:—"If they are come, do not come; if they are not come, then come." The servant went forth on her mission, and met the king, saying to him, "My young mistress calls you; come with me." The king agreed, whereupon the servant told him of the question which he was required to answer. The king could make nothing of it, so the young woman told him he was a fool, and might stay where he was. She then went to another handsome young man, and told him that her mistress had called him. He agreed to go; and on hearing the condition that he must answer the question, "If they are come, do not come; if they are not come, come," he replied at once, "They have not come." The maid said, "Then come you along with me." But the young man now rejoined, that he must first require the lady to answer him a question also:—"If withered and faded, do not come; if fair and plump, come." The young lady, upon the message being brought to her, answered with an alacrity characteristic of her sex, "Fair," and bade the maid bring the young man quickly. So the servant conducted the young man, and the king walked stealthily behind, to see the end of the affair. The maid stopped

opposite a house, where there was a bridge made of crystal over a stream of water before the door ; but the bridge was so like the water that the young man who accompanied her could not distinguish whether there was a bridge or not. And the young man said to himself, "If I take off my clothes and swim, the young lady will laugh at me for not going over the bridge ; and if I try to walk, and there is no bridge, she will laugh at me for wetting my garments." In this doubtful case the young man adopted the expedient of throwing his ring towards the middle of the stream, so that he might hear whether it fell into the water or not. The ring sounded upon the glass bridge, upon which the young man followed in the same direction and picked it up, proceeding across the bridge into the house, the king going after and seating himself on the steps. The merchant's daughter came forward to meet the young man, and gave him a lemon, which he cut into two pieces and threw asunder. The young lady was pleased with his appearance, and conversed and played chess with him for some time, after which he went home. The king followed him, leaving a mark of pân leaf on the door, that he might know it again, and went home to his palace.

The next morning, at Durbar, the king gave orders for the young man to be brought before him. When he appeared, the king asked him the meaning of the question he had answered, and of the one he gave, and also concerning the ring and the lemon. The young man was somewhat astonished, as may be supposed, but said that he did not know. The king repeated his question, first in a friendly, then in an angry manner, and finding the young man obstinate, ordered him to be hanged. The officers took him away to carry the sentence into execu-

tion, dressing him handsomely, and playing music, as if he was going to a marriage. The maid meeting the young man on the road, told her mistress of the fate which awaited her lover. The lady immediately ordered her attendant to take a flask of rose-water, and break it under the gallows, which the girl did.

The young man, seeing this, said : "Tell the king, if he asks me now, I will explain all."

The king, upon receiving the message, ordered him to be again brought before the throne, and commanded him to speak.

Upon this the youth said : "O lord of the world! the words, 'If they are come, do not come; if they are not come, then come,' mean this:—'If grey hairs have come upon your head, do not come to me; if they have not come, and your hair remains black, do come.'"

Then the king demanded of him what he had meant by the question which he had asked in return. He said that he had simply meant to say that if the lady was old and ugly he would not go, but that if she was young and fair he would. The king then asked how he had found out the bridge, which the youth explained by telling him of the test made with the ring. The mystery of the lemon still remained unexplained. The meaning of his cutting it in two, he said, was this. The lady told him she was of noble descent, and would be compromised by his visit if it were known. By the mode in which he treated the lemon, he meant to tell her that though his head were cut in two pieces, he would not divulge her secret. His sincerity he had proved even at the foot of the gallows. But when the lady ordered the bottle of rose-water to be broken, his knowledge of signs told him that he might speak; for he knew that as the sweet scent diffused itself when the bottle was broken,

so if he broke his promise, nothing but fair fortune would follow.

The king was so satisfied with these answers, that he said nothing more about hanging, but gave orders to the relations of the young lady to have her married to the youth, and this done, the bridegroom was made the king's vizier, and admitted to his confidence and friendship.

Akhbar Khan died at last, like other men, and was buried at Secundra, about five miles from Agra, where his magnificent monument remains but little injured to this day.* The ground in which the tomb stands is about forty acres in extent, enclosed by an embattled wall. The central building, containing the tomb, consists of five terraces placed one above the other, gradually decreasing in size from the base, so that a pyramidal effect is produced. Four of these terraces, as well as the screens with which they are enclosed, are made of red sandstone. The upper terrace, with its screens, is made of white marble. At each angle of the outer wall, which is of a square form, is an octagonal tower, surmounted by an open pavilion; and there are also four fine gateways of red stone, like the walls, the principal gateway being inlaid with white marble, and crowned by four minarets of the same material. The latter have had their tops knocked off, some say by the Jats, who used them as marks to point their cannon at in sport. Others declare that the act was committed by

* "Secundra," I may here observe, is a corruption of "Alexander," the place being named after Alexander the Great, though why is not exactly clear, since there is no record of that monarch having ever advanced beyond the Punjaub; and even into this territory he did not penetrate farther than the river Jhelum, where he fought his great battle with Porus.

order of the commanding officer of an English dragoon regiment quartered on the spot, because some of his men had fallen from the minarets and been killed. The latter statement, however, is scarcely borne out by probability, as many high places remain undisturbed, from which similar accidents might occur.

The tomb of Akhbar is in an open vault underneath the central building; but the *jawab* tomb, as the natives call it, that is to say, the tomb *answering* to it, or what we may call the representative tomb, is on the topmost terrace. In the centre is the sarcophagus, covered with a crimson cloth, to protect it from the sun by day and the dew by night. On removing the cover, the visitor beholds one of the most beautiful objects that has ever been fashioned by man. The form is simple as its subject demands; but the ornamentation is of the richest and most elaborate kind, while the material—the purest of white marble—is as fresh as if it had just come from the chisel. The open-work screens which surround the terrace are of the same, and through their delicate lace-like design, you may see the gardens below, with their broad-leaved trees and bright-blossoming flowers, raised walks and well-sunken beds, strongly contrasting with the bare and almost desolate appearance of the country around.

Upon the tomb there is written the ninety-nine names of God, and also the following verses :—

“In the name of the everlasting God,
Who knoweth not annihilation,
The bestower of thrones to all princes,
Who from the void can produce everything,
From whence munificence and justice springs.
His mercy is on all who seek him,
His justice hall is open alike to rich and poor,
Great Creator of the universe,

And lover of pure lives.
By his everlasting grace he made the two worlds,
The one known to all of us,
The other as yet a mystery.
He gives crowns and thrones to kings,
Whose justice makes the people glad,
Like a garden in the early spring.
If such a king existed on earth,
He would be like "the shadow of God's protection,"
And would bestow favors on us,
The same as on his own relations.
It was in the year 962 of Mahomet, that king Akhbar
(Whose name be blessed,) sat on his golden throne,
Girt about with clouds ;
He adorned the world by his equity and justice,
And all his subjects were contented :
Worthy men hearing of his bounty,
Came from afar off to be his servants ;
In the twinkling of an eye, he put forth his arm,
And subdued nations like the lion.
Like the bounty of God which is on all,
So was King Akhbar's bounty ;
His eye was ever watchful over all,
And if any came to his justice hall
To ask forgiveness or mercy,
It was given as quick as thought flies
From the fish, to the sun,* (i. e. from earth to heaven,)
The world overflowed with the report of his fame,
Like the breast of one, who cannot keep a secret ;
He governed his subjects so well,
That the high God even gave him praise ;
And he reigned fifty-two years with great wisdom.
He was king of the seven quarters of the earth,
And now heaven is his also.
Don't fancy weak mortal, that heaven will favour you :
To the wise and learned, this world
Is nothing but mere earth and water ;
It remains stable to no one long ;

* A Mahometan Metaphor.

It is full of hatred and enmity,
And love and hatred cannot go together.
This world is like the mirage of the desert :
Whoever satisfied his thirst from that ?
King Akhbar so governed the world,
That it became like unto heaven :
May the High God always be kind to his spirit,
And may the heavens rejoice at his coming."

The following lines are written around the walls of the tomb :—

" The poet desires that the mighty kingdom,
By the grace of God, may remain for ever.
Wise men were astonished at the prosperity of the country,
And came from afar off, to see its magnificence.
The king was as benevolent as the "shadow of God :"
May another as good as he arise.
Time changes everything continually,
And never remains the same with anyone.
The king is like the empyrean heaven,
And his Durbar, like the place where the throne of God is,
If a mountain should present itself before it,
It is only as a blade of grass.
He sat upon his throne like "the shadow of God,"
And his throne and crown increased in splendour
When he made use of them,
As the sun's brightness becomes more brilliant
From its shining on the face of a river,
He was benevolent, merciful, and noble,
Of most enlightened understanding,
And most intelligent mind ;
He conquered the world, gave away its kingdoms,
Then left the world—for the next one,
And in its garden he sowed good seed.
Having come from the country of Persia,
He is now gone to the heavenly abodes of the blessed.
His spirit was like the rays of the sun and moon,
May it now shine like the high God's."

On the north door of the tomb are these lines :—

“ This arch is more splendid
Than the one in the ninth heavens :
The sun derives its lustre from it ;
Yea, the arch in the tomb of Akhbar
Is more beautiful than the seven kingdoms.” *

In the same building may be seen the tomb of the Princess Maria, or Miriana, one of Akhbar's wives, said to be a Christian, and who was probably of Portuguese origin. That Akhbar should have had a Christian wife is likely enough, as he was the most tolerant king whom India had known, and, among Mahomedans, a marvel of enlightenment. His general character, indeed, was such as to endear him to every class of his countrymen. He was wise as he was powerful, and generous as he was just—of course in a strictly oriental sense of those terms, his mode of government not being exactly in accordance with European ideas of the virtues in question. For much of the popularity of his administration, moreover, he was indebted to the wise counsels of his favourite minister, Vizier Abul Fusil, who is buried in the tomb called Etimad-u-Dowla, near Agra, on the other side of the Jumna, the ornamental part of which is much defaced, but shows the remains of great beauty. This minister was murdered, while travelling, by some robbers, said to have been employed by Selim, a son of Akhbar, who was jealous of his influence over his father.

Leaving Sekundra, let us conduct the reader back into Agra, and take him to the Taj.

The Taj Mahal, or Palace Tomb, otherwise called the Taj Beehee ka Rosa, or Crown of Edifices, is the mau-

* *i.e.*, the whole world which the Mahometans imagine to be composed of seven kingdoms.

soleum of the favourite wife of Shah Jehan, one of the sons of Akhbar, and the second in succession after that monarch. Shah Jehan caused it to be raised in her honour, and he lies within it by her side.

It is a tale full of sweet sorrow—that of the emperor and his beautiful empress. But before giving what version of it I can, I will attempt to convey some idea of the appearance of an edifice which may well be called one of the wonders of the world.

Travellers have tried to describe the Taj. They have all signally failed. I shall fail myself, and yet, like others, I cannot refrain from offering the homage of an attempt. The moth cannot keep at a respectful distance from the flame, although he may be sure that he will perish miserably. Can the “artist in words” turn aside from so fair a model, merely from fear of burning his fingers?

The first sight of the Taj is usually gained at a distance of four or five miles from the city, where the traveller sees what to him has the aspect of a white rolling cloud, clearly defined against the bright blue sky, and tipped with a golden light. On a nearer view, the cloud shows a certain regularity of form, and assumes the appearance of a fairy palace. Yet this Crown of Edifices is not one of those objects which depend upon distance for their enchantment. If it is beautiful from afar, it is lovely upon nearer approach; and there are few who are long at Agra before they are under its spell.

There are more modes than one of making acquaintance with the Taj. You may visit it with a party of lively ladies, to whom you are bound to devote your chief attention, under pain of social outlawry—which is no joke in India, especially in the provinces, where

there is not much choice of society. In such a case you will be so occupied with giving your arm here, offering your hand there, supplying unnecessary assistance everywhere, having a possible parasol to hold, and being pestered with questions out of place, that you will most likely come away with only a confused idea of a very brilliant scene, in which white marble, green trees, inlaid pavement, gay flowers, and sparkling fountains, are mingled with Paris bonnets, gossamer robes, eyes used for more than merely seeing, and voices whose principal mission seems to be to exclaim—How charming! how delightful! how exquisite! at every turn—all mingled together in bewildering confusion. Under such circumstances, I pity the unfortunate man who attempts to form an adequate conception of the spectacle. I have no doubt that either of the ladies would form a very agreeable companion alone; but somehow, when persons of that pleasing sex get together in any number, they always think more of themselves and of the society, than of any object that they are met to see. It is for this reason, and not through any feeling of disrespect, that I would rather not be one of such a party to view the Taj.

Such is my deliberate opinion after trying the experiment. But I have also assisted at another mode of making the excursion, which I think the reader will agree with me is rather more objectionable. I once went to see the Taj with three lively subalterns in the army. We were four upon a dog-cart: we drove a tandem, and one of the party had brought a post-horn, which he sounded when it so pleased him, either as a mark of contempt for the occupants of passing vehicles, (I remember that with a sudden burst he sent the brigadier's horses flying, and nearly overset that respect-

able old officer into a ditch,) or, when nobody was near to plague, in ostentatious defiance of the universe generally. In this pleasant manner we proceeded along the road until we gained the principal gateway of the tomb—itself a magnificent building, with its lofty arch of red stone and its white marble domes. Alighting here, it was found impossible to proceed without refreshments, the setting sun not having, in the opinion of the majority of the party (I will not invidiously mention the name of the one who was opposed to the arrangement), sufficiently cooled the air. Accordingly from the recesses of the vehicle were drawn forth sundry bottles of soda water and one of cognac, besides an appropriate number of capacious tumblers; and then and there was concocted a series of doses of that mixture known as a “peg.” Why it is called a “peg” I cannot say, for upon that point commentators differ; suffice it that it consists of a certain proportion of soda water and the cognac aforesaid, which combination, while not unknown in Europe, is particularly celebrated in the East for its sustaining qualities. Of it there was great imbibition at the gate, and then (I am sorry to have to record the fact) one of the *syces* (grooms) who had been running after the trap all the way from the station, was made to carry a basket to a convenient place in the interior, containing further materials for the same refreshment, with a view to possible contingencies, which very punctually arrived. After that precaution, and a general lighting of cheroots, the happy party sauntered in to enjoy a sight of the most beautiful edifice in the world.

Perhaps the reader will expect me to “draw a veil”—in the language of romance-writers—upon the scene that followed. But there is not the smallest occasion to do so. Nobody did anything very wrong on the occasion—

unless the arrival of the contingency before alluded to, be considered very reprehensible—but certainly everybody was witty who could be, and everybody, whether he could be witty or not, was very gay—and somehow I did not consider the mode pursued precisely the best manner of enjoying the Taj.

Upon an expedition of the kind I have generally found that a single companion was the best adapted for appreciative purposes. And this may be of either sex, the wife of one's bosom or the friend of one's soul, according to convenience. They say, that two is company and three is none. This is generally true, and always so under circumstances which excite reflection or emotion. One likes to say what one thinks at the time, irrespective of captious criticism or cold sarcasm. A well-matched pair always respect one another, even in their less vigorous moments; while a third person is seldom to be trusted. Men talk nonsense in *tête-à-tête*, especially late at night, which if known would make their friends set them down for fools. Yet how seldom is it that one betrays the other!

I do not wish it to be understood that a couple of fools are the most appropriate persons to visit the Taj together, or that sensible men should go there in pairs merely for the sake of talking nonsense. I am not supposing the case of fools at all, nor of sensible men who talk exactly nonsense. What I mean to insist upon merely is, that a greater degree of confidence is inspired by the dual arrangement, and that the best ideas of most men are brought out by the means.

Let us suppose a model pair, in a frame of mind not quite fitted either for a funeral or a fête, who smoke as good men should—especially in the East—but who abjure present pegs as inappropriate to the occasion,

setting forth together to see the Taj ; and having sent them on their mission, let us follow them and share their impressions.

Entering, then, by the gate already referred to, we stand at the opening of an avenue of cypress trees, planted with such regularity that the vista appears of no great extent, and yet the white marble building at the other end must be some distance off ; for although its swelling dome appears far above the trees, its proportions seem diminished by space, while its colour is so pure, and its traits are so soft, that it has all the delicacy of a gem. This is our first view of the Taj. We can as yet see little more than the terrace upon which it is raised, flanked by two tall minarets, with two others in perspective—thus indicating that the platform is square—and the large swelling dome crowning the central structure ; the whole of the whitest of white marble, rendered yet more dazzling by the light of the morning sun, which has just risen, and is now filling the east with flakes of burning gold.

As we advance into the avenue of eypresses we find that this is only one feature of a gorgeous garden, laid out in the most perfect oriental taste. Along the avenue on either side is a narrow walk paved with stone, leading to the end of the vista ; and the space between is occupied by square sunken tanks, from which issue a line of fountains, parallel with the paved walks and the cypresses, and extending to the terrace at the end. On the outer side of the paved walks, which are crossed at intervals by others, are sunken flower beds, filled with the richest and rarest plants, as well as the most plentiful, which are fortunately roses. Filling up every available space, and giving an agreeable variety to the scene, are trees of many kinds. Here may be seen the palm, with

all its feathery varieties; the plantain, with its great broad leaves shading the delicate fruit; the lime, with leaves not broad but deliciously fragrant; the orange, from which it is so pleasant to gather the green fruit with the white frost on in the winter mornings; besides mangos in profusion, and other fruit trees, as the peach, the guava, the lechie, the loquat, and the pomegranite.

But let us pass on through the avenue of cypresses by one of the side walks which are divided by the fountains. The swelling dome, the glimpse of terrace, the towering minarets are still before us, but somehow after walking for some minutes we seem to be no nearer to them than when we set out. We now find what has been already hinted to the reader, that the distance is very deceptive, the length of the avenue being far greater than it appears to be, an illusion caused by the perfect regularity of the plan. As it is with the avenue, so with the building itself; as we approach nearer we perceive that it is of far greater dimensions than we had previously supposed, and that it is to the exquisite harmony of its proportions that the deception must be ascribed. The structure before us is nearly three hundred feet high from the ground to the golden crescent which surmounts the dome; and the minarets at the corners are nearly two hundred feet from the terrace. I mention these particulars, in this place, in order to show that there is no reason for the visitor to be disappointed in the size of the place; but in truth such a consideration would not enter his mind at the moment, so absorbed would he be in the contemplation of its matchless beauty. Of this beauty, all attempts to give an idea must be clumsy and futile. I can, therefore, only name the component parts, and leave the reader to make the most of his imagination for the whole. Described, then,

in plain matter-of-fact language, the Taj may be thus disposed of.

The terrace is reached by a double flight of steps exactly at the end of the avenue, but unseen from thence, and from which you emerge, as if through a trap-door upon the marble floor, laid out in well defined squares, and surrounding the main building on its four sides.

This main building is square in form, but with an approach to octagon, that is to say, it is square with the corners cut off, but not sufficiently cut off to destroy the squareness. Above it rises the most beautiful feature of the structure, as far as form is concerned—the large dome swelling from its base as in most oriental architecture, but of a peculiar delicacy of outline such as has been seldom or never seen in any other example. For form alone, this edifice, standing thus upon its terrace with the corner minarets, in the midst of a beautiful garden, must be pronounced one of the finest architectural creations in the world; but what must be said of it when we behold the pure and brilliant material of which it is composed, and the precious and perfect elaboration with which the material is inlaid? In outline all is grand and bold, and yet of so soft and so tender a purity as to convey the idea of feminine beauty. Were those proportions displayed merely in the bare white marble they would yet be beautiful indeed, but clad as they are in precious stones, bestowed with such prodigality and disposed with such art, the effect is even doubly enhanced. So perfect indeed is the simple charm, that far from being lost it gains fresh grace from ornamentation. I know this assertion is in opposition to the hackneyed idea of “beauty unadorned,” and I must allow it to remain so. It does

not follow that because a maxim has been quoted ten thousand times that it is true in every case.

Having intoxicated the sense with the one beauty, let us now sober it with the other. As yet we have seen the effect of the precious stones by the additional lustre given to the white marble in the rays of the sun. Let us now examine the inlaying that is within our reach, and test its execution. The letters and flowers which compose the designs are so perfect that the dead queen within might have worn them as gems at her wedding; yet these are found, gathered in wreaths or words, profusely scattered over all the principal portions of the building. The words are those of the Koran: the four first chapters are on the outside of the entrance gateway, and three more are on the inside. Round the walls and on the doorways of the Taj itself are written, it is said, *all* the remaining chapters of the book as complete as in any published edition. The characters are all in black marble inlaid in the white. Well might Bishop Heber say that the Pathans designed like Titans and finished like jewellers!

But it is now time to view the interior. The great doorway on the side opposite the entrance gate, and commanding the avenue of cypress trees, is of wood, strengthened by nails, of an aspect certainly "picturesque," in the ordinary sense of the term, but scarcely in keeping with the delicate elegance of the building which it guards. This is the fault neither of Shah Jehan nor his architects, but of those ruthless Jats who, it is said, carried off the original gates, which were of massive silver. But the wooden door will open at any rate, and now we are inside. Here we find ourselves in a new scene of enchantment; our gaze mounts upwards at first and takes in the magnificent dome, with the

symbolic egg, suspended from the centre; below, like the dome itself, all is pure white, with the exception of the rich inlaid ornaments. The sarcophagi of Noor Jehan and her husband are side by side in the centre, enclosed by screens of the most delicate workmanship; the smaller one is that of the queen; both are inlaid with a richness beyond that of any portion of the building in which they are contained; and the wreaths of flowers upon the screens are of perfect beauty. The sarcophagi, however, are only "jewabs." The real resting-places of the pair are below, similar in form, but more plain. These may be seen by the visitor upon descending a narrow stair through an opening in the floor.

Resting for awhile in the cool air and subdued light of the marble hall, let us carry our minds back to the past and recall the story of the great monarch and his fair queen, and how it came to be raised—this greatest tribute Power ever paid to Love.

In a native manuscript is to be found the following "true and faithful account of Banou Begum, (called the Splendid) celebrated as Taj Beebee, the wife of Shah Jehan, daughter of Vizier Arsuf Khan, and granddaughter of the Nawab Etimad-e-Dowlah," the minister whose tomb has already been mentioned.

"The Emperor Shah Jehan, Protector of the Poor, Almsgiver to the Distressed, Possessor of the World, Defender of the True Faith, and of Most Enlightened Understanding, had four sons borne him by Banou Begum.

"The eldest was Dara Shiko, whom he most loved, and appointed successor to the throne, having previously made him Soubadar of Hindostan.

"The second, Shah Shojah, who was very learned, he

made Soubadar of Bengal, and the east of India. This prince collected round him all the wise men, and those celebrated for their strength, and obeyed his father in everything.

“The third was Aurungzebe Alumgheer. He governed very wisely over the soubar of the Dekhan.

“The fourth was Mahomed Morad Bakoh, who had the provinces of Goozerat, Tatta, and Bukhur. He governed like an emperor, acquainted his father with all that was going on, and took his advice on every point.

“The emperor had also four daughters, very beautiful, modest, and clever, and obedient to their parents.

“The eldest was Unjumund Arraie Begum; the second was Gutte Arraie Begum; the third was Jehan Arraie Begum; the fourth was Dahur Arraie Begum.

“The last born cried before it was born;—whereat the Begum was much alarmed, as were all who heard the ominous sign. They all cried: ‘Oh God, this is most marvellous; after this, bestow nothing but good!’ Then they went and informed the emperor of the strange event; and the emperor ordered the wise men, and the physicians, and the clever nurses to be assembled; and all did their best; and the vizier’s daughters also prepared medicine for the suffering Begum.

‘In this world there falls no leaf
Without the will of God.’

“All their medicines were useless. The empress gave up all hopes of life, and calling the emperor to her bedside, said weepingly: ‘O king, such calamities have befallen, that I am greatly distressed; after them I know not what may happen.’ On hearing these words, the king placed his finger on his mouth, but would not

afford her any relief, though he was very kind and affectionate.

"The empress restored all her jewels and ornaments to her husband, and besought him to be kind to all her children ; and sometimes the two shed tears, and sometimes smiled, and talked of the world to come.

"The empress said : ' If a child cries before it is born, it is a sign that the mother cannot live. What I have ever said that has displeased you, pardon, for I have not long to remain on this earth.'

"The emperor, when he heard these words, began to weep greatly, and was sore troubled.

"Then the empress added : ' O king, I have lived with you in years of prosperity and adversity. Now you are a mighty monarch, and commander of the world, and I have two requests to make to you, which I trust you will grant.' The emperor promised, and asked what they were. The empress said : ' The High God has given you four sons and three daughters to preserve your name—do not take to yourself another wife, that enmity may arise among them. This is my first request. My second is, that after I am removed from this world, you will build such a monument over me as the world has never seen before.'

"The emperor, weeping, promised again to do what the empress desired.

"The child was born. Every possible means were taken to preserve the life of the mother ; but

' When death comes,
The physicians may stay away.'

"This was at the commencement of the cold weather, and the empress's hands and feet became chilled, and weeping and lamentation were heard all over the palace,

as if the day of judgment was at hand, and the king did nothing but weep.

‘Like a hermit who cares not for wealth,
And miserable as a lover without his mistress.’

“So the empress died, and mingled with the angels in paradise, and her remains are interred in a tomb on the site of the Taj.

“The architects brought to the emperor many plans and drawings for his inspection; and when he had chosen one of them, a wooden model was made of it. In sixteen years time, the present matchless edifice was erected, and the date of the Begum’s death was written upon the tomb :—

‘The Momtaz Mayl from this world has gone,
The angels have opened the gates of heaven for her,
They gave the date and the year
When Momtaz Mayl came to heaven.’*

On one side of the tomb are verses in praise of the Taj, by the celebrated poet, Shah Bodeen :—

“This wonderful building is like those in the time of Bulkeese;†
The resting-place of the empress,
Its splendour like the gardens of Eden,
Its perfumes like those in paradise;
In its courts frankincense grows,
And the fairies keep them clean with their eyelashes,
Its doorways and walls are all covered with gems,
Shining like pearls and jewels.
The water all came from the fountains of light,

* These verses are so written in the Persian, that the last verse is composed of letters which also stand for numbers; and these show that the event took place in the year 1623, A. D.

† Queen of Sheba.

The place is marvellous, and its rank most high ;
May the clouds of plenty always rain upon it.
If in this place any one should pray,
God will quickly grant his prayer.
Like the winds which come here empty.
And go away loaded with perfume.
So from hence no one shall go without benefit also ;
There is a flower in this garden, like 'the garden of God,'*
Yea, even more sweet than that ;
No flower here blooms except in solitude ;
And when the rain of blessing falls,
Anyone entering these doors,
Is like one whose sins are forgiven ;
When the buds wish to burst forth,
The winds never harm them,
They are as gentle as if they hid in the buds themselves.
Should anyone ask pardon of God,
He will receive it in this place dedicated to Him ;
Should anyone bathe his face in its waters,
His sins are forgiven him ;
Should the sun, or moon, this tomb perceive,
Tears would enter in their eyes ;
The place is like one who has taken the veil,
The sun itself is a suppliant there,
The heavens look for sustenance from this garden.
When the sun sets, then the moon rises,
Eternity itself looses its power in comparison to it,
For death has given up his right here.
This building is not man's invention,
But is evidently made by God's assistance,
And is as durable as the creed of the faithful.
The wonderful talisman, on seeing it, is ashamed.
Whoever enters this place, will remain in security for ever ;
When the Deity built it, the autumn time fled to the jungle."

Upon the tomb of Shah Jehan, in the vault underneath, are written the following words :

"This splendid tomb is like the palace of the starry

* A plant growing in the gardens of Eden.

firmament, the resting-place in heaven of Shah Jehan, the second lord of felicity. May God preserve this tomb from His seat in heaven. He died, 1076, A.H."*

And now let us come forth again and breathe the air. The sun is up, and in its light the Taj is a blaze of beauty. There are many who declare that it is in the full glare of day that the building is seen at its best; but I must give my preference to the morning or evening, when the sun is in its rise or its decline. In the moonlight there is another separate charm attached to the Taj. Then indeed it is a fairy palace, a castle in the air, a dream in marble, as it has been variously described by travellers. But after all it is difficult to say when this wonderful edifice is most magnificent. Let us suppose that to-night will be dark, and that our friends, whom we have accompanied on their visit, return to the scene of their morning's enchantment. It must be a very dark night indeed if the Taj does not stand out a bright object. But to bring it forth in all its splendour, there are ample means at hand. You have but to give the order to an attendant, and in a few minutes the place is seen in a brilliant state of illumination. The mode in which this is best effected is as follows: four men respectively mount the four minarets, by the winding stairs within, each carrying with him one of the fireworks which the natives manufacture in such perfection. This he ignites upon arriving at the top. The effect seems magical. There is no scattering of sparks in pyrotechnic devices, but simply a sustained light, at once soft and brilliant. It is generally found most effective to burn a different colour at each corner, the blending of which is of almost inconceivable beauty. The varied radiance appears to pervade all objects far

* 1666, A.D.

and near. Over the tall minarets whence the light pours forth ; over the white terraced palace with its delicate dome ; over the fair gardens with their grand avenue of cypresses, shades of luxuriant tropical foliage, and bright blooming flowers ; over the winding Jumna which washes one side of the terrace ; over the stately fort and the bridge of boats ; over the opposite shore dotted with mosques and temples ; even to the silent cantonment, where the British power is sleeping upon its sword. It is a sight not soon to be forgotten ; but as the light gradually dies away, and the Taj once more becomes ghost-like in the dark, there is another scene in preparation no less strange and beautiful.

We enter the tomb, and by the light of a feeble oil-lamp we see men high up near the dome, engaged in preparations, the nature of which are soon apparent. On a sudden a rose-coloured flame starts into life ; then a second, a third, and a fourth ; and in a brief minute, the dome, the walls, the floor, the sarcophagi in the centre and the screens around them,—all that wonderful interior of white marble and precious stones,—become illumined with an effect that may well seem born of supernatural power. Within the building there is no space for mingled hues. A single tint only may reign at one time ; but you may vary it, and see the rose give place to other colours and new charms. It is when the hall is thus filled with radiance, that music may be best brought to complete the spell. The voice raised in song will find an echo of mystic melody ; and the traveller who has brought with him the merest musical box, has a means of working enchantment upon the sense.

After beholding the Taj in this its greatest state of splendour, there remains nothing but to drive home and

dream. Next morning we may perhaps be tempted to discuss details which would be vulgar and obtrusive in the light of the moon, or the many-coloured tints of the workers in fire. By whom was the Taj designed? To what order does its architecture belong? These are questions to which the prudent visitor must submit, for they are certain to be asked elsewhere. It would be highly improper for him to declare that he was so bewildered, so intoxicated, by the result, as to care nothing for such particulars. Travelling has its duties as well as its rights, like property, and travellers must pretend, at any rate, to be well informed.

There are various stories afloat as to the men who made the Taj. An Italian architect—name unknown—generally gets the credit of it; and we are often told that this great triumph of Eastern art came from a Western head. But for this hypothesis there is no sufficient foundation. Native report is furnished with names and all particulars, and is at least as trustworthy as any other authority. From a native manuscript we gather the following:—

The person who designed the Taj was one Esaw. He is said to have come from Constantinople. The letters were inlaid by one Imarut Khan. He came from Persia. Each of these received one thousand rupees a month while the work was proceeding.

The head workman was Mahomed Huniz. He also had a thousand rupees a month; and Esaw besides received a present of five hundred rupees for mending the brass pinnacle on the top of the dome, which was broken in the course of erection.

The builder of the dome itself was Ishmael Khan. He received five hundred rupees a month. The bricklayers, stone-cutters, carpenters, &c., numbered from

six to nine thousand, according to the season of the year.

With regard to the architecture of the Taj, there is much difference of opinion ; but Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us that it is pure Saracenic, and he is about the best authority on the subject.

The materials of which the Taj was built were brought from far and near. The red cornelian came from Bagdad, the white from Greece; the turquoise from Great Thibet; the lapis lazuli from Ceylon; the coral from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf; the onyx from the Dekhan; the lahsanynia from the Nile; the false ruby from the Ganges; the payezur from Kumaon; the amethyst from Surat; the jasper from Kommajh; the garnet from Gwalior; the pudding-stone from Sind; the agate from Arabia; the bloodstone from Cambray; the magnetic stone from Gwalior; the white marble from Kashmere; the yellow marble from Oodipore; the black marble from Jusselmere; the yellow stone from the country round Agra; the red stone from Futtehpore Sikhree.

Shah Jehan, it is said, made a measure of his own, called the Shah Jehan yard. One of his cubic yards of the white marble weighed nine maunds (a maund is eighty pounds); of the black marble, seven maunds. There were used in the building, twenty-eight maunds of blood-stone, ninety-five maunds of jasper, three maunds and a half of lapis lazuli, one hundred and thirty-nine maunds of red cornelian, and twelve maunds of coral. Most of the valuable stones, it may be remarked, were sent to the emperor as presents, or were taken as tribute from the several countries that he had conquered. I am afraid, indeed, that such a magnificent building as the Taj could never have been erected under the condition of being paid for. And yet the sum

which the work actually cost, according to the general belief, was no less than one million, seven hundred thousand pounds sterling.

It is generally believed that Shah Jehan, upon the completion of the Taj, intended to have built a similar mausoleum for the reception of his own remains, on the other side of the river, the two to be connected by a bridge with silver rails. That such an idea may have been entertained by this great monarch is probable enough; but I doubt whether the work was ever commenced, as is maintained by some local authorities. In any case the troubles in which the king was plunged before his death, through the rebellion of his sons, were quite sufficient to cause him to abandon the project.

In an open space near the river, within the enclosure of the Taj, is a large block of porous, so balanced on the plinth where it rests that it can be shaken to and fro, but cannot be dislodged from its position by the means. How it came there, and what its meaning may be, nobody knows; and the fact that no stone of the kind is produced in the country renders the matter still more mysterious. The only idea formed upon the subject is that, from its capacity to shake without falling, it is intended as an emblem of the empire, and as such, was probably pleasing to the king.

For the residents at Agra the Taj is not merely a "lion" to which they pay state visits when desirous to show it off, but an intimate friend, upon whom they continually call for the pure pleasure of its society, and with whom they spend weeks at a time. In the mornings and in the evenings there can surely be no pleasanter place for a walk than that terrace on the river side of the building, where a breeze is always to be found if breeze there be. And here, immediately bounding this

promenade, are two dwelling houses, which may be engaged of the accommodating authorities for a very small sum, for a day, or a longer period, according to convenience on both sides. To these come parties bent upon pleasure, and invalids in search of fresh air; and between the two they are seldom untenanted. I have heard some sensitive persons deprecate in severe terms the practice of holding such profane festivities as picnics, &c., in so sacred a place as a tomb. But it should be remembered that the Mahomedans, notwithstanding the reverence in which they hold the resting-places of the dead, do not express their feelings towards them in precisely the same manner as ourselves. In Agra there are many houses which are extensions of buildings formerly dedicated to the dead, and men see no harm in the living using them as dwelling-places. In many of the "compounds," or gardens, attached to the houses of Europeans, there are one or more tombs still existing, which nobody would dream of displacing, but which one is not expected to consider in domestic arrangements. The natives themselves, proud as they are of the Taj, make no scruple in turning it into a place of recreation; and every Sunday, Mahomedans as well as Hindoos make it a trysting place, where they congregate for pleasure; almost to the exclusion of their European allies, who seldom intrude upon them during the hours in which they may be considered to have made the place their own. Both the building and the grounds are maintained in excellent order at the expense of government, and I believe that not the most bigoted Mussulman begrudges the enjoyment derived from either the one or the other in consideration of the service thus rendered. Even dancing, in which our lively compatriots occasionally indulge upon the terrace and in the grounds, does

not appear to give any offence. No doubt the natives consider us utterly abandoned for dancing at all ; but if we choose to incur the degradation ourselves, instead of employing "professionals" to gratify us in that manner, they think we may as well do so at the Taj as elsewhere. Indeed, while they tolerate the gathering together of such very promiscuous company as compose the Sunday assemblies, it would be difficult to make any consistent objection to the festivities of the Europeans, which are after all never inconsistent with western ideas of order and propriety. It is true that we offend "the prejudices of the natives," to use the stock expression, in many ways. That we should hold the country by our troops, and govern it by our laws, is an inexcusable liberty in the first place. That we should profess a different religion is an insult added to the political injury. That we should indulge in our carnivorous appetites is a gross indignity to one portion of the population, who hold all animal life as sacred, and who consider that we have no right to kill a cobra whom we may find curled up in our bed. That we should degrade these appetites to the extent of eating the unclean animal, is a perpetual scandal to another class of the people. That we should have anything to do with wine or brandy-panee, is considered a great reproach by both classes in common ; though in their judgment upon us, in this, as in other respects, both classes are guilty of a great deal of hypocrisy. That we should allow our women to appear in public unveiled, is a standing source of sarcasm and contempt, which are no doubt, thoroughly genuine. In most of our ways, in fact, we offend the prejudices of the susceptible people among whom we are placed. But when we maintain their monuments as we do the Taj, and show our appreciation of their beauties by recreating ourselves

therein, we tend in some measure to redeem our general unpopularity, which owes its origin less to political than social sources.

I have omitted to mention—what, however must be known to most of my readers—that the heroine of Mr. Moore's ingenious poem of *Lalla Rookh*, is no less a person than the Banou Begum, buried in the Taj. Shah Jehan was a poet, and may therefore be easily supposed to have wooed her in the manner described. For the rest, the British author's descriptions will scarcely be accepted by travellers in the East.

II.

PROVINCIAL LIFE IN INDIA.

It is mainly from a home point of view, that life in India can be fairly estimated; and to fairly estimate life in India, everybody knows that we must go beyond Calcutta. The north-west may be taken as a fair specimen, and it is to the north-west that we address ourselves. The month or two passed in Calcutta scarcely prepares the new arrival—fresh from Europe—from England—from London—for the phenomena presented by an up-country station. In London he was of course lost—to an extent which makes a great many persons particularly desirous of never being found again. He had also imbibed Paris, and tasted possibly of the Rhine and Rome. From these passing influences he is seasonably roused by the overland journey. What new scenes and old associations are conjured up by the mere idea! But the overland journey is soon found to be a rush and a scramble, during which there is too much to see to permit one to observe, and too much to say to enable one to reflect. Calcutta is a crash and a glare, from which the new comer seeks refuge in silence and shadow, and finds them occasionally when he does not want them—under

a punkah. The north-west follows, and then come the stern realities of Indian life. We pass over the dâk—who would not pass over the dâk if he could?—and find the new arrival at his station. He is probably in the hey-day of the cold weather; but he has of course a foretaste of his troubles. How dismal, for one who has recently parted from his “friends,”—to find himself transplanted to a place which, for Asiatic *ennui*, combined with European observances, has no parallel in any other country. An up-country station in India is an exception to everything. It reminds one of the desert, but wants its freedom. It suggests a foreign country, but imposes on us the cares of home. It exacts something of the etiquette of May Fair, but affords nothing of its varied intercourse. It is not like a country town, for it presents no facilities greater than the dâk for running away from it. It is not like a crowded city, for it does not allow one to remain ignorant of one’s next door neighbour. It is like nothing under the sun—an Indian sun of course excepted—but itself. It is a station—“only this and nothing more”—nor less.

The new comer of course feels and sees before he begins to experience and reflect. He feels that the weather is getting warmer every day, and he sees that he has now exhausted everything in the way of novelty which the place may contain. There is probably very little of natural beauty in the neighbourhood, and still less in the way of art, which can be recurred to with pleasure. He may of course be cast in a station which is an exception in this latter respect, and if so he is a fortunate man. He leaves his cards upon the society. He exchanges a few words with the people whom he finds at home, when he most likely labours under a consciousness of having nothing to say; and he finds

himself "cutting" these same people when he meets them out, and continues to do so until he gets their faces by heart. He is asked to dinner here and there ; and through meeting the same faces so often at different houses, forgets occasionally, if he is at all absent, whose house he is in. The conversation for the most part is perfectly unintelligible to him. It abounds in terms and phrases with which he is unacquainted, and refers to persons whom he has never heard of, or not yet individualized in his mind. He sees two elderly gentlemen convulsed with laughter at some joke referring to a place called a "cutcherry," but what there is to laugh at he cannot make out. He puzzles himself in wondering what a cutcherry can possibly be. It is no doubt a slang term for something—he has read in Mrs. Mackenzie's book that people talk slang dreadfully in India. A cutcherry is probably some improper place—he has read in several books that the moral tone of society in India is very bad. Still, he wonders how two gentlemen can make such allusions in the presence of ladies, and is sorry to see that two or three of the latter are laughing as much as anybody. He will certainly write home and tell his friends about it : he feels himself already gaining an experience of the country. So he sits quietly, having transacted the necessary courtesy demanded of him by the young lady on his right, by making three observations—two sensible ones and a failure,—and receiving from her three observations in return—two failures and a sensible one. Even this kind of conversation he has found it difficult to keep up. He cannot ask if she has been to the opera lately ; nor is it of any use to say anything about the Chiswick Fête ; and he has not arrived at that degree of confidence—which requires middle age and immoveable features—which

would enable him to ask, "which do you prefer, muffins or crumpets?"—a question which we remember being put by a "bold bad man," in London, to an astounded female stranger. He has a half belief that the orthodox enquiry may be, "which do you prefer, the Regular or the Irregular Cavalry?" but not being quite sure, does not hazard it. It may be therefore inferred, that his three remarks are limited to the weather and the dâk; and then perhaps the weather again. He does not apply himself particularly to the dinner, for he has not courage to ask in public for what he wants under their native names, and has been prematurely abashed by receiving a knife when he thought he had asked for a spoon—a kind of mistake which a great many persons in India think highly distinguished, and which indeed we have seen affected by persons who, from certain indications of local coloring, we should say had known Europe only in the capacity of visitors. But of course our friend has not arrived at this triumphant point of experience. So he sits quietly; looks up at the punkah; mixes his wine rather injudiciously; takes notice of the ladies' dresses, if he is critical in such matters, and wonders what his sisters, whom he has seen a few weeks before in the first blush of the last mode, would think of them. He looks too at the gentlemen's dress, decides that there is not an orthodox collar at the table, and wonders where the civilians get those extraordinary coats. Then he looks up at the punkah again, and only half listens to the conversation. He starts fervently on somebody addressing him, and has a suspicion that he has been—only for an instant—asleep. Then there is a buzz, and the ladies leave. The principal difference made by this event is—that the ladies have left. There is very little accession to the conversation. It is just a little more free perhaps.

A subaltern, for instance, informs his immediate neighbour that his commanding officer is an ass; and our friend hears for the first time that a distinguished colonel of cavalry, with a name high in public estimation, cannot ride:—"You should see how he grasped his holster pipes yesterday—it was a rich treat." This is the extent perhaps of the license: very little more wine is taken, and there is not so much sitting over it as even in England in these decorous days. The remainder of the proceedings are soon over. Nobody is going anywhere else, except a bachelor or two to a mess perhaps; and these light up furtive cheroots in the verandah, and mount, it may be, dog-carts of a flagrant character, which they could not very well keep waiting for them in a genteel London thoroughfare.

A few weeks pass over, and our young friend has become an old Indian. It is wonderful by the way what an old Indian one becomes in a few weeks, and what a young Indian one remains in a few years. But he is an old Indian in his own estimation, which is sufficient: if everybody only succeeded in satisfying himself, there would be no necessity to please others. He knows his own servants by sight, which is a great triumph, for at first all the natives resemble one another like a flock of sheep. He can also ask for what he wants with tolerable facility; has got a house all to himself; has tried a hookah, which he will abandon when the novelty has passed, as nearly everybody does now, and begins precociously to abuse the country. Of course these symptoms are heightened or modified by circumstances—whether he is a military or a civil service "Griff," or neither,—and in either case he may fall into extremes, either of books or billiards,

and be successful or unsuccessful in life, according to the chances common to all climates and conditions.

But our Griff is not beginning to moralize as yet. He is looking about him, and is prepared to make the best of everything he sees and hears. His first mania is most probably for amusement. He knows everybody in a formal manner, and has made a few intimate acquaintances—these are manufactured in a few hours in India. He is determined to rush into the vortex of society—to give himself up to the giddy whirl for a time, before he takes seriously to study—which he has several times resolved to commence “the first thing on Monday morning,” and has then postponed to the first of next month—by way of beginning in a regular manner. He is ready for the rush, but where is the vortex? It is plain that he will not find it by staying at home, so he resolves to go and call upon some of the leaders of fashion, and hear what is going on. At the first house where he makes the enquiry, he receives the well known answer that there is nothing at all, and that everything is more dismal than ever. Are there no balls coming off? This question causes absolute laughter. Why, there has been no ball since the Queen’s birthday, and there is no chance of another. The last was a failure, because the brigadier insisted upon full dress, and the officers were too hot to dance; and because it had been “got up” by two or three of the wrong people; and because Mrs. A——’s box, which she had been expecting for seven months from England, had not “come up,” and she had no ball dress, and therefore stayed at home; and because Mrs. B——, whose box *had* come up, and who had a beautiful ball dress, wasn’t allowed by her husband to dance; and because Mrs. C——, who was the best dancer in the

station, took it into her head to sit still all the evening, after filling up her card about six times over; and because the D——'s, who were always interfering with people's amusement, (it's very fortunate they have left the station since,) chose to give a dinner party on the same night, and detained their guests until they were thoroughly fatigued, with the exception of a desperate youth or two, who would go anywhere at any hour; and because several ladies stayed away for reasons of their own, and several other ladies stayed away for reasons of somebody else's; and because the refreshments were bad; and accordingly nobody enjoyed themselves except the gentlemen who stayed to the second supper, and they paid dearly enough for their amusement the next day.

This is not cheering. But our Griff, still bent upon rushing into the vortex of society, is not daunted. He speaks to two or three influential men upon the subject of a possible ball—there are always two or three men in a station who manage these matters. The first application is encouraging. Captain Warble thinks that things are not “ripe” for the purpose, and besides, is of opinion that the civilians ought to “do something” this time, and that “some of those fellows who are drawing four or five thousand a month” ought to *give* balls instead of making people subscribe for them. Our Griff next proceeds to Rapid, a subaltern, who is always ready for anything. He has always a good following in whatever he proposes, and is a general favorite. Rapid is evidently the right man, and Griff finds him in the right place—*i. e.*, at home. Rapid is just taking his first cheroot of the day (and his last but two, for he is not one of your dissipated men) and thinking of Miss Myrtle, the judge's daughter, whom he has met out the

night before, and in whose favour he is understood to be a "gone coon"—in the objectionable phraseology of some of his friends. She has on that occasion expressed her wish that somebody would "get up a ball," and he is just meditating upon the subject. The suggestion of Griff is therefore singularly *à propos*. They agree to go and rout up old Warble, and make him join. The result is promising. Warble is open to conversion, and (after tiffin) is of opinion that the thing may be done if the Browns and Joneses can be induced to come, and the Robinsons can be guaranteed to stay away. Rapid is not a man to be daunted; so without more delay he gets a sheet of foolscap, and writes the proposition for a subscription ball neatly at the top, with a request that those disposed to join will put down their names, or at any rate not omit to write the word "seen." Then he puts the important document, big with the fate of so many polkas and *deux temps*, into a long envelope, with the words "In circulation" written outside, and a long list of names, and hurries off with it in his buggy, to get the signature of the brigadier and some "big civilian" to head the subscriptions—for though the virtual originators of the festivity, it would be death to the design were either of our three friends to assume the lead. These preliminaries are soon achieved—the "brig" merely observing that he doesn't care much for these things, but will make a point of going, and the big civilian putting his name down without dreaming of being present, but with a vague notion that he is doing something for "the masses," and that property has its duties as well as its rights. The severe test is to follow, and this, as fortune wills it, is successful. Some fifty or sixty persons put down their names, and of these about half may be expected to bring ladies.

Of course these are all persons of recognized position in society, and who know more or less of one another. But it may be that some are invited over from out-stations, to swell the number, and to give that appearance of strangers among the old faces, which conveys one of the most refreshing sensations that the Mofussil can afford, and is comparable to nothing but the first sparkle of the desert spring, or the first experience of any of those pleasant things of which poets delight to sing.

For the next few days, all the station who have subscribed to the ball are on the *qui vive* about their toilettes—except indeed the absurdly opulent people who have everything in fabulous quantities from home; and even they have occasionally to endure the misfortunes to which all in this life are subject—especially if they rely upon the bullock train. All the available gloves in the station are bought up, as the first preliminary, and there is a rush made upon the wretched milliner, who has been neglected for the last three months. The gloves are of course all of the wrong sizes—the white ones are spotted with yellow, and the yellow ones are stained with white, owing to exposure to the air, and it may be a dash of sea water, and at least half of them break disastrously at the seams on first being put on, through the same causes, joined to the dry heat up the country, which has operated as a pleasing variety. Now it is that ladies who have hitherto been remarkable for a degree of amiability for which “dovelike” conveys but a faint idea, begin to tell their husbands respectively that it was all nonsense putting down their names, for they have nothing to go in, and they (the husbands) know it. A mild man, perhaps, out of the number, suggests

some existing dress which does not seem used up—and which he thinks “rather swell than otherwise” as eligible at the crisis; but we need scarcely say that he is promptly put down, as his ignorant conduct deserves. As if indeed *that* thing would do, which everybody has seen, and when the so-and-so’s will be there, who give themselves such airs because they are just out from England, and the somebody-elses, who have just got their box out, which is the next best thing! Of course the monster subsides, as in duty bound, and retreats to his own room, which presently begins to give forth a slight odour of tobacco, and from which a pop, something like the opening of a soda water bottle, is probably heard, accompanied by a splutter, the result of a furtive effort to open it gently—blundered of course by that ass of a servant! This, it should be remembered, is an individual case—we should be very sorry to represent it as a specimen of Anglo-Indian manners generally.

The great night arrives. Soon after, our friend Griff arrives also—at the public rooms where the ball is held, and where he is one of the first. The scene is not one of enchantment, such as he had imagined a ball to be in the gorgeous East—the land of the sun, of birds and flowers, and jewels and odours, and houris fairer than all of these. There is an uninhabited look about the place, which can be accounted for only by the appearance being founded upon fact. The walls look white-washed—for the reason that they are so, and there is an air of desolation, which the presence of seven persons does not altogether dissipate. There are plenty of lights, however, and the canvass is stretched with admirable tightness upon the floor—signs of the activity of the stewards, and delightful for dancing purposes. It is half-past

nine. The seven persons who make desolation the more apparent, are all men. They are all courting the refreshments, and Griff joins them for want of something better to do. Presently a new party arrives—two of them are ladies. Then another party—one is a lady. Three ladies are usually considered a quorum in the Mofussil, and the band begins to play. Scarcely has the first dance begun when two more parties, mustering five ladies, drop in with desperate vigour—and the ball is in full swing. Our Griff is in the vortex of society, and yields himself to the gay abandonment of the scene. More people arrive, including more ladies, until the number of the latter actually rises to seventeen. The men by this time at least half fill the rooms, and the enchantment is at its height. Up to the period of half-past twelve Griff experiences an unsettled feeling, as if the ball had only just begun; but when once he is certain that no more guests—ladies especially—need be expected, and he is assured on the authority of several of the stewards that the occasion is *not* a failure, he surrenders himself to sensations of mad exhilaration, and is determined to “make it a personal matter” with any man who says he is not enjoying himself immensely. Whether he *does* enjoy himself or not of course depends upon circumstances apart from the mere appliances and means of enjoyment. The most magnificent balls are usually voted “slow” by some of the guests, and the most hopelessly wretched occasions are found delightful by others. At the ordinary Mofussil ball it must be confessed that there are difficulties to surmount of which few men are master. It needs considerable animal spirits to compete for a partner with twenty different men, and requires something approaching philosophy to feel perfectly contented after *not* succeeding, which must

be the fate of nineteen out of the number. The probabilities are that Griff has not been sufficiently *au fait* to make his engagements beforehand—which the old hands always do—and so succeeds only in getting a stray partner here and there, who has been neglected, or forgotten; but let us hope that he enjoys himself, and is thoroughly satisfied that he is being carried away in the vortex of society.

The supper is not likely to be a brilliant affair. It is more useful than ornamental, and unfortunately very few persons wish to make use of it. However, the ladies let off cracker bon-bons, and laugh over the mottoes in the approved style, and sip champagne, and flirt mildly, and seem to like the proceeding rather than otherwise. A candid young person fresh from home will occasionally give out, in a more or less marked manner, that it is not the sort of thing that she has been accustomed to, but everybody, fortunately, does not hear her, so that the heretical opinion does not interfere with the amusement of the rest. At half-past one or two, the people disperse, all heartily tired, whether with exerting themselves too little or too much, and perhaps the former is the more fatiguing of the two. A few unprincipled persons usually remain behind, and indulge in that most reprehensible proceeding—a second supper—which some hardened wretches are actually heard to declare is the best part of the evening. At these horrible feasts, not only are all sorts of devilled and anchovied arrangements freely indulged in, but beer is drunk, not wisely but too well,—in which respect it differs from the comic songs, which are sung neither wisely *nor* too well—an arrangement, however, which has its advantage, as it prevents the singer from being asked to sing them over again.

After his maiden attempt, our Griff is not likely to be in a great hurry to rush into the vortex again, but is usually content with a whirl of mild amusements, which cheer but not inebriate. It is possible that a dramatic fit comes over him, and that he yearns to fret his hour upon the stage. He has of course a notion that he can play Hamlet (we never knew an amateur who didn't believe *that*,) and a latent conviction that he is born to be the best Richard on the boards. He joins the Thespian Club of the station, on the strength of this understanding that he has arrived at—with himself. The delusion is very speedily dissipated, or at any rate he soon ceases to have any idea of acting upon it.

The fact is, that Shakespeare and the legitimate dramatists do not flourish in India. Nor is it surprising that they do not, when it is remembered that complete professional companies at home cannot make them popular with the public. Even in Calcutta, where an occasional professional or two come out upon speculation, for the apparent purpose of assuring themselves of the fact that it "doesn't answer," the strictly illegitimate drama alone affords them a chance. In the north-west how is it possible that any serious or sustained performance can succeed, when the female parts are feminine only as far as the petticoats are concerned, and the softer sex is usually represented as rather the harder of the two? Even when a professional lady has "starred it" up the country, which has been very rarely, she has belonged as essentially to the "heavy walks" of the drama as the elephant at Astley's, and inclines to such parts as Mrs. Haller (our *bête noir* of the British stage) and can never be made to play in any piece in which she has not to be seduced

herself, or do something desperate to somebody else. The consequence is, that these ladies have not been very successful, and few are found to follow in their footsteps. So the amateur companies get on by themselves as well as they can. Of these the greater numbers are composed of the soldiers of the European regiments—of which nearly every one in India has its theatrical company. In some stations these coalesce with the officers and other gentlemen; in others, this latter class form a company by themselves. In the north-west the buildings used for the theatres are sometimes built expressly for the purpose: in other cases they are old barracks, or any other convenient or inconvenient edifice, adapted to the purpose; and as may be supposed, they do not always remind one of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The dramas represented—always strictly illegitimate, as we have said—vary according to taste. The soldiers invariably select a real Surrey melodrama, containing a profligate nobleman; a rapacious landlord, *i.e.*, a landlord with a prejudice in favor of getting his rent; a faithful lover, in more or less humble life; a haughty lady of title who is found to have made a *faux pas* in her youth, and whose own son turns up eventually, minus his h's, but with most enlightened sentiments about the nobility of nature; a virtuous heroine who makes the profligate nobleman ashamed of himself; and a great deal of red fire, which eventually makes everything *colour de rose*, as is usual when virtue is triumphant in real life. In addition to this, there is probably a "screaming farce," and as many comic songs and sailor's horn-pipes as can be crammed into the evening's entertainment.

Among the "gentleman amateurs" the farce, screaming or otherwise, forms the staple of the *repertoire*,

except when such a piece as "Used Up" (which piece has perhaps been played more often than any other in India) can be found available. But this is of course not often, for "Used Up" is one of the best specimens of its class ever put upon the stage. A writer in a home periodical—whose article we have happened to meet with while writing these pages—remarks with a profundity of observation worthy of a better cause, that it is always the weakness of at least one gentleman amateur in every company, to believe that he can play Sir Charles Coldstream rather better than Charles Matthews. We have known instances in which two or three gentlemen belonging to one company have each held the same opinion; which of course leads to exhibitions of a far more professional character than anything the amateurs can do on the stage. These aspirants are usually rather fresh from England, and possessed of the most recent coats and waistcoats, without which, it must be confessed, the character is apt to lose a great deal of *vraisemblance*; for it is evident to the meanest capacity among the audience, that the traditionary swell of the British stage, with the military stripe to his trowsers, whom the waiting maid usually finds so irresistible, is not the Sir Charles that Matthews has immortalized. We are bound to say, however, that we have seen the character admirably performed by amateurs in the north-west, and that whatever faults there might have been in their performances, were on the right side, as far as good taste is concerned. They generally *under-played* the part, refined too much, both in dress and manner—forgetting that a little breadth and exaggeration are indispensable on the stage. In fact they were too much like the Sir Charles Coldstreams of real life to convey the requisite

dramatic effect, and their performance seemed *pale* behind the lights, just as their cheeks would have seemed pale had they not been rouged.

But we are criticising rather prematurely, it being our intention to take the reader to the theatre (in the company of our Griff) and let him judge for himself. The theatre to which we will conduct him is not one of the best in the north-west, as far as the building is concerned. It is a fair average specimen, and therefore better worthy his attention. It is a condemned barrack, this home of the drama, but it is not depressed by its condemnation, for it never looked half so well in its original character. Our distinguished party arrives early, in order to form a fair estimate of the place before the performance commences. "Early" means about half-past eight, the performance commencing at nine. Being strangers, of course we have been losing our way, and have nearly driven our buggy into a ditch; but the sounds of the commencing overture, and the light which streams from the open doors, have guided us in safety to the spot. Outside there is a great concourse of vehicles and horses, the latter taken out and made comfortable for the evening—crowds of soldiers and mysterious persons who are never seen but on these occasions, and stalls for the sale of ginger beer and other unintoxicating refreshments, chiefly for the benefit of the soldiers. A great many of the gentlemen who have come *en garçon* have the materials for "pegs" in their buggies, with perhaps a basket of ice sent beforehand; and these persons, we need not say, are highly popular with their friends. Indeed their practice may be commended on the strictest grounds of prudence, for they do more than prepare for a rainy day, by providing for a "wet night."

The interior of the theatre is, as may be supposed, of the Early Barrack order of architecture—that is to say, the room is long and straight—rather narrow for its length, but sufficiently lofty. The stage is at one end, and the seats are ranged across the room, divided by partitions into first boxes, second boxes, and gallery. The seats are all chairs, the private property of the individuals composing the audience, who have sent them from their houses during the day. They are carefully labelled with the names of their respective owners, and arranged according to their various degrees of dignity, unless in compliance with special arrangements. Of course the brigadier and the civilians of high degree get the best places, while the ordinary run of distinguished persons are planted promiscuously. This is as far as the first boxes are concerned. No class of persons are actually excluded from these places who choose to pay for them; but in India different classes are so separated generally by custom, that they separate themselves by instinct upon these occasions; and the distinction, not too strictly carried out, doubtless makes everybody more comfortable. So the second class of persons find themselves serenely content in the second boxes, where they can see just as well as in the first; and the soldiers and kindred subordinates make themselves uproariously at their ease in the gallery, where they can command the whole house. These various human elements being assembled, general attention is directed to the drop-scene, which, like the scenery generally, is rough and ready, and is probably the work of a private soldier. The subject is a view of a very blue bay, with very yellow sand, and very green trees; buildings of a pleasing white; and a mountain thrusting itself ostentatiously out of the back ground, and emit-

ting smoke. We need not the classic-looking peasantry in the foreground—one of whom is talking to somebody else's wife on the trunk of a fallen tree, another of whom is fishing and evidently not caring about catching anything, and the rest of whom are sprawling miscellaneously in the shade—to tell us that Naples is the bay and Vesuvius the mountain. We are just remarking the peculiar perspective which the artist has employed in the composition, and thinking that if nature was arranged upon the same principles, the bay would infallibly pour itself into the orchestra, and the mountain come toppling down upon the heads of the first boxes, when the bell rings and the curtain rises upon a "screaming farce."

The next moment we are in the presence of Buckstone. There can be no mistake. The appearance is unmistakable, the voice beyond all dispute, and the conduct identity itself. No other man ever carried his countenance to such lengths of comedy; no other man ever made so much fun out of the inflexions of his voice; no other man ever allowed himself to be made such a fool of by his wife, or blundered with such an irresistible combination of shrewdness and inanity when he wanted to transgress upon his own account. The evidence of the play bill is to the effect that the character is played by Lieutenant * * * of the * * Regiment, but this anybody may believe who pleases—we believe the man to be Buckstone, and although temporarily shaken in our conviction by the man coming to the front of the house, when the piece is concluded, and sitting beside us, in a red jacket with the well-known facing of the * * th, and asking us whether we will go to supper at the mess of that gallant corps when all is over, we are still under the impression that it *is* Buckstone, or else—

which is the modification we submit to, the next morning—or else a very good imitation of him.

In the same manner we see Keeley. In the same manner we see Wright. All these men have their representatives—and very good representatives too—in India, among officers fresh from furlough, who have made good use of their evenings in London. We have seen Wright blunder more at sitting upon a lady's bonnet, or performing the other pleasant farcical feat of smashing a baby in a chest of drawers, than several officers whom we could name, at station theatres in the north-west. The proverbial cowardice of Keeley, too, (we are speaking of course in a professional sense,) we have seen emulated in India in a manner that most infallibly would have lost the actor his commission, had he exhibited it in half so natural a manner in his private life. The great difficulty, as we have said, is with the female parts. But it is wonderful—the way in which the difficulty is occasionally overcome. As regards “the men,” it is of course difficult to make them very ladylike, but they contrive to be very like possible ladies, and although it must be confessed they do not readily accommodate themselves to the nice conduct of crinoline, and do make broad strides, and pitch their voices in an unseemly manner—still they accomplish most of the requirements of female impersonation, with a degree of success that would scarcely be expected, and which is almost as much as is required for a broad farce. But the great success is attained when a clever Griff is caught for the purpose. It will not do to catch him too young, because he is then apt to be nervous, and although his “getting up” may be unexceptionable, he is apt to spoil the entire performance by running off the stage almost as soon as he has been dragged on to it

It is an unfortunate fact, indeed, that confidence seldom comes before whiskers, and that when a man is possessed of both, he will not always exhibit the one at the expense of the other. But when confidence develops a little in advance, and whiskers are not in his way—it is surprising how successful a female part can be made, despite the difficulties of sex. The performer of course lays his female friends under contribution for costume, and, it is said, gets them to dress him occasionally—but this we don't believe. He certainly contrives to get dressed somehow, and often very well dressed. And we have seen gentlemen in India act in a more really lady-like manner than some "female parties" who are on the stage at home.

We need not further accompany our friend through the evening's entertainment, the nature of which the reader can form some estimate of by this time. The class upon whom it produces the greatest effect, is of course the natives; and it is to be feared that the European name is not elevated in their eyes by the exhibition. But we are fortunately not yet weak enough in the country to fear any amount of contempt which may be incurred by military officers and solemn civil functionaries arising from no graver cause than this, and we must make up our minds to pocket the affront, as we do the public opinion which looks upon dancing as somewhat infamous, when we do *not* do it by deputy, according to the eastern custom.

The general habits of life of residents in the north-west have been variously criticised, because they have been variously understood. The mistake usually made, is to select individuals, and to consider them as representing classes. We should no more take the model civilian, who spends ten hours a day in his cutcherry,

never smokes, drinks nothing stronger than a glass or two of champagne at dinner, and is ten years behind the age in his shirt collars, and general information, as a type of Indian Society, than we should take the traditional subaltern who has been so often described, who shirks every kind of duty, professional and social, as much as he can, and whose life is principally made up of "pegs" and promises to pay.

We doubt whether these two popular objects of satire could ever be accepted as types, but they certainly cannot in the present day, when a marked improvement in the tone of society has taken place in India. It is true that we do still meet with specimens of what we may call, in a beery metaphor, the "country bottled" classes. The civilian who has never been home, and who can talk nothing but shop, is still to be met with in the north-west. Also the "pegging" style of subaltern, whose conversation is half Hindustani and half slang, and nearly all sporting, who has no chance of ever getting home, and whose great object in life is to qualify himself for sick leave to the hills, which he gets at last for a longer period than he expects. But it must be admitted that these specimens are not numerous, and that they are fast becoming more rare. As a general rule, society in the north-west is at least as intellectual as the same rank of society at home, and despite dozens of reasons why it should not be so. The climate is of course the great difficulty, but we deny that it is the great demoralizer that some writers seem to imagine. Who has not read in English as well as Indian periodicals, a description of a hot day? The resident in the north-west is usually described as getting up at daybreak; hurrying on his clothes and taking a gallop with a cheroot; calling in at the coffee shop to talk shop and scandle; returning home to bathe

and breakfast off mountains of curry, and fish, and eggs, all jumbled together; looking in at his cutcherry (we are supposing the case of a civilian) for an hour or two, and knocking off some routine business; returning to a tiffin consisting of piles of turkey and ham, curry and rice, washed down by unlimited beer, qualified with sundry glasses of sherry; then going to sleep for a couple of hours; waking up in time for the evening drive; returning with just strength enough to dress and dine off more turkey, and ham, and curry, washed down with champagne, perhaps, instead of beer; and immediately afterwards going to bed under a punkah. Descriptions which we have read of the lives of military men are even worse than this. In a recent work it is asserted that after parade, when his work may be considered over for the day, the usual practice of an officer of the Indian army is, to bathe, and dress of course; then to breakfast heavily; then to undress deliberately and go to sleep, after a mild attempt to read a volume of the "Parlour Library;" to wake up at one or two o'clock to a heavy tiffin and a fabulous amount of beer; then to undress and go to sleep again, this time without any such apology as the "Parlour Library;" to rise and dress for the inevitable evening drive, and to return again to a heavy dinner, and bed almost immediately.

We need not enter into elaborate speculations upon the probabilities of such a mode of life being adopted by a gentleman of only moderate intelligence, under any circumstances of climate and confinement. But we ask any of our readers in the north-west, whether they are accustomed to spend their days in the manner described? They will inevitably answer that they are not. We ask them, then, how many of their friends or acquaintances they can point to, as coming within the category? We

doubt whether they can point to any whose habits even approximate to those stated to be general in the north-west. As for any man's habits answering *literally* to the description, the notion is mere nonsense. But it should not be forgotten, that the above is meant to apply to the steady and respectable officer of the Indian army, a married man perhaps. Who, after that, can describe the habits of the dissipated specimens of the class? The last attempt of the kind has just been made in a popular periodical at home. The article has already been so well described by a north-west journal, that we cannot do better than follow the writer's account.

"Mr. Go-a-head Griffin, the hero of the sketch, is an ensign in the Seringapatam Slashers, quartered at Burragurrumpore. This station, we infer from its heat and the variety of corps quartered there, is intended for Cawnpore. At all events, it is some large cantonment, the seat of a brigade, in the Upper Provinces. In large cantonments there is always something 'going on,' even during the hot winds. That something is certainly not much, but it might interest European readers. In the article before us, there is positively nothing of the kind. Sleeping and drinking are the occupations of Mr. Griffin, and his twenty-four hours are so wholly eventless, that we wonder why a narration of them has been given to the public. Here is a summary of the article, and the reader may judge of it for himself.

"The hero, Mr. Griffin, is introduced to us in bed. A sleeping hero may make a fine picture, but not when he has been tipsy overnight, and mosquito-bitten till morning. This is Mr. Griffin's condition, and he is, moreover, the victim of hideous dreams, caused by the wailing of a pack of jackals. This awakes him, and in starting up he knocks his head against the punkah. Of course he

must have a cheroot after this. Further attempts to sleep are frustrated by the mosquitoes, and the laziness of the punkah cooly. At last, Mr. Griffin, after vainly expostulating with that functionary as a 'sleepy son of an owl,' and a 'lazy, good-for-nothing black pig,' jumps up and gives him a sousing and a kick, which last operation merely hurts the inflictor's foot. The result of these annoyances is a glass of brandy-pawnee, which is the first 'tot' of the subaltern's eventful day.

"The brandy-pawnee, and castigation of the cooly, enable Griffin to sleep till gun-fire, when he is dragged to consciousness by his bearer. Griffin remonstrates, but the bearer is stern. The Fates have decreed that he must get up; and another minister of the Fates enters in the person of the khitmutghar, who brings a cup of tea. Encouraged by this assistance, the stern bearer forces on his master's socks. Mr. Griffin, who appears to be a slave in the hands of his menials, is thus forcibly ousted from his bed, and is at last sent forth by the mandate 'your lordship's horse is at the door,' to parade. Thus, by the combined influence of bearer, khitmutghar, and syce, this officer and gentleman proceeds to do his duty.

"We have not space for the description of parade, but we perceive that Mr. Griffin performs the spirited manœuvre of sneaking round to the rear to escape notice. After parade he attends orderly room, and returns home, visiting *en route* a Parsee shop, where he imbibes a curaçoa 'peg.' This is his second dram before breakfast, which he preludes by a feast of mangoes. After an hour with his moonshee, Griffin dresses, and sits down to a breakfast consisting of 'curry, omelette, fish, rice, eggs, jam, and bottled beer.' After breakfast he discusses a cheroot, and quietly goes to sleep.

"The next episode is a round of visits. 'Tired of his

own society, which he finds excessively stupid, Griffin orders his buggy, and determines to brave both sun and heat in search of a little excitement.' After the breakfast, and its antecedents, we are not surprised to find him, at the first house where he calls, 'hopelessly entangled in the furniture,' and 'upsetting a table in his way.' That he was ever admitted is indeed matter for surprise, for we should imagine most people to have been as tired of his society as he was himself. After his visits, he adjourns to the mess, where he meets a congenial character, Sponge of the Artillery, and having won a gold mohur of him, invites Sponge to tiffin. The tiffin consists of an awful 'devil' in which mustard, cayenne, Worcestershire sauce, West India pickle, and other irritating ingredients, are mixed. This awful compound is washed down with 'a cup' and some more brandy-pawnee. After this, Griffin, who is now reasonably obfuscated, proceeds to the band. We here get the following elegant *moreau* of description. 'Arriving at where the band is playing, he goes the round of the carriages *filled with lolling mem-sahibs*, dressed in mediæval fashions, and *looking rather dissipated*.' From these 'dissipated' characters Griffin works his way to the carriage containing the belle of the station, 'a handsome, overdressed girl, the only spinster for a hundred miles round.' This handsome overdressed girl is, however, destined to marry the commissioner, 'a dried up old gentleman, who owns, lucky girl! lacs of rupees, and luckier still, an inflamed liver.' Why should a commissioner be dried up, and why, of all men, should he own an inflamed liver?

"Last episode of all is dinner. It is a mess night, and Griffin invites his friend Sponge. Neither of them have an appetite, which, considering their 'devil' and

its concomitants, is not surprising. Griffin makes a hearty meal of a quail roasted in vine leaves, and prawn curry, while Sponge only feels himself equal to an ortolan and plaintain fritter. The liquids, however, are done full justice to, especially by our two friends, who by the time of cheroot lighting are tolerably far gone. After dinner they indulge themselves with billiards, brandy-pawnee, and 'pegs,' and wind up with *vingt-et-un*, grilled bones, and iced beer, the result of which is, that 'Griffin' is put to bed by his bearer in a condition of utter helplessness, the united effect of heat and dissipation, where he will snooze away half the day in a miserable state, having taken the precaution the evening before, in expectation of a 'wet night,' to ask for leave from parade, on the plea of being indisposed, which he certainly was."

We agree with the writer in considering Griffin to be a vacuous young snob, and in indignantly denying that he can be accepted as a specimen of the officers of the Indian army. But none of our readers in India require to be told that. The mischief which such gross caricatures do, is at home; and there, we have no doubt, the description of the vacuous young snob will be accepted as a correct picture of military life in the Mofussil. People in India need scarcely be told of the many young officers who, so far from conducting themselves like Griffin, pass the mildest and most monotonous existence that can be conceived. There are in the (late) Company's army at the present moment, some of the most tremendous martial fellows, who would be a positive terror to the civilians of an English country town, who are vegetating in the country not merely upon their pay—which is bad enough—but upon their pay "cut" it may be, in half, in order to liquidate the cost of very

excusable debts incurred at the outset of their career, or for the purchase of "steps," the benefits of which they enjoy only in the future. These young men—believe it or not as you please, young ladies in England, who imagine gaiety and profusion as inseparable from military life—these young men debar themselves from every luxury, and from nearly all enjoyment. They do not belong to the mess, or did not until they were compelled to do so, and now they spend as little money there as possible. They live in houses only half furnished, three or four of them together sometimes; ride little tats which would make people in England laugh; do not subscribe to the ice concern, nor to the mutton club, nor to a book club. They run up no bills in the station for those pickled pleasantries imported in tins from England. Their table is of the simplest, and even beer is not copiously indulged in. In nine cases out of ten, when one of those notices of "something going on," is making the round of the station, they do not subscribe, but content themselves by writing the word "seen" after their names. A ball on the Queen's birthday perhaps brings them out; for they have a great notion of matters of duty; and recognize such occasions as one of them. They accordingly involve themselves in an occasional affair of the kind (to the extent of some seven rupees eight annas) and think that they have "come out" amazingly. But these are red letter days in their lives, which are principally passed in getting up in the morning in time for parade, grinding away half the day at the native languages, dining early, and going to bed early, after a copious libation of weak tea. Once or twice a week, perhaps, they partake of this refreshment with a married officer of the regiment, who is going through a similarly prudent regime—a couple who not

being able to "entertain," and whose society is not considered to repay gratuitous politeness, are seldom invited out by the big people, and live in a state of domestic mystery, which is additionally humiliating from the fact, that the outer world shows no curiosity concerning it. It is rather unjust to reputable and useful, if not brilliant and conspicuous, members of society like these, to be associated in the general condemnation of the class, by writers who have made the "extravagance and profligacy of Indian life" almost proverbial.

We have alluded but little to the civilians—officially so described—who form so important a part of society in the north-west. They are of course included in the strictures of writers who have described that society; but of course, whatever their degree of importance, they are in a numerical minority, and are therefore not so concerned as their military brethren in the verdict which has been from time to time passed upon it. The fact is, that the civilians receive such large pay, and have so much to do, that they are not exposed in any way to the same temptations as military officers. In a north-west station they are generally found to be highly valuable members of society. Upon them devolves the principal portion of the duty of "entertaining," and as a general rule, it must be admitted that they perform that duty most hospitably. It is, to be sure, a common complaint in up-country stations, that the festivities are usually confined to "heavy dinners"—a ball or a picnic being a rare exception. But it should be remembered that civilians are but men, and that they are seldom rich enough, or important enough to entertain the whole station at once, until they have gained a gravity of years that renders the wilder pleasures less congenial to them than at a period when—they used to make the same

complaints of other people. Nor is the weakness peculiarly Indian. People at home seldom give balls after they have ceased to enjoy them themselves, unless for some particular object. A public man is glad to increase his connexion and popularity. A private gentleman has a daughter or two to marry. These are among the main reasons why people give balls at home. In the north-west, what public man cares about popularity, except with the government? His position is made. It will never be improved by his wife receiving crowds of people whom she joins with him in not caring about. A daughter or two to marry,—need a man of any position in the north-west trouble himself to give balls on that account? Daughters to marry are rare birds indeed, and any one with the usual number of eyes, and who hasn't a hump, may (as Mr. Thackeray has said more generally) marry any man she pleases. The difficulty is to keep the suitors off. No: it is evident that "a party" in the north-west that is not a dinner party, is the reverse of what political parties have been said to be—it is the madness of the few for the gain of the many, and it is not to be wondered at, that the few do not go mad more often than they do. This stern state of things is greatly to be regretted, because amid the heat and *ennui* of the Mofussil, pleasures become duties, in fact, and not merely in the sense in which the French say the English make them so. And any pleasures which do not consist in eating and drinking are grand discoveries, and should be cultivated and encouraged by every man. The *ennui*, far more than the heat, is the bane of up-country life. It is true that pig-sticking and shooting can always be found at convenient distances from most stations. It is true that there are always cards and billiards to be had. Sometimes sky

aces, sometimes archery. But with the exception of cards and billiards, these recreations are not to be had exactly when a man wants them. He cannot always drown his private wretchedness in pig-sticking. Perhaps he is not a pig-sticker, perhaps there are no pigs. He cannot always forget his yearnings after the ideal in going after birds. He may not be a shot, and there may not be any birds. In any case he cannot always get leave when he wants it. Cards and billiards have their temptations and dangers, and besides, may not suit a man's taste. The same objection applies more or less to sky races and archery. What is a man to do then? Read and improve his mind, it may be answered. True, but a man cannot be always reading and improving his mind. A pleasant state of things that would be, indeed, with everybody so preternaturally intelligent, that one could never hazard a stupid remark. Why, conversation would be at a stand-still, and society at an end. Besides there are hundreds of men in either of the services, which mainly go to form society in this country, who do read, and read to very good purpose. Many of them gain distinction by these means, in authorship or otherwise. And there are many more who have ample qualifications for doing so, and who remain mute inglorious Miltons, for want of a motive to be anything more. As far as society is concerned, however, they do good work. And considering the proportion of men of high talents and attainments scattered about the country, and who are at least equal in number to the "country bottled" class of the old school, it seems rather hard that the popular impression of the "tone" of society, has not been taken from the one class rather than the other. It is certainly a matter of right that the society should be judged by the majority of its

members, who though not exactly belonging to either of these classes, are yet just as clever and cultivated as the same rank of persons at home.

It is certain indeed that a great change has taken place in India of late years, in nearly everything. That the change has been for the better, who will deny? The advancement has been mainly caused by facilities of communication with home. It is being extended by facilities of communication with different parts of this country. The electric telegraph was a great step. But with all our respect for the "diffusion of ideas," we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that people do *not* communicate ideas by electric telegraph, never did, and never will do. They do not even communicate information, unless it concerns themselves, or unless they happen to be newspaper correspondents. No: they send messages to tailors to send them up coats, and they send messages to merchants to send them up beer. They send messages to tell their friends of births or deaths in which they are concerned, and messages of all kinds bearing upon their personal affairs. But this is scarcely the "diffusion of ideas" which is here talked about. That object is performed infinitely better by the post office, unless the ideas happen to be accompanied by money, (which it must be confessed they seldom are,) in which case they are apt to be stopped in their circulation, and that which was "meant for mankind" given up to a subordinate official. The great diffusion of ideas will be accomplished through a strictly material agency. The railway will be the great regenerator of India—of the provinces of course more than the presidencies. What man will appreciate the privilege of telegraphing to his tailor, when he and his tailor can so soon be made to meet? What man will concentrate his gratitude upon

the electric fluid for signifying that he is thirsty, when his beer can be brought to the bosom of his family, as with the stroke of some enchanter's wand? The diffusion of *men* will include the diffusion of ideas, and is the only real way of diffusing them. Of course when we say men we mean women—not as a difference but as an addition, and this brings us to a subject upon which we have ventured to touch but slightly hitherto.

Some of the critics of Indian society have been very severe upon the female portion of it. One says that they swear, another that they drink rum. We are not quite sure that these are the precise charges brought against them, but we have certainly read something equivalent in Mrs. Colin Mackenzie's book. Need we enter into a defence of our countrywomen in India, who do not differ from our countrywomen at home in any respect, but in finding themselves in a warm climate, and in endeavouring to accommodate themselves to it in as amiable a manner as possible? We know that there have been military ladies, who would call themselves by their husbands' titles when they have an opportunity for describing themselves officially, in *dāk bungalow* books, and such places. We know that there have been civil service ladies, who took upon themselves the dignity of their husband's offices, and talked most alarming shop. But these monstrosities must have been pensioned off some time ago, for it is certain that we do not meet with them now. These remnants of a barbarous age have passed by, and in place of them, we have ladies with the last French bonnets, the last English ideas, and who actually marry for love, occasionally, in the European style. It is true that there is still a notion existing in England that gentlemen in India send home for wives, and have strangers brought out to them, whom

they marry with great docility, and live with, until the wives run away from them, that is to say for three months or so. But what does it matter if people in England choose to believe in nonsense of the kind? It amuses them, and it does no harm to the subjects of their oriental imaginings. All observant people in this country cannot but see that there never was such a country for happy marriages, a country where the life of the husband and the life of the wife are so bound up together, and that this is peculiarly the case in the north-west. Marriages are made up suddenly, to be sure, in India; but, considering how well they usually turn out, the fact is all the more in favour of the state of society which admits of such precipitation. It is amusing enough to hear of the marriage, in the Mofussil, of people who have been acquainted for a month or two; of the singularly little ceremony attendant upon the event; and of the lady going home to the husband's house, whilom his bachelor's den, instead of the couple scampering about for a month as if they were ashamed of themselves, according to the modest English custom. But we ask any fastidious person who may object to the proceeding, what he would have substituted in its place? If the lover waits until he knows the lady more, somebody else, who knows her less, will probably snatch her up, and he will not be much the gainer by his delicacy. And as for going on a wedding tour, we would simply ask the fastidious person to get the bridegroom leave to go in the first place—to find him a place worth going to in the second place, and to pay the expenses of the journey in the third place. For ourselves, we are quite contented in the assurance that marriages in India—made in all the strange ways that they are—do somehow succeed: and after that fact, we have the utmost con-

tempt for anybody's opinion upon the point. Railways somehow led us to the subject of marriages. They will of course be immense promoters of that institution; and in their influence in this respect alone, we shall be able to find a cure for the only real disadvantage (after the climate) to which residents in the north-west are liable. When railways are in full operation, there will be no excuse for even the most susceptible of men making *mésalliances*—which some few of them (very few it must be admitted) are apt to do at present. Every man will be able to go to the presidencies and choose from the latest arrivals—if they will have him; and so keep up the “tone” of society, and the purely European character of the race. Indeed the improved means of transit will have such an effect in bringing strangers into the provinces, that journeys into the presidencies will be seldom required for such a purpose. And who shall describe the general effects of this influx of strangers into the provinces? We are not discussing politics at present, and shall refrain from describing the effects ourselves. But we do not hesitate, at the same time, to declare our belief, that those effects will be of a character, for a description of which “tremendous” is a mild term, and “highly beneficial” an insulting form of coldness.

III.

THE SANTALS.

LOCATED, as I am, in the heart of our Indian empire, at a station guarded by several regiments of Queen's and Company's troops, it seems strange to hear of people around me becoming anxious on account of their too close proximity with a peaceful and primitive people, who are only about five hundred miles off. Yet it is true, that the Santals, or Sontals, or Santhals, or Sonthals (nobody agrees in orthography of Indian names), who are now (1854) ravaging a large district in Bengal and thereabouts, are described as a peaceful and primitive people; and it cannot be denied that they have a number of savage virtues which should render them the most formidable friends, and which certainly make them extremely inconvenient foes. These peaceful and primitive people have lately been moving about in large masses, numbering from three thousand to eight thousand each, to destroy, or loot, occasional villages, indigo factories, private houses, anything that came first to hand; murder defenceless travellers; and carry off everything of value that they had reason to suppose was honestly obtained. Among the exploits of this peaceful and primitive people, may be noted, as a model to mere

civilization, the slaughter of two European ladies, whose hands and feet they cut off; and the killing of an European baby, some of whose blood they compelled its mother to drink—they themselves partaking of the refreshment in a friendly manner.

It is true that, up to the present time, the Santals have kept their peaceful and primitive peculiarities to themselves; and travellers for many years have been in the habit of passing through their neighbourhood without molestation—even English ladies alone, or accompanied only by a native Ayah. In the very rare cases where such travellers have been molested, the Santals have not been the aggressors, and the murder or robbery has been merely an act of individual speculation, and has had no political import whatever. Indeed, so secure has European life and property seemed to be, even in the wildest parts of India, that an admiring Frenchman is recorded to have exclaimed, with an irreverence only pardonable for its Gallic and graphic force, that the government was "*comme le bon Dieu; on ne le voyait pas, mais il était partout*" (like the good Creator; one never saw it, but it was everywhere). It is therefore supposed that some provocation must have been offered by somebody, to cause the present departure from all precedent and primitiveness. It has been alleged that the people employed on the railway, with whom the Santals had pecuniary dealings, paid too much attention to the ladies of the tribe, and too little money to their husbands. Next, it is the exactions of the collectors of revenue to which the outbreak is attributed. Presently, we find that some holy places have been violated, and that the effigy of some sable goddess has been treated as if she were an improper character; then, it is made manifest that the whole proceedings are the result of

a blind belief that the Santal deities have decreed the end of the British rule, and mysterious accounts are sent forth of the Santal chief who is to effect the object—who is said to be of divine origin, and to have been born and to have arrived at manhood in a single night, just like the mango trees which the magicians at Madras raise with such marvellous rapidity for the delectation of overland griffs.

The whole affair is mysterious ; and while waiting to see how it will end, the reader might do worse than learn, what few persons in India really know, who the Santals are, and how far they are the peaceful and primitive people, which they have clearly shown themselves not to be.

An interesting account of the Santals is to be found in the "Asiatic Researches," volume four of the quarto edition, reprinted in London in 1799 ; and the latest description we have seen is by the Rev. J. Phillips, an industrious missionary, published in the "Oriental Baptist," in July, 1854. Both of these accounts furnish us with what may be relied upon as authentic information ; and the extent to which they agree with one another shows that the Santals, though revolutionary as regards British rule, are a strictly conservative people among themselves. They are said to have entered Orissa from the north—at what period is unknown—and to have dispersed themselves through the tributary mehals lying west of Balasore, Jellassore, Midnapore, Baukura, Suri, and Rāj-mahal ; thence westward, through Bhau-gulpore and Monghyr, in Behar—the whole including a territory of some four hundred miles in extent. They seem to be of one race, and it is certain that they speak one language. In Orissa they are described as a hardy and industrious people ; generally short, stout, robust, of

broad features, with very dark complexion, and hair somewhat curly. Those who had held intercourse with them found them to be mild and placable, and of a particularly social turn. They are more dignified and proud than the Hindus, whom we now find them massacring without mercy, and are at the same time more hospitable and courteous to strangers. Women, too, exercise considerable influence over their manners and habits, and in this respect they afford a striking contrast to most other Indian nations. Santal wives are of course not allowed to eat with their husbands; but they may order the dinner, and take a considerable interest in domestic arrangements; and their freedom and frankness to strangers is so agreeable, that it would be held in horror in polite Hindu or Mahomedan society. It is probably this characteristic which has caused the railway people, who are generally wifeless to a hopeless extent, to be guilty of the domestic depredations alluded to. Polygamy, it seems, is allowed, but is little practised, except when the younger brother takes the widow of the elder, to whom, according to law, he has a right. The Santals are generally believed to be aborigines of the country; but there can be no doubt that they are a distinct race from the Hindus, with whom they have little in common. Their religion has small resemblance to that of the Hindu; their castes are not so binding, and a Santal may lose his caste altogether without incurring much disgrace, as far as the men are concerned. Then they are great drunkards, which the Hindus never are; for—with the exception of the pariahs or outcasts, who are employed only in the most menial offices—the Hindu, however ignorant and brutal, will very rarely deviate from the rule of total abstinence, which your Mussalman very often regards no more than

the majority of Christians keep the commandments of their own church.

According to the Santal traditions, the first man and woman came from ducks' eggs, and were married in due form under the auspices of Sita, or Marang Buru, one of their gods ; who it is conjectured may be indentical with the Siva of the Hindus. Such points as the original nakedness of our first parents, and the dispersion of mankind, with some allusions to a deluge, show traces of Mosaic history. The Santals are also divided into tribes, something like the Israelites, but they all live together upon terms of perfect equality ; and the only restriction seems to be, that a man must not marry in his own tribe, but must go elsewhere—a wise provision, having, no doubt, for its object, the prevention of alliances with near kindred.

The love of strong drink, which I have noticed, is a part of their religion. Their god, they say, was under its influence when he brought together the original Santals from the ducks' eggs ; and its use is declared to be enjoined by divine authority. The spirit seems to be of only one kind ; it is called Handia, and is a fermented preparation of rice. It is not intoxicating taken in small quantities, but that objection is provided for by taking it in large quantities—a gallon or two at a time—and they will sit over it half the day, or all the day. At all religious, and other solemn ceremonies, it is a *sine qua non*. But the Santals are not prejudiced, and will drink the strong waters of the Giaur whenever they can beg, borrow, or steal them ; but they generally find them too high in price to pay for, and debt is an institution which civilization has not yet introduced among them.

From intoxication to religion is but one step, according to the Santals. Their creed is described by Mr. Phillips

as a strange mixture of Hindu superstition, demon-worship, and a belief in, and dread of, demons, ghosts, and hobgoblins, Hinduism is making some inroads into it, as is proved by the introduction of the Charak-puja, or swinging festival, which has been among the phenomena of late years: backs scarred by iron hooks are now frequently to be seen among this primitive people. For the rest, the sun is said to be their supreme god; but they have smaller gods, whose light is less dazzling, and who are invoked with offerings of meat, rice, and similar refreshments. A sanguinary Hindu goddess, it is alleged, is also worshipped by the Santals in some localities. To her, human sacrifices are made; and it is possible that the mutilation of the two European ladies, already alluded to, had for its object the propitiation of this deity. The Santals swear by the skin of the tiger, or by a tiger's head, sketched on a mango leaf; and they believe that a false oath will be punished by the living animal. They also swear by their gods and by the heads of their children.

The Santals are agricultural in their pursuits, and would be prosperous, but for the exactions of their petty Hindu rulers. They are industrious at their work, unlike the Hindus, and set about it in a blithe and cheerful spirit, which the Hindus never do. They are indeed generally a cheerful people; fond of music and dancing, and less elegant recreations, in which the civilised amusement of cock-fighting has a share. Here, again, the Santals are distinguished from other eastern nations. Dancers, among both Hindus and Mahomedans, are always hired, and are generally infamous in other respects. But the Santals cultivate dancing themselves, for the fun of the thing; and their jattras, when the young men are clad in plumes taken from every description of bird, and the

girls (respectable females) have their heads uncovered, are described by those who have witnessed them to be highly exhilarating and impressive.

The account of the Santals in the Asiatic Researches, (1799,) describes both men and women as remarkably bashful, but more recent writers give to them the good qualities of truth and cheerfulness. There seems also to be a sentiment of honour among them; for it is said that they use poisoned arrows in hunting, but never against their foes. If this be the case—and we hear nothing of poisoned arrows in the recent conflicts—they are infinitely more respectable than our civilised enemy, the Russians, who would most likely consider such forbearance as foolish, and declare that it is not war.

So much for the virtues of these people. These qualities are interesting as matters of speculation; but most persons in India think they have received too much consideration from the government, since a more savage and ferocious enemy than the Santal our arms have seldom had to contend with. Entrenched in their jungles, they are nearly impregnable; and from their jungles they never emerge, except to take us at a disadvantage. The sepoy regiments are not always trustworthy;* and nobody doubts that the Bhaugulpore Rangers, the other day behaved disgracefully. But not only did we have bad troops on the spot, but through hundreds of miles of wild country we had no troops at all. There is no station on the grand trunk roads between Burdwan and Benares; and travellers passing through that desolate and beautiful tract never fail to be struck with the facility with which they might be robbed and murdered. To crown all, notwithstanding the loss

* I need scarcely remark that this was written before 1857.

of life and property which has taken place, the insult to our power, and the injury to our prestige, martial law has not been proclaimed, and even those troops which are on the spot cannot act without the civil authority. The consequence has been a state of alarm throughout the empire, which is most dreaded by those who have the best experience of the peculiarities of the European position, and the character of the native population.

IV.

THE ROAD IN INDIA.

DASHING up to the station in a hansom, and finding oneself safe in a first-class railway carriage, after a brief mandate to a porter and a policeman on the subject of luggage, and receiving some change and a piece of card through a limited pigeon-hole, are very different transactions to those imposed on a traveller before he starts on a journey in India. In the first place, he must inquire whether he can go at all; and the affirmative being ascertained, he must make comprehensive arrangements to be as comfortable as possible. I, who have made several journeys from Calcutta to the upper provinces, without counting occasional jaunts of two or three hundred miles in deviating directions, have learned that art of taking care of oneself, which is the first thing to be learnt in India, and am competent to be of some use to society by imparting it.

The commencement of the process is this. After becoming quite tired of Calcutta,—which happens in a very little time,—you inquire at one of the two principal dâk companies, when you can manage to get away. This depends upon the number of candidates, and their

proportion to the number of carriages and horses along the road. It is Monday, let us say, and you find that on Tuesday Ensign Griff and Lieutenant Green are going up a long way to join their respective regiments, (which the Ensign has not yet joined at all,) at some place the name of which probably ends in "bad." On the next day, a judge, who has just returned from England, where he has spent two years in abusing the climate, is also to go up the country, with the determination to abuse *its* climate still more. On the day following, seven young ladies, who have come out by the last mail to be married, are all travelling in the same direction, under the care of seven ayahs, (female natives of the lady's-maid persuasion,) and have of course engrossed all the available horses on the route. On Thursday, accommodation is graciously vouchsafed, and the payment of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty rupees, if one is going about as far as Agra, (some eight hundred miles,) settles the rest. Of course we—I am not writing like an editor, but really mean that I am not alone—of course we do not start until night—nobody does; and of course we make the starting as pleasant as possible. We are dining out, probably, the same evening, and the people of the house do their best to make us comfortable. Have we everything that we want? Are we warm enough? Oh, yes. We have a hamper, packed under the licence of a very general order by Spence's people, (Spence's is the great hotel.) It is supposed to contain sherry and beer; pale ale, of course; a little brandy; potted meats, such as those which are so pleasantly described in the *Lancet*; a tin case of biscuits, another of tea, another of sugar, and perhaps some concentrated soup. We have plates, and knives and forks; for in these respects it is far

better not to trust to the chances of the road. As for warmth, there is the resai, a padded counterpane, with an exterior of soft crimson silk. Still we must have something, and we contrive to accommodate the people of the house by accepting a corkscrew—which we have forgotten, owing to our reminiscences of English pic-nics—and a tumbler or two, which have been also omitted in the arrangements.

The carriage is a square contrivance, painted green or brown outside, according to the prejudices of the respective companies. It is on four wheels, and evinces other symptoms of sanity, though in the article of springs I must say it is singularly deficient. Inside it is probably lined, or probably not lined,—it is certainly not padded. It has two seats, and the space between the two is usually occupied by luggage, the top being covered by a cushion; so that the traveller extends himself with his feet up during the entire journey, and has just room to lie at full length if he feels so disposed. The well, as we should call it in respect to an Irish car, is usually devoted to the provisions; and the top of the gharree, (this is the local name for a carriage,) is piled with trunks, or as many of them as one is not obliged to send by another conveyance,—by a stray servant or two, it may be, and by the coachman. But the loading of the outside is not half so important a matter as the fitting up of the inside. On each portion of the walls of the gharree not occupied by the windows, there are pockets, where those articles are stowed which are in most constant requisition. Some soda-water is a very desirable article, as the water on the road, especially if brought at night, may not be clean; and even if it be clean, one prefers not to take it from a brass chillumchee, which is usually devoted to lavatory purposes. Some

brandy or sherry is also a desirable thing to place in one of the pockets, and the corkscrew should always be deposited in one of the near ones, although the point is apt to cut through its covering, and run into your shoulder. In the corresponding pocket to that of the corkscrew, I would recommend that you place your Colt's revolver, a precaution which Indian travellers are not apt to neglect. Since the Santal rebellion, I fancy that few will be so unwise as to do so, or since the mutinies no man so mad. The biscuits should also be in an accessible place; and if you are travelling alone, or with a companion of your own sex, you must have a five hundred box of Manillas (I recommend number two) placed at your feet, in that little economical space which is saved under the seat of the driver; but you need not kick this about too much in your sleep. If you are travelling up with the object of your matrimonial affections, I see no reason—unless she does—why you should not have the same box, because there are many opportunities when you may make it mutually agreeable for you to sit up with the coachman, and improve your mind and Hindostanee by converse with that not always uninteresting individual.

But all this time we are forgetting to start. The coachman is quite accustomed to wait hour after hour for his passengers: and, if they chose to delay, would, I feel assured, wait at least a fortnight, occasionally smoking his hookah, and once a-day asking to go off to his khana, (dinner,) without manifesting any symptom of impatience. But the period having arrived, and the horse—to whom your delay has been so much distinct gain—having been put in, there is no longer any excuse, in anybody's case, for not starting. The real difficulty of starting now, in all probability, commences, though

the first horse is generally a very favourable specimen of those you are likely to get on the road.

The horse generally commences his performances in the following manner. First, he won't go,—and the uninitiated traveller begins to think that the authorities have made a mistake, and that the wrong horse has been put into the wrong place. A simple inquiry, however, dissipates this delusion; and it is found that not to go at first is the regular thing. The traveller accordingly sinks back upon the pillows which he has carefully stowed under his shoulders, and surrenders himself to our old friend “circumstances over which he has no control.” The principal circumstance in question—that is, the horse—having declared that he won't go in the beginning, is not disposed to change his mind in a hurry. He backs inevitably, rears probably, snorts contingently, and evinces other symptoms of having a will of his own, and not being disposed to add a codicil to it. The driver, who is now fairly launched into the demands of the crisis, twitches at the reins in as uncoachmanlike a style as is demanded by the very unprofessional conduct of the animal,—slashing away with a leather-thonged whip, and accompanying its conduct with vocal remonstrances. He is reinforced by a dozen natives, who seize the wheels, two or three of them at each, while others push on from behind, with a chorus of guttural exclamations, intended partly as a private gratification, partly as an encouragement to the circumstance. He owns no medium. When he does move, he moves with a vengeance. He commences a mad gallop, which swings the gharree from side to side, the traveller's apprehensions being drowned by the notes of a demoniacal post-horn, which the driver considers it his duty to sound upon all great occasions. A mile is soon traversed

in this manner, and then the "circumstance" shows itself amenable to human control, and gets into his ordinary pace, which, after this, is not too quick to be alarming.

And now comes on the dead night, and the desolation of the journey. We look intently at nothing for a little time through the windows, listening to the rattle of the vehicle which becomes familiar to our ears. Then we make a start on a sudden, and find we have been to sleep. It is the stopping of the vehicle which wakes us. We have done the first stage—only six miles—and have arrived at a "chokee" station. Here is a miserable little hut, and a conglomeration of partitions formed of mud, in which the horses are stalled, destitute of roofs, and apparently of beds. It is a hideous place, like a huge dunghill, with little mouldering fires here and there, from one of which a chance stranger—native and naked—gets you, after a great deal of fruitless poking about, a light for the cheroot which you are sure to want by this time. As the horse which has brought you over the stage is being led up and down to cool, you think that you never saw a more wretched-looking little beast; but you change your mind on seeing the animal which is to draw you on. He is a little worse, though it is evident from the way in which he kicks at the shafts while being harnessed, that he has some strength and go in him. He is in all probability young, and his chief defects arise from being almost unbroken when first called upon to make a figure in the world. It is very likely that the starting will be attended by as great difficulties as before; but of course this does not uniformly happen; some of the horses vary the proceeding by starting well, and so beguiling the traveller into a false confidence, which is dissipated when he finds himself lying in a ditch at the side of the road

the gharree smashed, and the horse lying motionless among the broken shafts. This happened to the present narrator during a very early period in his travelling experience, and the same misadventure occurs to most persons who trust themselves often on the road. There is only one course to take; to set the gharree upon its legs as well as you can, and be drawn in by bearers to the nearest station, where, if everybody is as fortunate as myself, they will be able to borrow another vehicle from the dāk company's agent. It is a very inglorious mode of transit—being drawn in by a dozen men, any number of whom are always to be found in India to do the work of horses—all howling a monotonous chant.

After these incidents of travel, you become callous, and make yourself as comfortable as may be, with the aid of a book, and those other resources for which you have made the gharree eminent among its kind. Reading, however, can of course be indulged in only by day. During the night there is nothing for it, but to wrap yourself in your resai, and sleep if you can. This is, if you do not feel inclined to stay at a dāk bungalow, which one is very apt to spurn at first setting forth, and take advantage of afterwards in a mean-spirited manner. The great trial of sleeping in the gharree is in the very early morning, from two or three until four or five o'clock, when for a great part of the year it is piercing cold—a cold which makes the cheroot doubly dear, and anything else detestable. There is no doubt that it is trying, and you determine to stand it no longer. You will stop and breakfast. You have tried brandy-and-water, and it is of no use; some hot tea will be just the thing. You accordingly push your legs out of the gharree, getting duly rasped by the wheel in the process, and call out to the driver to know how far off the

next dāk bungalow is. The answer is very satisfactory. The nearest is two miles behind you; you have passed it in your sleep. What is to be done? To turn back would be childish, but the next bungalow is fourteen miles further on. Still it would be childish to turn back; so you go on. In about three hours the coachman blows on his post-horn the announcement that you have arrived at a bungalow. It is carefully closed up at all points, and presents the appearance of the family being absent on a foreign tour. The jalousies, which reach to the ground are elaborately dusty, and make no sign. The house has apparently not been entered for ages, and, as far as the last fortnight is concerned, this is no doubt strictly true. There is no sign of life in the vicinity, but this it is, of course, the business of the traveller to create. He accordingly calls out "Qui hai?"—an equivalent for "Who's there?" Presently a man with a large beard emerges from some inscrutable out-building, who calls somebody else to his assistance, and then makes his obeisance to the traveller. The somebody else, who does not seem to like it, somehow gets into the house, and opens the principal doors, and the traveller is made free of the desolate dwelling.

The momentous question comes next. What can he have for breakfast? The man with the beard, who is the khausamah, or major-domo, goes through the usual formulæ of people of his kind—talks of mutton chops, of iron-y-stew (by which Irish stew is understood), and of curry, but eventually strongly recommends the only dishes to be had, grilled morgee, or fowl, and unda, or eggs, boiled or roasted at pleasure. The traveller yields to these delicacies, and agrees to spend the time employed in their preparation, at his toilette. Fortunately, there is always a bathing-room adjoining, and plenty of

cold water ; for the rest, the traveller's own resources are sufficient. In the intervals of dressing he strays out into the verandah, and has a pleasing view of the khansamah, who has been for some twenty minutes occupied in chasing the promised breakfast round the house. It is an old bird, and is not to be caught by the kind of chaff which is proffered ; but, in the end, his head is chopped off, after the Mahomedan fashion, with sufficient want of resignation to acquit him of any charge of hypocrisy in meeting his death. This spectacle is not cheering, and the traveller, being by this time dressed, a change to the interior has its advantages. The room is of moderate size, and is not beset with too much furniture. Besides three chairs, there are two beds—without curtains and without bedding ; each traveller being supposed to bring his own. To these are added a table, and on the mantle-piece a compact little bookcase, the books carefully locked in, and a printed list of them pasted outside. The notice heading the list informs us, that they are deposited by a Tract Society for the benefit of travellers. We of course overhaul them. There is a History of Rome, written from a serious point of view ; a History of Greece, written from a serious point of view ; a Life of Alfred the Great, written from a serious point of view (with a parable made somehow out of the cake story) ; and a Life of Dr. Dodd, written from a particularly serious point of view, the moral being that it is a great pity that such pious persons as he should come to be hanged.

On the wall he finds suspended a notice informing him that travellers occupying the bungalow for less than three hours, will be charged eight annas, or one shilling ; for more than that time, and less than twenty-four hours, one rupee ; that travellers must not stay too long, to the

inconvenience of later arrivals, and that they must complain of any deficiencies to the postmaster of the district. Under the last announcement will be generally found a comic style of note in pencil, such as "You don't say so!" or, "What's the use of that?" and other satirical manifestations. Occasionally, one sees something a little more eloquent scrawled upon the walls. In a bungalow near Shergotty, I saw a few years since a drawing of a rural cottage, with a garden, and a stream running through it, on the bank of which a gentleman was represented landing a trout nearly as big as himself, in that triumphant manner so peculiar to sporting pictures. Underneath was written the name of some place in Perthshire, and some lines of Bryant's description of the pleasures of home and a country life. Some homesick traveller had written this while lying on the bed during an afternoon reverie. Poor fellow! he told his tale plainly enough; and a very common tale it is in India.

"Yes, it comes at last!" Not so bad, after all. The fowl is certainly more resigned to his fate than he was half-an-hour ago; and the eggs have the merit of being still in the freshness of their youth. The tea is not so good as in England; but we are too near China to expect that; besides, it is made with luke-warm water, after the favourite fashion of Indian servants. The sugar, too, looks as if it had been brought promiscuously from the desert; but this, again, is an article of local produce, and is, therefore, sure to be bad. There is no bread, too; but the native chuppathe, though not good, nevertheless can be eaten. The absence of butter is not a very severe infliction, considering that the cook will very likely bring some red-currant jelly in a little bottle that has formerly contained pomade for the hair.

The meal over, and the traveller in that well-known

condition which would permit a child to play with him, he prepares to start; but there is an important ceremony to be performed. He must enter his name, starting-place, destination, and the hour of his arrival and departure, in the travellers' book, in which he may make remarks upon the subject of his accomodation. As these books contain many records of the kind, they are perhaps the most amusing species of literature procurable in the Dāk bungalows, and are eagerly gloated over by travellers on the look out for any names that they may know. Here the different characteristics of the Indian community freely develope themselves. Some of the entries are formal; many facetious; some flippant; others severe. The following is a fair specimen of the entries:—

Mr. Jos. Sedley, C.I., and family, from Calcutta to Bogglewallah. Stayed two hours. Breakfast good. Khitmatgar attentive. Paid two rupees.

That is the formal style. The facetious is something like the following:—

Lieutenant Bolt and Ensign Scamper (funny fellows generally give wrong names), on sick-leave for pig-sticking. Came last night. Going presently. Paid two rupees. Breakfast beastly. No beer. Had to kick the Khitmatgar for not understanding English. Why doesn't the fellow get his hair cut?

This sort of entry is illustrated occasionally by a sketch of the traveller being sick, as a sarcasm upon the refreshment; or the portrait of the commanding officer of the travellers' regiment (if he be unpopular) hanging on a gallows, and smoking a short pipe.

This is succeeded, probably, by something like the following:—

Mrs. Major-General Muggins, C.B., and five daughters. Arrived at

three in the afternoon, and stayed to tea. Bungalow very clean. Everything very nice. Servants attentive.

Underneath an announcement of the kind, we saw written by a mad wag :—

All rot. Everything disgusting. And only two chairs in the place. Where did four of the Miss Mugginses perch themselves ?

Of course the crusty British traveller, who complains of everything, comes out strong upon these occasions :—

Curry detestable. Khausamah filthy. No cream. Harvey's sauce not to be had. Disgraceful to the authorities.

The servant always receives back the book with a humble salaam, and, as he cannot read English, tries to discover by the look of the traveller whether something to his advantage, or the reverse, has been recorded. He generally looks mystified at the illustrations, and I believe, considers them as signs of the traveller belonging to some secret society, or exclusive caste.

Once more on his road, there is very little to remark of the other incidents likely to befall a traveller during an ordinary journey. All Dâk bungalows are the same, and so are all the chokee stations where they change horses. At the latter, a European is still an object of special curiosity, to judge by the way in which men and children—the latter very pot-bellied, and without any clothing—stare in at the windows ; without counting the cripples and idiots, of whom there are generally two or three, who hop about and whine for pice. They are disgusting exhibitions, and may be advantageously bought off.

But of late years, a new feature has introduced itself into travelling in the north-western provinces ; turnpikes—an innovation which has excited the greatest disgust.

Very different are these from the jovial pike of the British highway. There is a bar stretching across the road, and a big bungalow on one side. Here the toll-keeper may be generally seen seated at a table in the verandah, with his books, and all the official *et ceteras* about him. Sometimes he is a native ; but if a European, he is sure to have a very large family, as the holders of all small appointments in India have. His is, perhaps, the only house for miles and miles round, and a lonely life it must be for him. In England, turnpike men are said to be misanthropical ; in India, they are sad, by way of distinction, and generally wish you good morning, or good evening, with a resigned air, and always look as if they wished they were going on with you. In the mean time, the traveller proceeds on his way, considering himself very hardly used because he is made to pay a shilling, and must pass another night or two on the road, before he can be once more among his friends.

Let me hope that in a few years longer, the extension of railroads in India will render this description a curiosity ; and that the *dâk* will be among the things that were.

V.

INDIA AND COTTON.

A CRY for cotton has been heard in the north, where millions of our countrymen depend upon that article for their daily bread. How to satisfy the cry—how to supply the bread—has been a question eagerly discussed. Cotton, to be sure, may be obtained in nearly every part of the world. In the east, in the west, in the south, the capabilities for its growth are immense; but what is wanted is a source of certain and sustained supply. In America our chances are uncertain, as recent events have proved. Of all other countries, India is generally admitted to afford the finest as well as the readiest field for the employment of that vast amount of capital which must soon remain idle unless an outlet be found for it. The "Cotton Supply Association," in its report published last year, declared decisively in favour of India, as having advantages beyond all its competitors in this respect; it remains, therefore, only to make good use of them in order to be independent of America for ever.

It is at this point that our difficulties begin. Nature has given us every advantage in India that soil and climate can furnish; but although she has done so much for us, we have done so little for ourselves that the work

may be considered barely commenced. There are immense cotton-fields, it is true; but neither capital, skill, enterprise, nor even honesty, are employed in raising the plant; which is, therefore, an inferior article, fetching an inferior price. The natives, to whom the cultivation is almost entirely confined, have very little power to improve the state of things, and what power they have they do not care to employ. Each man has a little patch of ground which he cultivates for himself. He is responsible to no other person for looking after his own interests, except, indeed, to the native usurer, from whom he has received advances for the purchase of seed, and who faithfully sells him up if he neglects to pay them back. The first mistake which he makes is in the matter of this same seed. The seed produced from his own district is sown over and over again, year after year, and has been allowed to reproduce itself in this manner for centuries past. The usual fate of a very old family which has been too exclusive in its alliances, of course attends it. The plant becomes weak and imbecile, and, coming from an exhausted stock, suffers the additional disadvantage of having its education entirely neglected. It never could be an aristocrat, and the ryot (or cultivator) effectually prevents it from taking even a respectable middle-class rank. The seed having been sown, the ryot is happy for a time in throwing the responsibility upon nature, under whose auspices it usually grows up in due time. The period for gathering depends less upon the ripeness of the cotton than the private convenience of the ryot—a marriage or death in his family, or the occurrence of some native festival—so that the process is usually performed either too soon or too late. The other preparations which it has to undergo are made upon the same lax principle; and the delay

of transport being added to the other delays, the cotton most likely catches the rainy season on its way to the coast, where it arrives damaged if not utterly spoiled. The purchaser, indeed, may consider himself fortunate if he receives the article only dirty and ill prepared ; for I have heard of such things as straw being packed by mistake in the bales, not to mention the carcasses of animals, and other little matters of the kind.

A European undertaking the cultivation of cotton, would, it may be easily believed, set to work in a different manner. In the first place, he would make arrangements to receive regular supplies of seed from a distance, so as to give vigour to the produce, the education of which would receive his unremitting attention. When the plant became ripe, he would take care that it was gathered at once. If a marriage or a death took place in his family at the critical period, he would be very glad in the one case, and very sorry in the other, as in duty bound ; but neither occasion would he make an excuse for the neglect of business ; and as for *his* national holidays, they are so few that their observance would not be likely to interfere with his interests. The consequence would be the production of the best article that could be produced, commanding the highest price in the market ; and land being plentiful and labour cheap, all Lancashire could, under Anglo-Saxon superintendence, be supplied, over and over again, from India alone. The European grower would not be merely gratifying his own selfish interests, but would be effecting incalculable good to the people among whom he lived. Of course he would employ natives, and these natives, in the districts where cotton is now cultivated, would be the same natives who now employ themselves. The difference to them would be, that, instead of living

in a state of independent semi-starvation, with nobody to take the smallest interest in their woes, except the native usurer, they would be in the employment of a man of capital, who would most probably make them advances without interest, give them their seed (good seed, new to the land) at cost price, and pay them good wages, upon the sole condition that he got good work in return.

We all know that honesty is the best policy, even though we may not have "tried both," like the practical Scottish gentleman, and that where work is to be done, it is an especially admirable arrangement; it being easier, in the long run, to do one's duty than to neglect it. This fact, after a little experience, becomes as apparent to the ryot as to ourselves. But the experience must be forced upon him—he will never seek it for himself; and in order to force it upon him, European supervision is a matter of absolute necessity. It is continually seen, even in England, that a man who thoroughly understands the work to be performed, and who is determined that it shall be performed in the best manner, exercises an influence upon his subordinates which the most idle and wilful among them find it difficult to withstand. How much more potent, then, must be the influence of an energetic European upon men belonging to the lowest class of Asiatics, who, be their prejudices what they may, look up to him as a superior being, and in whom they cannot choose but place their trust! Europeans are too commonly accused of being actuated by "selfish interests" in pushing their fortunes in India—as if the majority of men had any other object in view in their way through the world; but it is impossible for them, be they as selfish as they will, to benefit themselves without benefiting those

around them. This is not a mere matter of opinion. It is a simple fact, which can be proved, that wherever Europeans are settled in India—engaged in merchandise, or manufacture, or what not—the natives in that neighbourhood are better fed, better clothed, and better instructed than in those parts where they are left to themselves, or rather to the tender mercies of money-lenders, rapacious landlords, and extortioners of all descriptions. It is true that these tyrants are “still, at least, their countrymen,” but even that recommendation, however admirable in sentiment, may be found insufficient when unaccompanied by any other.

It is plain, therefore, that to make India an efficient field for cotton cultivation, we must have European agency. To secure this, nothing would seem to be more easy. Lancashire has only to send out her money, and competent persons to employ it, and in a comparatively short time she may have at command any amount of the raw material by which they feed millions and make millionnaires of so many, in that great hive of industry. But this is exactly what Lancashire will not do. Her capitalists say, “We will not trust our money in India, where we have no security for our property. We cannot forget the fate of the indigo interest; and what has happened to indigo, may happen to cotton at any time.” The question then arises, what *has* happened to the indigo interest? An intelligent public, which reads the newspapers, has probably a general idea that the interest has been ruined; but the accounts of the process which have appeared in the local papers, not having been extensively reproduced in this country, and such accounts as have been copied being very little read, and blue-books and official documents generally being voted bores (especially when they relate to India), it may not

be unprofitable to give an outline of the circumstances of the case. It is a long story, but it may be made a short one, and I promise that the nutshell in which I will place it shall not be that of a cocoa-nut.

The facts, then, are briefly these :—The indigo season of 1859, in Bengal, was an unprosperous one. Prices had been rising for the previous three or four years, and at that time seemed permanently settled upon a higher scale, rice in particular being at a greater price than had been known for a long period. The indigo crop, moreover, was partially destroyed by a gale at the end of July, just when it was ripe. There was some distress felt among the ryots (cultivators), which the planters were naturally desirous to relieve; but as very few of them had made any profits during the year, this could be only partially effected. Some planters paid higher rates for coolies (unskilled labourers), carts, &c., and one of them even doubled the usual remuneration of this class, and granted to the ryots a partial remission of their engagements. (It may be here mentioned, that there are two ways of raising indigo: one by *neez*, or private cultivation; the other by the *ryotwaree* system, that is to say, by contracts made with the ryots to grow the plant, they receiving advances of money from the planters, from whom they purchase their seed at cost price, and selling the produce back to the planters at a certain fixed rate per bundle. This latter is the system most prevalent in Bengal.) The distress would have passed away, as distress had passed away before, but for the appointment of a gentleman to the government of Bengal, who, almost as soon as his accession to office, manifested a hostile feeling towards the planters—a class never very popular with the local government, but who had met with toleration in consideration of the good

that they effected—the importance of which may be estimated from the fact that the annual outlay upon the indigo concerns in Bengal alone is about two millions sterling, the entire of which sum is spent in the indigo districts.

The lieutenant-governor, himself hostile to the planters, had a subordinate—a certain magistrate of Baraset—who but too well carried out his policy. There is a scandalous story of the cause of this latter gentleman's hostility which I will not repeat. Let it suffice to say that, taking advantage of an equivocally-worded minute made by the lieutenant-governor, he caused a proclamation to be issued in his district, giving the ryots to understand that they were not bound to perform the contracts which they had undertaken, and on account of which they had received large advances, unless it pleased them to do so, and suggesting to them the nature of the excuses which they might make for the repudiation of their engagements. In England, I fear, there is many a gentleman who would not trouble himself to pay his tailor's bill, if the law offered him the option of leaving it unpaid; and there are not many workmen who would, under similar circumstances, do an hour's work for money which they had received beforehand. It is therefore not very wonderful if the Indian ryots took advantage of the gracious permission of a paternal government, and transferred their labour to markets in which they were not already indebted. The consequence was, that a large proportion of the crops were spoiled last year, and the ryots, believing that it was the wish of the government to turn the planters out of the country, lent their assistance in every way towards this object. Riots became matters of everyday occurrence, and the whole of Lower Bengal was

soon in a state which it is scarcely exaggeration to call insurrection.

The late Mr. Wilson saw that strong measures were necessary, and passed a temporary act (to endure for six months) for the summary enforcement of contracts, the only redress hitherto afforded being by process in the notoriously corrupt civil courts, to recover the money advanced, the loss incurred through the breaking of the agreement not being taken into consideration, and the proceedings involved being about as complex as those of our Court of Chancery. Mr. Wilson's act produced an immediate effect. The ryots were surprised to find that the supreme government, at any rate, did not intend to ruin the planters, and a tolerable degree of quiet was restored, the crops, however, being beyond recovery. In the meantime, the "friends of the people"—missionaries and others—made the most outrageous charges against the planters of extortion and oppression, and in order to examine into these and all the circumstances attending the disturbances, a commission, known as the "Indigo Commission," was appointed. The members consisted of two members of the civil service, one missionary, one native baboo in the employment of the Bengal government, and one European merchant. There was a long and elaborate inquiry. Every scrap of evidence that could be produced against the planters was forthcoming, and if ever a case could be made out to their prejudice this was certainly the time. But the result of the investigation was, that not one of the charges was established, while nearly every one was utterly and entirely disproved. The fact is, these charges were all old ones—some of them going so far back as fifty years; they had all been refuted over and over again, and whatever amount of fact they might have been founded

upon, reflected upon a past generation of men, among whom the black sheep, it must be said, were not so rare as they are now.

But although the report of the commission necessarily exonerated the planters, the main recommendation which it contained was not in their favour. The commission, as we have seen, consisted of five members. Of the two members of the civil service, one was an avowed anti-planter and "Bengal clique" man, while the other, who had been reared in the good school of Sir John Lawrence, and who had been sent for by Mr. Wilson from the Punjab to act as financial secretary, was a man of large views and liberal tendencies, and above local prejudices. The Bengal civilian recommended that the act for the enforcement of indigo contracts should not be renewed, and in this he was supported by the missionary, inspired by a strong class hatred of the planter, which would effectually prevent him from taking any other course, and by the native baboo, who would be equally certain to vote whichever way 'the master' pleased. Thus, from the very constitution of the commission, the Bengal government had a necessary majority, the minority being composed of the Punjab civilian and the European merchant, who were in favour of the enforcement of contracts by a summary process. Accordingly, on the expiration of the act, no renewal took place, except of the insurrection, which became so violent that it was found necessary to send large bodies of police and military to the spot, where they have been obliged to remain ever since, the ryots in the meantime having gone so far as to resist the payment of rents.

The above are the main facts—not too many for a moderate nutshell, I hope—of this great controversy, which has been now some two years in agitation, and

which is by no means settled at the present moment. It should be remarked, however, that although the commission acquitted the planters of all the particular offences charged against them, the opposition upon general grounds remains as strong as ever. The system of advances, say the supporters of the Bengal government, is a vicious one, as it keeps the ryot at the mercy of the planter, and compels him to cultivate an unprofitable crop.

With regard to the first of these assertions, it is true enough that the system of advances is a bad one, because it makes the ryot lazy and improvident, and prevents him from having that heart in his work which he would have under a more healthy arrangement. But it is the custom of the country, which the planter did not invent, and to which he unwillingly yields. The system is common all over India, where you can scarcely get a native to make even a pair of boots without giving him an advance. It is one which the government themselves are compelled to adopt in the opium and salt manufactures—both of which are monopolies in India—though it must be said that the system in the case of the government does not lead to such disastrous results, as they take care to reserve to themselves the remedy which they deny to the indigo planters, and to enforce the fulfilment of *their* contracts by summary process. Moreover, the planters' advances, sometimes reinforced by additional loans, are made without any interest whatever, and however large the arrears may accrue, a case has never been known in which the planter has sued the ryot for their recovery. Yet these arrears extend over years of time and hundreds of rupees, which are so much money sunk as effectually as if cast into the Bay of Bengal. The native zemindars and usurers

on the other hand, when *they* make loans and advances, sell up the poor man without mercy ; his bullocks, and his extremely little all, are ruthlessly seized and disposed of, and he is fortunate if he finds himself able to "take up his bed and walk" to some more promising district—that light but necessary article of furniture being most frequently sent the way of the rest of his chattels, if he happen to have any others.

As for his being compelled to cultivate an unprofitable crop, the assertion is disproved by incontrovertible facts. One would fancy, if one accepted all the nonsense put forth upon the subject, that the ryot was obliged to starve by growing indigo, while he would have an ample fortune at his command by simply growing rice. But it happens that the land best adapted to indigo is least adapted to rice. More than one-half of the indigo crop in Lower Bengal is sown upon new alluvial-formed lands, or churs, on the banks of large rivers or the beds of old rivers, which are unfit for rice or any other crop. Moreover, indigo is a fertilising and not an exhausting crop. The rich, strong black loam, in fact, is the best land for rice, and nine-tenths of this is bheel land, which is land on which indigo is never sown. The planter aims at having a proportion of different descriptions of soil, so that under any varieties of weather he may have the chance of a good crop on the average. The only land upon which indigo and rice will grow in common is high land, and it is notorious that what they call the *aous* rice, which is grown upon this, is a failure. Indigo is doubtless a precarious crop, but so are all crops in a tropical country subject to inundations, and none more so than rice. Taking every circumstance into consideration, it has been shown that the same piece of land would produce either *aous* rice

at a profit of sixpence, or indigo at a profit of two shillings. The *ammon*, or better kind of rice, is more remunerative, but that is grown only where indigo is of no use. Nevertheless, it is declared that indigo, compared with rice, is a losing speculation to the ryot.

The above facts—which are only a few out of the many which might be cited on the same side—may give some idea of the encouragement afforded to independent enterprise in India when the independent enterpriser happens to incur the displeasure of the government, or even of the magistrate of the district in which he lives. And, looking at the treatment of indigo and its English planters, it is not wonderful that Lancashire should have some fears for the fate of cotton, and be indisposed to embark its capital upon the venture. It is but justice to the government, both in India and at home, to notice that some of the evils complained of are in a fair way of being remedied. The odious Mofussil courts, for instance, are being replaced by small cause courts, presided over by barristers, who, whatever their failings, will be free from corruption, and will administer an intelligible law. The sudder or high native court of appeal, is already merged into the supreme court, and competent and independent judges have jurisdiction in the provinces. The civil service is no longer a close service, but is open, under certain restrictions, to any qualified persons who may be found best fitted for particular posts. Non-official Europeans, as well as natives, are admitted into the legislative council, and their advice, instead of being received on sufferance from the outside, is forced upon the attention of the government. Moreover, by a recent enactment, the government waste lands may be purchased and held in fee simple by British settlers, and the land-tax may

be redeemed, if the owner pleases, by a capital payment.

These and other reforms are in progress, and although far from perfect, they will effect a great deal of good. Still, much remains to be done before the settler in India can have confidence in the country, and before he can be made to feel that his property and privileges are safe. Wherever the settlers and the natives are left to themselves they get on very well together, and the prosperity of the district is a proof of the mutual benefit that they receive. During the mutiny and the rebellion no indigo-planter was interfered with, except when he was found in arms assisting the government; and in several cases, as is well known, these gentlemen held their districts successfully after the authorities had fled. In the position of honorary magistrates several of them subsequently did good service, until deprived of those positions through official jealousy. It is only when the government interposes unnecessarily between the settler and the native that mischief arises, as in the affair of the indigo-planters which we have noticed.

What the settler still contends for, is a law which will give him the same right of enforcement of his contracts that the government take to themselves to enforce their own; to be encouraged by the government to stay in the country, instead of being thwarted at every turn; and to enjoy the benefits of a system of law which shall be a sufficient protection to his property. This is nearly all that he demands. He does not want to domineer or to dictate. He does not desire to oppress the native, with whom he is always ready to live upon friendly terms. He wants, in fact, the remains swept away of that policy by which he was once kept out of the country, and the spirit of which

even now exists in some high places. Considering the incalculable benefits which his presence confers—through the capital which he circulates, the industry which he employs, the example of energy and prudence which he sets—it can scarcely be said that he asks too much.

VI.

NIL DARPAN.

FOR some months during last year the overland mails from India, after giving us the customary budget of news—to the effect that it has been very hot somewhere, and hotter than ever somewhere else ; that pacification, reorganisation, regeneration, irrigation, and irritation, were going on as usual in different parts of the country ; that there had been a “ row ” at Simla between two officers of such high position as not to be revealed to the naked eye of the public ; that an ensign had been dismissed the service for conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman towards his colonel’s wife’s poodle ; that the Hindoos and Mahomedans, in some place with an unpronounceable name, had been at open hostilities in consequence of a religious dispute, the Mahomedans having polluted a temple, and the Hindoos retaliated by defiling a mosque ; that there had been another case of Suttee, the authorities saying that they could not help it, and the usual investigation in which nothing is investigated having been set on foot ; that cotton was tranquil, corahs in a state of much anxiety, and mule twist in an undecided condition ;—after the customary budget of news, in fact, the mail generally told us that

Nil Darpan was still exciting a great deal of public attention.

What is Nil Darpan ?

This is a question still asked by a large proportion of the public, who have been goaded by frequent repetition into an unwilling curiosity. Is it a place or a person, or something to eat ? They have not the slightest idea, and the discussion has been going on for so long that it now seems hopeless to begin to read it up. Be it known that Nil Darpan is a play written by a native of Bengal, in the Bengalee language, and that the meaning of the title is "The Mirror of Indigo Planting:" the declared object of the author being to hold the mirror up to nature, and to give a reflexion of the system of indigo planting as now practised in Bengal. With the political quarrel, to which the circulation of this play by certain local authorities has given rise, we have nothing here to do ; but the reader may find some account of the circumstances which have led to the dispute, in the preceding chapter called Cotton and India, and it is right to state, in order that we may not be supposed to endorse the grave charges which the work contains, that not even the persons who gave it circulation pretend to justify those charges, which have some dim reference to a state of things which existed fifty years ago, but which, it has been declared by a recent official inquiry, has no foundation in the present day. That the satire is a malicious one, and written for a political object, there can be no doubt. And when it is remembered that the drama is a favourite medium among the Hindoos for the expression of public feeling, it becomes apparent that it is calculated not a little to mislead. Our object in noticing it here, however, is a literary rather than a political one ; and the reader who follows

our description should remember that Hindoo statements, even when not inspired by political prejudice, must always be taken with a great many grains of salt.

The Nil Darpan, we must give warning in the beginning, is not a very lively performance. It would have no chance of being listened to in any London theatre. We doubt, indeed, if all the art and knowledge of stage effect which have been spent on the Colleen Bawn could dress it up to the point of endurance. Nevertheless, it is quite of an airy character; it is as *Used Up to The Stranger*, compared with the majority of pieces on the Bengalee stage, which belong decidedly to the elephantine walks of the drama. The Nil Darpan is elephantine to be sure; but the elephant it resembles, is a sportive animal; it can dance, and stand on its head, and would have no objection to take wine with the clown.

Those of our readers who have ever lived in India, have probably seen a native play performed at a native gentleman's house. In Calcutta, if the visitor be a person of any note, he will receive more invitations to representations of the kind than he cares to accept. Let us suppose that he avails himself of the invitation of say, Baboo Simkinshrab Lalshrab Ghose, the great merchant and banker. The invitation is for eight o'clock, and, at about that hour, having dined at seven, and being already in evening dress, he sets out. His destination is sure to be a long way off, as the European gentleman would infallibly live in the best quarter of the town, and the native gentleman would as infallibly live in the worst—which is the native gentleman's fault by the way, as he came to the place first, and had first choice. The house of the guest is situated in a street very much like what Park-lane in London is; that of the host, in a street very like what Field-lane in London

was; the thoroughfare between the two is of course characterised by a gradual declension from bad to worse, until it becomes as bad as the worst can be. The approach to the house is indicated by a horrible odour of oil and natives: the two scents being the more associated through the fact of the latter having a habit of rubbing the former over their skins.

The effluvium of oil, however, proceeds mainly from large earthen pans with floating lights in them, placed along the road to mark the way, and from coloured lamps of the Vauxhall kind, neatly arranged wherever they can be most easily knocked down by the crowd; which is of a ragged and squalid description that we would defy anybody to find, out of the purlieus of an Eastern city. It is less ragged, perhaps, than it might be, if its members wore more clothes; for, as in the majority of cases the garment is confined to the neighbourhood of the waist, its holding on at all is a guarantee of its tolerable entirety; but with the slightest augmentation of the toilet, the dilapidations begin, and these have an extent which put decency and adornment equally out of the question. Moreover, as the season for entertainments such as that of Baboo Simkinshrab Lalshrab Ghose is generally the "cold weather," and as cold nights in Calcutta are very apt to be damp, you may imagine the mist in which the whole scene is enveloped, all the oil lights to the contrary notwithstanding. Muggy would be a cold word to describe the state of the atmosphere; and one of those roaring thoroughfares in London where they sell fried fish, and everything else that can be sold cheap to an overflowing population on a Saturday night in November, can give but a faint idea of the sights, and the sounds, and the scents that assail our visitor as he nears his destination.

Great men's houses in Eastern cities usually turn their backs upon the public thoroughfare, and this of the Baboo shows nothing but a wall and a gate to the common people. Our visitor has probably driven himself to the place in his buggy, and here his syce, or groom, extricates himself from his perch behind, and endeavours to induce the people, now crowded more densely than ever, to get out of the way. This is accomplished after a great deal of getting under the horse's head, among his legs, and we are not sure that we may not add through the spokes of the wheels, has been gone through on the part of the populace, and threats to "walk into" them with his whip on the part of the Sahib, who at last finds himself in the court-yard, or, "compound," as it is called—a curious word, which may be described, in racing parlance, as coming by Corruption out of Portuguese. Inside the gateway there are more lights than ever, both of the pan on the ground, and the Vauxhall variety, and on each side of the covered pathway, through which the Sahib, having alighted from his buggy, now proceeds, are statues the size of life: some popular, some classical, some both, and nearly all well known in Europe. They are cast in plaster for the most part, though one or two appear strangely built of wood, and are, in point of colour, what the heralds call "proper;" all are more or less dirty and damaged, and contribute their share to the general effect of the approaches to the place—which is that of the place having a great holiday, and holding a final festivity, previous to being indicted for a nuisance.

The house has a large open court in the centre, which, being covered over for the occasion, now forms the great reception hall. Around, and accessible by flights of stairs, both from inside and outside, are the private

apartments : to all of which the visitors have access, except those of the "ladies of the house," who may be observed, however, from behind semi-transparent screens, looking down upon the scene below with much curiosity, their chirpy voices suggesting the idea of innumerable birds upon branches. It is not considered well-bred to stare at the places whence these sounds come, or to take any notice, indeed, of the other signs of feminine existence, even though you occasionally see a pair of eyes shining through a (perhaps) chance hole in a curtain, or a hand and arm (beautifully braceleted) hastily closing the said curtain, which the said hand and arm have incautiously drawn aside. The hall, it must be said, is brilliantly lighted, and presents a general effect of mirrors, and gilding and oriental architecture, very pleasing to the eye. Below, upon a carpet, upon which no man not admitted to an equality may venture, is seated the host, smoking at intervals a hookah, which an attendant keeps studiously alight for him. It is here that he receives his guests, for whom, besides the play, he has provided such other amusements as can be obtained. Native minstrels in one part of the hall sing "*Taza, bataza, now be now,*" "*Hillee, pillie, punneah,*" and other popular native songs, besides some English songs, of the class of "Home, sweet home," which they murder most melodiously. Nautch girls, elsewhere, go through the graceful attitudes which here pass for ballet, accompanied by the monotonous chant, which is the local substitute for opera. In another place may be found native jugglers, who perform the most wonderful feats without exciting anybody's wonder, and the most extraordinary delusions with which nobody is deluded. Should any wandering performers from Europe—Ethiopian Serenaders, and the like—happen to be in Calcutta,

they will most probably be engaged; and so you may choose between the east and the west in your music, as in your refreshments. As far as the latter are concerned, they consist mainly of attar and pân—the attar for the delectation of your fingers and your nose; the pân to put into your mouth, and to eat if you can. But in a room upstairs, there is always laid out a British ball-supper, with chicken and ham, jelly, trifle, and all complete, with “champagne up to the mast-head,” as you may hear an enchanted ensign exclaim; but with the strange addition of bottles of brandy placed all down the table, varied at intervals by bottles of beer. The natives have a great notion of the sahibs’ powers of drinking the two last named liquids, and I fancy they expect the very few European ladies, who are usually present on such occasions, also to indulge in them. Of course, the host does not himself sit down to the feast; but the European guests, to do them justice, console themselves for his absence, and make themselves quite at home.

The play, which is the prominent entertainment of the evening, takes place most likely at one end of the hall, where a stage is fitted up after the manner of temporary erections of the kind in most other places—at a country-house in England, for example. In front are a sufficient number of seats for the more devoted adherents of the drama, who take their places at the beginning of the evening, and keep them until the end, whenever that may be. The latter period is a little doubtful, for nobody is in a hurry, and the construction of the drama appears to be such that it may end whenever the performers or the audience please, and may be carried on as long as either can keep awake. We doubt whether any of the European guests ever saw one out,

especially if they have been paying much attention to the supper up-stairs. But we believe the performance generally lasts all night, "and when they ring the morning bell, the battle scarce is done." The host, and any members of the family who please, may go to bed occasionally—the beds are great Paris or London machines, placed in the public rooms, and open to the observation of the company all the evening—getting up again if it so suits them, and looking in once more at the theatre; for "going to bed" is not such a grave matter in the east as in the west, and among the natives, at any rate, involves very little change of costume. The majority of the confirmed playgoers, however, seem to sit up all night, which they can do the more easily as they have probably slept half the day; and they sit listening to the eloquence of the author and the elocution of the actors, in a greater state of rapture than, in the case of a set of fat gentlemen in a perpetual state of perspiration, would be associated with western ideas of comfort. The character of the performance, as we have already remarked, is decidedly dreary. The girls are personated by boys, and the men by blackguards; and we will back an Eastern blackguard against his brother in the west, for a combination of almost every quality that can make the exhibition of human character unpleasant.

Everybody concerned in the exhibition appears to labour under the impression that art is short, and life is long, and that "take your time, Miss Lucy," is a moral and a model maxim. Action takes its chance, and dialogue has everything its own way. A disgusting-looking rascal on the stage, understood to be a king, has been holding forth for half an hour to a feminine-looking disreputability crouching at his feet. The fellow talks

so fast, and in a manner so different from that in which you are accustomed to hear the language spoken in private life, that you don't understand what is going on. You ask a native gentlemen, in the intervals of the puffing with which he tries to dismiss his perspiration, what the deuce it means ? He answers in general terms that the king is supposed to be angry. Another of the characters, with a most hang-dog appearance, has the conversation all to himself for a mortal half-hour, droning and whining to a distressing extent. You ask a placid and pân-consuming native what this personage is about, and you are informed in reply that he is jealous. It takes a long time to develop the passions—on the stage at least—in the east, and playgoers should have the patience of Job.

We mention these particulars in order to give the reader some idea of the dramatic treatment which the Nil Darpan would receive in its native land, and of the singularly cheerless character of the production which has made so much noise, not only in that land, but in our own. What it is "all about" we will now proceed to detail : first, however, as in duty bound, giving a list of the

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

who are

MEN.

Goluk Chunder Basu.

Nobin Madhab } sons of Goluk Chunder.
Bindu Madhab }

Sadhu Churn, a neighbouring ryot.

Ray Churn, Sadhu's brother.

Gopi Churn Das, the dewan.

J. J. Rose, } indigo planters.
P. P. Wood, }

The Amin, or land-measurer.

Akhalasi, a tent-pitcher

Taidgir, native superintendent of indigo cultivation.

Magistrate, Amla, Attorney, Deputy-inspector, Pundit, Keeper of the Jail, Doctor, a Cow-keeper, a Native Doctor, Four Boys, a Lattial, or Clubman, a Herdsman.

WOMEN.

Sabitri, wife of Goluk Chunder.

Soirindri, wife of Nobin.

Saralota, wife of Bindu Madhab.

Reboti, wife of Sadhu Churn.

Khetromani, daughter of Sadhu.

Aduri, maid-servant in Goluk Chunder's house.

Podi Moyrani, a sweetmeat-maker.

The first scene of the first act is laid at the gola, or storehouse, of Goluk Chunder Basu, a head ryot, or cultivator. He and a friend, Sadhu Churn, a neighbouring ryot, are discovered sitting. They have a mutual grievance, which both are discussing. They cannot live, they say, in Svarapur (the name of the district), where they used to be prosperous upon general crops, but which the European landholder has now reduced to a state of poverty (for everybody but himself) through insisting upon the plantation of indigo. He has even occupied, for the purpose, the ground about the tank, from which the women will henceforth be excluded, and he has threatened that Nobin Madhab, a son of Goluk Chunder Basu, shall drink the waters of seven factories—that is, be confined therein—unless due submission be made; nay, that the houses of the family shall be thrown into the river, and that the family shall eat their rice in the factory godown (cellar), unless they consent to the Sahib's wishes. To them enters Nobin, whom the father asks how he has prospered in his interview with the planter. "Sir," says Nobin, "does the cobra shrink from biting the little child on the lap of its mother, on

account of the sorrow of the mother? I flattered him much, but he understood nothing by that. He kept to his word, and said, 'Give us sixty bigahs of land, secured by written documents, and take fifty rupees, then we shall close the year's account at once.' The father says this bargain will ruin them, as it will pervert them from growing rice; and he adds, "We have no chance in a dispute with the Sahibs. They bind and beat us. It is for us to suffer." Nobin says that, for his part, he intends to bring the case into court. After that, *exceunt omnes* to bathe.

The second scene is at the house of Sadhu Churn. Ray Churn enters with his plough, and makes some remarks, apparently addressed to that instrument, to the effect that the stupid Amin (land-measurer) is a tiger: he having just marked off five bigahs of his land to be sown with indigo. This will ruin him, he says, and his family will starve. He is interrupted in his recital of the family prospects by the entrance of Khetromani, Sadhu Churn's daughter, who, however, answers no dramatic end by her appearance, her mission being merely to say, in reply to a question, that her father will be there immediately, and to receive his respect for a "little water, as his stomach is on the point of bursting." She goes for the water; in the meantime Sadhu enters; and the brothers then proceed with the discussion of their grievances, Sadhu especially apostrophising his "burnt forehead," which is a metaphorical manner of expressing ill-fortune. Khetromani now returns with the water, and her uncle describes the quarrel he has had with the Amin, whose marking off of the ground was, he says, like thrusting burnt sticks into his body. The consultation is put an end to, by the appearance of the Amin himself, with two servants, who bind Ray Churn, and

tell him he must go with them to the factory, as he is wanted "to make signatures in the account books" (forged signatures of course): he being able to read and write, and the object of the planter being to show that contracts had been made for the cultivation of indigo. Ray Churn drinks his water and is carried off; but not before the Amin has cast eyes of admiration upon Khetromani, and made the remark that, having sold his sister to the Sahib for an overseer's post, he thinks he should get higher promotion if he could get Khetromani to sell also.

The scene then changes to the verandah of the large bungalow belonging to the factory of Begunbari. Here J. J. Wood, the proprietor, is found with Gopi Churn Das, his dewan, or head man, whom he is violently abusing for not getting in more advances from the ryots, and whom he threatens with a dose of "shamchand" (a leather strap) for his pains; taking down that instrument from the wall as an earnest of his intention. The dewan excuses himself most piteously, accusing his "evil forehead" (ill fortune) for allowing him to work like a slave for his master, without getting any credit for it. And he adds; "Sahib, what sign of fear hast thou seen in me? When I entered on the indigo profession, I threw off all fear, shame, and honour; and the destroying of cows, of Brahmins, of women, have become my ornaments, and I now lie down in bed keeping the jail as my pillow,"—that is to say, thinking of the jail, and expecting to go to it. While this improving conversation is proceeding, the Amin brings in Ray Churn, bound, with Sadhu accompanying him. Some of the scene which follows is worth giving textually:—

Wood. Why are this wicked fool's hands bound with cords?

Gopi. My lord, this Sadhu Churn is a head ryot ; but through the enticement of Nobin Madhab, he has been led to engage in the destruction of indigo.

Sadhu. My lord, I do nothing unjust against your indigo, nor am I doing now, nor have I power to do anything wrong ; willingly or unwillingly, I have prepared the indigo, and also I am ready to make it this time. But then everything has its probability and improbability ; if you want to make powder of eight inches thickness to enter a pipe half an inch thick, will it not burst ? I am a poor ryot, keep only one and a half ploughs, have only twenty bigahs of land for cultivation ; and now, if I am to give nine bigahs out of that for indigo, that must occasion my death. But, my lord, what is that to you ? It is only my death !

Gopi. The Sahib fears lest you keep him confined in the godown of your eldest babu.

Sadhu. Now, Sir Dewanji, what you say is *striking a corpse* [*useless labour*] ; what mite am I that I should imprison the Sahib, mighty and glorious !

Gopi. Sadhu, now away with your high-flown language ; it does not sound well from the tongue of a peasant : it is like a sweeper's broom touching the body. [*The sweeper is a pariah, and his touch is contamination.*]

Wood. Now the rascal has become very wise.

Amin. That fool explains the laws and magistrate's orders to the common people, and thus raises confusion. His brother draws the ploughshare, and he uses the high word *pratāpshālī*—glorious !

Gopi. The child of the preparer of cow-dung balls [*the cheapest kind of fuel*] has become a court naeb [*legal officer.*] My lord, the establishment of schools in the villages has increased the violence of the ryots.

Wood. I shall write to our Indigo Planters' Association, to make a petition to government for stopping the schools in villages. We shall fight to secure stopping the schools.

Amin. That fool wants to bring the case into court.

Wood. (*To Sadhu.*) You are very wicked. You have twenty bigahs, of which, if you employ nine bigahs for indigo, why cannot you cultivate the other nine bigahs [*a little slip in arithmetic*] for rice ?

Gopi. My lord, the debt which is credited to him can be made use of for bringing the whole twenty bigahs within our own power.

Sadhu. (*To himself.*) O oh ! *The witness for the spirit-seller is*

the drunkard! (*Openly.*) If the nine bigahs which are marked off for the cultivation of the indigo, were worked by the plough and kine of the factory, then could I use the other nine bigahs for rice. The work which is to be done in the rice-field is only a fourth of that which is necessary in the indigo-field; consequently, if I am to remain engaged in these nine bigahs, the remaining eleven bigahs will be without cultivation.

Wood. You dolt! You are very wicked, you scoundrel! [*Háramjádá in the original, which is a stronger epithet.*] You must take the money in advance; you must cultivate the land; you are a very scoundrel. (*Kicks him.*) You shall leave off everything when you meet with shamchand. (*Takes shamchand, the leather strap, from the wall.*)

Sadhu. My lord, *the hand is only blackened by killing a fly*—your beating only injures you. I am too mean. We—

Ray. (*Angrily.*) O, my brother, you had better stop; let them take what they can: our very stomach is on the point of falling down from hunger. The whole day is passed; we have not been able yet either to bathe or take our food.

Amin. O rascal! where is your court now? (*Twists his ears.*)

Ray. (*With violent panting.*) I now die! My mother! my mother!

Wood. Beat that cursed nigger! (*Beats with shamchand.*)

While this scene is enacting, Nobin Madhab enters; he intercedes for Sadhu in vain; the latter is led off to receive his fifty rupees in advance, and to engage to cultivate indigo, Gopi encouraging him with the assurance “that ashes have fallen upon his ready-made rice;” that the “Yama (Death, the King of terror) of Indigo has attacked him, and that he has no safety.”

In the next scene, which is laid in “Goluk Chunder Basu’s hall,” we are introduced to Sabitri, wife of Goluk Chunder, Soirindri, wife of Nobin, Saralota, wife of Bindu Madhab, and Reboti, wife of Sadhu Churn. These ladies are all models of virtue and innocence, but all apparently yield the palm to Khetromani, who joins them, and whose modesty is such that she is found to have cut off the curls of her beautiful hair, because she

had heard that such adornments were becoming only to ladies either of rich family or loose character. In the course of conversation it becomes apparent that the designs of Amin upon the young lady are beginning to develop. A woman named Podi Moyrani, a sweetmeat-seller, noted for her intrigues, had been to Sadhu's house that day, and Reboti, Sadhu's wife, declares that the woman has told her "that the young Sahib has become mad, as it were, at seeing Khetromani, and wants to see her in the factory." Aduri, a maid-servant in the house, overhears the statement. Her manners have not, apparently, that repose which stamps the caste of her mistress. She is at once suspicious, and doesn't care who knows it; but the metaphorical manner in which she expresses her feelings would be considered rather strong on the British stage :—

Aduri. Fie! fie! fie! bad smell of the onion! Can we go to the Sahib? Fie! fie! bad smell of the onion! I shall never be out any more alone. I can bear every other thing, but the smell of the onion I never could bear. Fie! fie! bad smell of the onion!

It appears that the agent of the Sahib has said that if Khetromani refuses to go to the house, she will be brought away by force. Reboti says that it is easy for the planter to carry her away, as no ryot's wife is safe from him; the planters, one of the other ladies says, are not Sahibs, but they are the dregs (*chandál*) of Sahibs. They then go on to say that the planters get the magistrate to throw anybody who offends them into prison, and here the feminine nature breaks out into the scandal. Reboti says that "the wife of the planter, in order to make her husband's case strong (*pucla*), sent a letter to the magistrate, since it is said that the magistrate hears

her words most attentively." To this Aduri, the waiting-maid, whose want of repose in manner has been already noticed, adds a frank statement of her own experience. She says—"I saw the lady; she has no shame at all. When the magistrate of the Zillah (whose name occasions great terror) goes riding about through the village, the lady also rides on horseback with him."

The scene concludes with the elder lady telling the two younger to go to the ghât together, while the evening light continues, and wash themselves; a desirable process, doubtless, for, throughout the act, there are several allusions to the fact that none of the characters—owing to the hurried action of the drama—have had time to perform their ablutions during the day.

The second act begins with a scene at the godown (*cellar*) of Begunbari factory. Torapa and four other ryots are discovered sitting and abusing the planters. One says that they have nothing for it but to submit. "*Before sticks there can be no words.*" This, like several other sentences which we have marked in italics, is an aphorism in common use, and must not be understood as arising from the ready wit of the ryot. Another says that they must assert themselves. "*By speaking the truth we shall ride on horseback.*" The planters, he says, always get a good magistrate removed as soon as they can. In a district of which they are speaking, he says that the planters prepared a dinner for the magistrate, in order to get him into their power; but he *concealed himself like a stolen cow*, and would not go. He was a person of good family. Why should he go to the dinner? The planters are the low people of Belata, or England. Yet a former governor allowed himself to be feasted at the factories, like a bridegroom before the celebration of his marriage. Some of their number have composed

some verses, which are quoted in the course of conversation. One is—

“The man with eyes like those of a cat, is an ignorant fool :
So the indigo of the indigo factory is an instrument of punishment.”

We must confess we do not see the bearing of the above. As a late facetious judge remarked of another judge who, he said, had been *trying* a joke : “His lordship has reserved the point.” Another quotation is more comprehensible :

“The missionaries have destroyed the caste ;
The factory-monkeys have destroyed the rice.”

The conference is disturbed by the entrance of Gopi Churn, the Dewan, with Mr. Rose a planter, carrying his *ramkanta* : an instrument much resembling *shamchand*. The ryots are all beaten and kicked, and one of them falls in a position described in the stage direction as “*upside down on the ground*.”

The scene then changes to “the bedroom of Bindu Madhab,” whose wife is discovered reading a letter from her husband, who tells her of an accusation brought against his father by the planters. He intimates that he believes in the ultimate triumph of justice, because he is taught so by the works that he has studied. “My dear,” he says, “I have not forgotten the Bengalee translation of Shakespeare ; it cannot be got now in the shops ; but one of my friends, Bonkima by name, has given me one copy. When I come home I will bring it with me. My dear, what a great source of pleasure is the acquisition of learning !” The liberality of Bonkima appears to touch the heart of Saralota, but, like a true woman, she is sufficiently self-possessed for the duties of the toilet ; for, upon the entrance of Aduri

(the waiting-maid with the keen sense of the onion of treachery), she suggests to that damsel, "Let us now rub ourselves with oil in the cook-room." The scene then closes with "*exit* both" (in Bengalee Latin) for that purpose.

The next scene is mystically described as "a road pointing three ways," the kind of road, we suppose, that would be taken by the celebrated oyster which required a similar number of persons to swallow him whole. The woman Podi Moyrani is found indulging in a repentant soliloquy on account of the part she has been taking in placing the fair Khetromani in the power of the English Sahib. A cowherd comes and taunts her with having gone into the indigo business: but he is soon driven off by the lattial (club-man) of the factory, who makes love to her. But still her conscience pursues her, and makes her unpleasantly sensitive to raillery—a talent which the Hindoos have always greatly at their command. The lattial gone, four native boys come dancing round her, clapping their hands, and singing the following chant, which is Shakespearean in its simple force:—

" My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo ?
My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo ?
My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo ?"

Human nature can endure the shame no longer. The guilty woman flies from the face of her fellow-countrymen—behind the scenes,

The third act commences with a scene at the factory between Mr. Wood and Gopi, his Dewan, in which we gather that Nobin is ruined, his land taken away from him, and that he has been twice in court. The planter

discourses about his schemes in general, and of a native who writes against him in the newspapers. Gopi consoles him by saying, "Their papers can never stand before yours—can by no means bear a comparison ; and, moreover, they are as the earthen bottles for cooling water, compared with the jars of Dacca. But to bring the newspapers within your influence great expense has been incurred." That takes place according to time ; as is said—

"According to circumstances, the friend becomes the enemy :
The lame ass is sold at the price of the horse."

There are more direct allusions in the course of the piece to the alleged corruption of some of the local journals

The next scene (the bedroom of Nobin Madhab) is mainly occupied by a consultation among the family as to the measure to be taken in consequence of Khetromani having been carried off. Reboti calls aloud for her daughter. "Bring me Khetromani ! bring me my puppet of gold !" Nobin, after a great deal of talk, prepares for action. "The indigo frog," he declares, "can never sit on the white water-lily-like constancy of a woman !" "The jewel," as one of the ladies says, with less grace, perhaps, but more force, "must be taken from the indigo-monkey," at any hazard.

In the scene which follows, the interest of the piece is worked up to the highest pitch. Mr. Rose is sitting in his chamber, and the woman Podi Moyrani brings the fair Khetromani to him. Khetromani remonstrates with Podi for the part she has taken, but Podi says, "You must speak to the Sahib ; to speak to me is like crying in the wilderness," The planter makes some unfeeling remarks ; but he is interrupted by Nobin and another

ryot breaking into the room. They rescue Khetromani and treat the planter with some roughness: Nobin, however, restraining his friend with beautiful hypocrisy by saying, "We ought not to be cruel because they are so." Then there comes a change to the "Hall in the house of Goluk." Sabitri, his wife, is lamenting that her husband has been summoned to the court. But with her bous (daughters-in-law) she seeks the old consolation of the toilette, and one of the stage directions in the scene is, "Saralota rubs the oil on her mother-in-law's body"—a precaution, by the way, much practised in the east before bathing, for the somewhat curious reason that it prevents the water from touching the skin.

The next scene is laid in the magistrate's court. Mr. Wood, the plaintiff, sits and talks with the magistrate, who asks his advice upon several points. Goluk is sentenced to pay two hundred rupees, or find sureties to that amount, binding him to plant indigo. In the course of the trial the magistrate writes a note to Mrs. Wood, the wife of the plaintiff, and despatches it by one of the court messengers, sending a message also to Mr. Wood's head butler, to say that his master will not be home to dinner. The magistrate and the plaintiff then leave the court together.

We are next introduced to the dwelling of Bindu Madhab, where Nobin Bindu and Sadhu are discovered, talking of Goluk, their father, who is now imprisoned by order of the magistrate, "the slave of the indigo-planters;" they also mention the "deadly sorrow" of Khetromani. All adjourn to the jail, where, on the scene changing, the dead body of Goluk is seen hanging by his outer garment, twisted like a rope. He has died by his own hand. Until the doctor arrives, the

policeman says he cannot cut the body down. As for the magistrate, he was not to be there for four days. "At Sachigunge, on Saturday, they have a champagne party, and ladies dance. Mrs. Wood can never dance with any other but our Sahib (the magistrate); that I saw, when I was a hearer. Mrs. Wood is very kind; through the influence of one letter she got me the jemedary of the jail."

In the fifth and last act there occurs in the first scene a conversation between Mr. Wood and his Dewan upon the subject of a disturbance among the ryots. The Dewan ventures to speak a little candidly, for which he gets knocked down and kicked, and called "a diabolical nigger." In the next scene, which is "The Bedroom of Nobin," that unfortunate ryot is brought in senseless, with a fractured skull, which he has received from the Sahib at the factory. Both he and his friend Torapa had made a brave resistance, but had been overpowered; but not before Torapa had made a rush at the elder Sahib (Wood) and bitten off his nose! "That nose I have kept with me," adds Torapa, in telling the story, "and when the baboo (Nobin) will rise up to life again I will show him that." (*Here he produces the nose.*) "Had the baboo been able to fly off himself, I would have taken his (Wood's) ears; but I would not have killed him, *as he is a creature of God.*" After this, all the ladies of the drama, and the entire female population of the neighbourhood, enter. Sabitri falls senseless at finding her son on the point of death; but Soirindri commands herself sufficiently to "sit near his mouth." Looking at Sabitri, she says, "As the cow losing her young wanders about with loud cries, then being bit by a serpent falls down dead on the field, so the mother is lying dead on the ground, being grieved

for her dear son." After this, she herself falls upon the breast of Nobin. Nobin's aunt tries to raise her from the ground, but fails, and falls also near her. Sabitri next goes mad, and talks wildly. A physician is afterwards brought to try and revive Nobin.

The following scene is laid in the "Room of the Sadhu Churn." Khetromani lies in great torment on her bed; Sadhu and Reboti are with her. The physician does all in his power, but she dies amidst the loud cries and lamentations of her family. Then comes the last scene, the "Hall in the house of Goluk," where Sabitri, still insane, is found sitting with the dead body of Nobin on her lap. She is performing some wild incantations, which are interrupted by Saralota, her daughter-in-law, whom she siezes in a frenzy and strangles—standing afterwards on her neck. Bindu Madhab, the husband of Saralota, enters during this proceeding. Bindu says that he cannot live now that his father is hanged, that his brother Nobin has died of his wounds, and that his mother has destroyed his wife. Upon hearing this, Sabitri suddenly recovers her understanding, and aroused to a sense of the crime she has committed, herself drops down dead. Her son kneels and weeps beside the body, taking some of the dust from her feet and placing it on his head, eating also some of the same dust, "to purify his body." Next appears Soirindri, who says that she is going to die with her husband Nobin, and will not be prevented. She runs out. Bindu makes a funeral oration upon the family, which he says "has been destroyed by indigo, the great destroyer of honour." The curtain falls, leaving him sitting, clasping his mother's feet.

Such is the drama of Nil Darpan—as far as its most essential features are concerned. Considering that it

pretends to be a true picture of the indigo-planting system, it would certainly warrant an investigation of the nature of that system on the part of government, were it not for the fact that the investigation was made the year before last, and that all the charges here so pathetically illustrated were found to be false. As a political squib, therefore, it comes rather late in the day. As a dramatic production, it may be sufficient to remark that it is about twice as long as Macbeth.

VII.

BRITISH SETTLEMENT IN INDIA.

MORE Englishmen is now the acknowledged want of India. The interest of England, as well as the interest of India, alike require them. England cannot afford to lose India. India will certainly be lost one day, unless she has more Englishmen. Political considerations, commercial considerations, philanthropic considerations, all point to the importance of persuading as many of our countrymen as possible to embark their fortunes in the gorgeous east. Security demands them, and says she trembles without them. Cotton cries for them, and says she must have them, and that is the long and short of the business. Philanthropy begs and entreats for them, and declares it to be their duty to go. More soldiers will not do. We can always get as many regiments as we can afford to pay for—and a few over if necessary—to do our work, when the work to be done happens to be war. But what we want are men to fight the battle of peace, and to form such a cheap defence as to render war unnecessary. More Englishmen being the acknowledged want of India, where is the difficulty in procuring them? Capital and enterprise on the one side, waiting for an outlet; the outlet on the other side,

waiting for capital and enterprise—one would fancy that the state of things could not be in better working order. But unfortunately, there are elements of discord which have, as yet, proved a serious obstacle to the settlement of Europeans in India. Of these, some are political; some are social; some are caused by old prejudice still influencing certain local authorities; some are caused by misunderstanding, mainly arising from ignorance, on the part of our countrymen at home. The government of the East India Company, it is known, never liked the “interloper,” and never even tolerated him until it was compelled to do so. The consequence was, that the interloper was badgered whenever possible by his official rulers, and his life made as miserable as it was convenient to make it, while the very bad reputation that he “enjoyed” at home, prevented him from gaining even sympathy, to say nothing of redress. In the latter respect, however, he was no worse off than the servants of government—civil and military—upon whose pastures he was considered a trespasser. Mulligatawny, the collector without a liver; Chutnee, the colonel subject to *delirium tremens*; Curry, the adventurer, labouring under both these drawbacks, have for years been favourite objects of sarcasm or reproach, among their countrymen in England. All were supposed to be equally remarkable for the disreputable nature of their private lives, and the corruption and cruelty of their public conduct. Now that the question of European settlement in India has become one of the most important of the day, it is especially desirable to enquire how far old prejudices and old delusions may tend to retard the accomplishment of the object. Towards this end the following notes are directed.

The question has often been asked—what is it that

makes the Great Briton in India so very different a person from the Great Briton at home? At home he is usually considered to be a sober, well-behaved, humane person; moderate and enlightened as to politics, and inclining, even in his errors, to the right side, being philanthropic to a fault, and a notorious cultivator of every mischievous propensity which can be indulged in under the form of a benevolent object. Take him to India, and there is a change indeed. His sobriety consists in being drunk from morning till night upon beer and brandy-pawnee; his good behaviour, in committing aggressions upon other mens' families, which are always bringing him before a certain fashionable court in this country; his humanity, in treating his black brethren in a style worthy of Legree, and torturing them with every imaginable weapon—from the open and avowed club, to the treacherous and insidious chili; his moderation, in making the most preposterous and impossible demands upon a series of governments, each more perfect than the last; and his philanthropic charity in subscribing money to every object by which he can hoodwink his countrymen into allowing him pursue his barbarities with impunity.

What is it that works this change in the moral and respectable Briton? Long residence in India, perhaps, which causes him to imbibe local prejudice. This can scarcely be the cause, for we find men who have not been three months in the country, accused of the same failings. Is it that the voyage out demoralizes a man, and renders him unfit for civilization on shore? It is an old piece of satire which declares that an Englishman generally leaves his conscience at the Cape, and is but seldom known to bring it on with him to Calcutta or Bombay. But one would fancy that the Overland Route

had a more humanizing influence. The passengers are seldom, *all* of them, either old or young Indians ; they are varied in character, in positions, in pursuits. Surely they cannot all combine to poison the mind of the traveller, and demoralize his imagination before his arrival, and before he has an opportunity of judging for himself ! What then is the cause of the change which has been so often noticed ? I think I can let the reader into the secret in a few words. He will probably remember the celebrated answer of Charles II to his own question concerning the fish in the jar of water. The king said that he could not tell the reason why the water would not overflow when the bulk of the fish was added to it, because the fact was that it did overflow. Upon the same principle, the reason for the change cannot be told because the change does not take place. It is, in fact, a fiction, a delusion, a superstition, a weak invention of the enemy. *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.* The Englishman, when he goes out to India, may generally depend upon being the same Englishman when he comes back. Unless he be a very exceptional person, he is not likely to have any greater affection for delirium tremens, or other people's wives, or to manifest any decided taste for torture and slaughter, nor even for dishonest trading and speculation—which I omitted to mention among the failings usually ascribed to his class—than when he stood in all his English youth and innocence upon the deck of the steamer at Southampton. If he has any such tendencies, be sure that he is an exceptional person, as I have said, and in that case, be equally sure that you would have heard of his failings in Europe, with the difference only that, having the various laws of so many countries to coquet with, he would not have been so soon caught and hanged as

among the more centralized arrangements of our Indian empire.

But surely, may be remarked by the intelligent reader, there must be some cause for the accusations which have been brought against the Englishmen in India, even granting them to be untrue. Doubtless, would be the prompt reply of the intelligent writer, of course prepared for the question. There is plenty of cause for the accusations being made, unjust as they are ; and the English reader can scarcely be blamed for believing them to be true, since he hears the assertions made upon the best authority. For it is certain that if Englishmen in India have got a bad name, it is mainly because they have given it to themselves. When I first stayed in Calcutta, some few years ago, I was in a position that placed me apart from all local prejudices which I knew to be far from mild, but which I did not expect to find half so strong as they proved to be. I was independent of all classes, and at the same time I had ample opportunity for association with the best specimens of each. One day found me at the board of a "big civilian ;" the next, I was a guest at a regimental mess ; the following few days were passed, probably, at an indigo factory, or mingling in the town life of the merchants—which is very much like the town life of the members of any other class in the "City of Palaces" who live in the largest houses, and give the best entertainments. In this category, by the way, must be included the judges and barristers of the Supreme Court, who comprise a large number in themselves, and whose importance is second to none. Among these various descriptions of persons I lived in that state of harmony which is the nearest approach to happiness that I know. I found them as a general rule

intelligent, cultivated, amiable, and especially companionable; and one would have had no hesitation in forming a very high opinion of them all, but for the very low opinion they seemed to have of one another.

I do not mean to say that every class hated every other class. In nearly every case the feeling was confined to some particular class, which was the favourite object of aversion. If you asked a military man, for instance, what his opinion was of Indian people, he would probably tell you that the lawyers were very good fellows, and the merchants and planters—especially the latter—first-raters; (“Give you the best pig-sticking, and all that sort of thing, in Bengal, my boy!”) But ask him what he thought of the civilians, and he would frankly inform you that he did not like them at all; that on the strength of being immensely overpaid for monopolising all the best appointments, they “gave themselves airs,” thought everybody else beneath them, and were intolerable in society, unless society was prepared to take them at their own valuation—which a society imbued with sound commercial principles was seldom willing to do. The merchants and planters were even more inveterate against this unfortunate class, and would make the gravest charges in connexion with their alleged maladministrations, and sacrifice of the peace and security of the country to their own interests. Of these opinions the lawyers and the journals were frequently made the mouth-piece, so that Calcutta was seldom free from a rousing controversy, which generally set everybody by the ears. In addition to these elements of discord, I should not omit to mention another class, who were even better haters than the others of the civilians. These were the subordinate members of the same service, not blessed with what is called a covenant,

(equivalent to a commission in the army), who had been taken into the government pay to do certain work, and who could be dismissed from all employment if they ceased to please their official superiors.

Among these men, it must be said, were some of high standing and position, apart from the members of the bar who are in public employ, and who are necessarily among the "Uncovenanted"—as indeed is the Governor-General himself for that matter. Apart from these, there are men of high talents and attainments in the ranks of the Uncovenanted service, who cannot by any possibility—except in the non-regulation provinces—attain beyond a certain standing; and these, as well as *their* subordinates—who, through a pardonable weakness, fancy themselves also fitted for the highest posts—are in a chronic state of irritation with the powers that be; and as they are supposed to neglect no opportunity of injuring their superiors in a secret manner, their superiors neglect no opportunity of subjecting them to that exasperating kind of depression which is described by the phrase "letting them know their place." Now this process being quite unnecessary, inasmuch as the place in question is apt to be too well known to its occupants, who desire to change it for a better one, the effect of the treatment upon the patients' temper may be easily supposed not very soothing. And in addition, the Uncovenanted have, for the most part, to submit to the odium of being nobodies in society—that is to say, of not being let into "society" proper, at all. This also is unjust; for there are many among them who deserve better treatment than they receive. The discontent of this class is shared by that portion of the trading classes who do not rank as merchants, and who, although always in easy, and frequently in opulent cir-

cumstances, do not somehow find a general recognition of their title to rank with the magnates of the land. These worthy persons consider it a grievance that, notwithstanding their ability to keep up expensive houses and horses, and to give each other dinners overflowing with Champagne (all other beverage, unless it be sparkling Moselle, is now voted low in Calcutta), that the great do not court their acquaintance with that avidity which these attractions would seem to command. It is very weak, doubtless, to indulge in such feelings, for the obviously dignified and independent course is to treat all persons who don't want to know you, with the contempt they deserve. But our more humble friends are not alone in the failing; and I fear that the social jealousies of Calcutta have contributed considerably towards the disunion which exists in that city among the various classes of our countrymen.

I cannot think it quite in the best taste, for instance, for a lady, a leader of society, to say to a friend, in answer to an enquiry whether she happened to know an officer newly arrived,—“No, he called here, but we don't wish to increase our barrack acquaintances,” or to patronize a friend from the Mofussil with the remark,—“I'm afraid you'll find our society very exacting here, compared with what you have been accustomed to up-country.” Nor, indeed, do I think it in any better taste for a tradesman to put out his hand for a customer to shake on the latter leaving the shop, there having been no more friendly relations between the pair than the purchase of some cheroots, and a slight conversation about the weather. I cannot say that this is the custom in Calcutta, but such a thing has been seen occasionally. The proceeding would scarcely be demanded by the extent of the acquaintance, even had a formal intro-

duction taken place, and the pair met in private society; and it was for this reason, I suppose, that a gentleman who was so honored upon one occasion, (he was very young and had just succeeded to a baronetcy, which I suppose will be considered an excuse) pushed his own hands down into the uttermost depths of his peg-top pockets, looked the tradesman in the face, and drily said, "Very sorry, my dear sir, but it can't be done."

Nor do I much commend the gentleman in the jewelry line, who, in answer to a question from a customer, engaged in doubtful dalliance with some shirt studs, as to whether those articles were "worn," replied, "I assure you that they are, you see I wear them myself."

"In that case I would rather not have them," was the not ill-deserved rejoinder.

These are not very important matters, but they serve to illustrate the tone of society, composed of not very harmonious elements in any case, and rendered still less reconcilable by the peculiar nature of our position in India, and the still more peculiar manner in which our system of government has tended to make the most of its difficulties. One fact is obvious, that the question of "Who's who," is a very important matter in Calcutta, where it is very far from resolving itself into "What's what," which it is fast doing in England. It is so important indeed, as to be destructive to the mingling of classes even upon any common ground, as we find them mingling at home—and any good feeling between them is therefore difficult. At public entertainments in England, both in and out of doors, men and women of almost all grades assemble together. But in Calcutta this is very seldom the case. The upper ranks will seldom consent to "assist" upon an occasion which is not confined exclusively to themselves, and they urge as an excuse, that

when they have consented to depart from their custom the lower classes have been generally obtrusive and impertinent. Upon this question I can only make the well-known commentary, that "a great deal may be said on both sides," and lament that such is the fact, for it makes Calcutta a far less pleasant place to live in than it would otherwise be, and adds, I am convinced, considerably to the heat of the weather.

In the provinces the state of things is the same, or worse. There is less formality and precision in the manners of society itself, but the classes which it includes are far more limited than even in Calcutta, and "the services" are in an overwhelming majority. Not that the services are to blame for their exclusiveness, for it is not always that there are any presentable people in an up-country station out of their own ranks; when there are, they certainly receive every attention, and have no reason to complain of being "put down." As for the "under crust" of society in the Mofussil, I am afraid that very little can be said in its favour. Men who would have to resort to manual labour in England, are found making large incomes—fortunes in some cases—by retail merchandize; and women, who at home would scarcely attain the posts of maid-servants, assist them in making the most clumsy and ridiculous aspirations towards a "position in society," the great object of their existence, for which they would barter the best part of their gains, and beggar themselves as they frequently do. The desire of these persons to secure the best places—at the band-stand, where they appear in their carriages—at the amateur theatricals—even at church, amounts to something like a passion, and I do not envy the reputation of any person out of their own class who attempts to thwart them in their

aspirations. I think it right to make these remarks, because nearly every writer upon social life in India notices the other side of the picture, and while pointing out the exclusiveness of the upper ranks, omits to mention the penalties attendant upon any wide deviation from the ordinary forms, which would render life in India, under present conditions, nothing less than a nuisance.

Everywhere, indeed, in the upper provinces, is the traveller and the resident exposed to the elbowing of a class of his countrymen whose neighbourhood a man must be very liberal-minded indeed to seek, in any country, if he has a choice in the matter; and this is especially the case since the mutinies, when a crowd of speculators have been enabled to emerge from their previous obscurity, and take advantage of the state of the provincial market to sell European commodities at prices which, to everybody but those who have had to pay them, seem fabulous indeed. I do not mean to infer that there are not respectable men among the class; indeed there are conspicuous instances of such; but the majority, it must be confessed, neither in character nor conduct are very creditable to our country. Many of these, as well as of the humbler classes generally, subordinate employés of government, are "Eurasians," or "Indo-Britons." The former word is, of course, a compound from *Europe* and *Asia*. This is an unfortunate class. Notwithstanding that they number in their ranks a large proportion of respectable and intelligent men, there are yet so many among them who combine some of the worst qualities of the two races from which they spring, as to have given a decidedly bad character to the whole. It is only under very exceptional circumstances that an Eurasian can take rank as a gentleman

among Europeans, and by the natives he is generally despised.

This large population of discordant elements is comparatively a new feature in India—having materially increased of late years. It is one of the penalties that we have to pay for the “development of the resources of the country,” regarding which Indian reformers talk so much and with such little effect.

I have said nothing of the desperate adventurers—men fallen generally from better things—who are unhappily becoming less uncommon in the country every month. How these wretched men live it is difficult to say; but that they do manage to carry on for a long time is certain; for many of them frequently contrive to travel from one end of the country to the other, obtaining employment here and there, which they are too free-born to keep, and apparently leading a tolerably contented life, since they are seldom seen otherwise than drunk.

To return, however, from a digression. There is no more popular topic of conversation among the English in India than the ignorance of “people at home” upon all matters concerning them. Wherever two Anglo-Indians meet, and find that they have nothing in particular to say, *this* subject is always safe. It is one upon which they are certain to agree, and to which each is usually able to contribute some new matter. You pay a morning visit, we will say, to the Chutneys. Chutney is of the civil service. He has a pretty little wife, and a pretty large appointment—the first having “brought him” nothing at all, and the second bringing him some four or five thousand a year. He is engaged in earning the second in his kutcherry when you call, and leaves the first to amuse the visitors, or to be amused by them, as the case may be. It is

possible that the object may be a difficult one to accomplish on either side. An ensign, having nothing to say during a visit of ceremony, is recorded to have wished that somebody was dead, in order that he might be able to communicate the fact to the lady of the house. I have never gone to this sanguinary extent in my pursuit of topics; but I think, if I put my conscience under cross-examination, I should be obliged to own that I might not have felt much grieved, under the circumstances, at hearing that the brigadier had been thrown from his horse and broken his arm, or that the judge's wife had run away with a gentleman singularly unlike the judge—provided that it had been my fortune to get the first news of these unhappy events. Supposing, then, that nothing is going wrong worth talking about in the station, and things that are going right present no features of interest, this ignorance of "people at home" upon matters relating to India, is always a splendid topic to fall back upon. The last mail is sure to supply an illustration. Mrs. Chutney, for instance, upon the first symptoms of a lull in the conversation, will perhaps tell you a capital story of the kind, as she did to me last year—and it was to this effect.

An officer in the Punjaub made a sketch of a scene in that province, and sent it for publication to an illustrated journal in London—there are so many illustrated journals now that I need not be afraid of being charged with making any particular allusion.

The Punjaub (as the reader, who is doubtless better informed than the rest of the public, probably knows,) is a singularly open country, where large trees are "conspicuous by their absence," and where most of the outward characteristics of an eastern clime are found wanting. His sketch was pronounced by the acutest critics at

the mess, to be "very ugly and very like," and so it probably was. It was duly despatched, and nearly forgotten, when, three months afterwards, the outward Indian mail bore in its bosom (that is to say, in one of those square boxes which the admiralty agent is always so fidgetty about) a copy of the * * (no earthly power shall induce me to give up the name), addressed to the officer in question. The paper was eagerly opened, and in its middle, in the most conspicuous position, appeared the sketch. The sketch—but so "transmogrified," to use the artist's own expression, as to be scarcely recognizable even by its parent. It was all palm trees. In the foreground they stood out in rich masses; in the middle distance they appeared less conspicuously, but still unmistakable, with their long, strait, and bare stems, crowned with leafy luxuriance. In the extreme distance they might be seen, growing out of the edge of the horizon, and sharply cut against the clear sky. Palm trees, in fact, pervaded the picture. It was all palm trees, with just a bit of river, and a scrap of mountain, and a ruined temple, put in to keep them in countenance, to connect them, in fact; and I need scarcely add that not a single palm tree had appeared in the original sketch. The artist was in what his friends called a "beastly rage," but which I will be content with alluding to as a pardonable passion; and in this spirit he despatched a vigorous remonstrance to the "publisher, or editor, or whatever you call the rascal," by the next mail. Something like another three months rolled on, when out came a rejoinder. The "publisher, or editor, or whatever you call the rascal," was very sorry; the sketch was a very welcome one, and in case the artist should care about remuneration, he enclosed a cheque for a not unhandsome amount; but it had been found

necessary to make some additions to it, as the fact was that the public would not have any Eastern scene without palm trees. The public demanded palm trees, and the public would have them. It was of no use being truthful if nobody believed you, and so palm trees must be put in, even at the sacrifice of truth.

This story, set going, I believe, at first by little Mrs. Chutney, made a profound impression upon us all in the north-west provinces of Bengal; and I have no doubt that at the presidency, as well as in Madras and Bombay, it obtained equal attention. It was told in the early morning, when the English sally forth and endeavour to steal a march upon the sun. It was told upon the parade ground. It was told in kutcherry. It was told at the mess, (I should like to know any piece of gossip, for good or for evil, that was not told *there*). It was told in the shade of the afternoon verandah, amidst the crash of the band-stand, and the glare of the burra khana. It was told all over the station, and all over the world of the presidency, and the provinces; and it was everywhere considered to be a type of the mistaken ideas prevalent among "people at home," with regard to people in India, and everything relating to that country. It is of no use telling "people at home" simple facts concerning India; they will have the palm trees which their prejudices have always been accustomed to, or they will not listen, and still less are they likely to believe. I do not confess to being blinded by my Anglo-Indian partialities, but I can't help seeing a great many more palm trees than I could wish, both in political and social pictures of India as delineated at home. At the same time I must not altogether blame "people at home" for adopting erroneous ideas. When men are utterly ignorant they cannot well be otherwise

than impartial, and "people at home" may say on their own behalf, "We cannot misrepresent matters of which we know nothing; what we know we have gathered from Anglo-Indians themselves, and it is their fault if they have deceived us." This is true enough; and the home mis-information upon Indian matters is caused, I am afraid, by the fact, that out of every five hundred persons in this country, four hundred and ninety-nine know nothing about the present state of affairs in India except from hearsay, and that the other one, who speaks from experience, is, either consciously or unconsciously apt to mislead.

It is a very bad thing to be ignorant of all matters relating to a country like India. It is still worse to be misinformed. But it is worse than being either utterly ignorant or lamentably misinformed, to be so indifferent as not to care about acquiring knowledge in the place of nothing at all, or truth in the place of falsehood, when that plant happens to have evinced its usual vigour in taking root. And this is the condition, it is to be feared, of the larger proportion of our countrymen in reference to the "brightest jewel of the British crown." In Parliament India is voted a bore and a nuisance. An Indian question generally clears the house, unless either one side or the other has a party object in ventilating it. In society Indians are very apt to be considered, if not bores and nuisances, something very little better; and they very soon find that their powers of pleasing are exercised most successfully when they refrain from talking about India. The only persons among "people at home," who at all delight in troubling themselves about the country, are the professed philanthropists and the missionaries. Against the intentions of these persons I should be sorry to say a word; but

their zeal is, I fear, frequently thrown away, through natural difficulties in some cases, and in others, it must be said, through indiscretion in its mode of exercise. To the general knowledge of the country to which their labours are devoted, I am afraid they add but little; while they certainly do not, by the manner in which they discuss it, contribute to the attractiveness of the subject.

As an illustration of the kind of prejudice which exists against Anglo-Indians on the part of "people at home," I may mention the following incident, for the truth of which I can vouch. The story was told to me by a member of the civil service, and he was the hero of it, upon the occasion of his last visit to Europe, before the mutinies, when he was driven into British ports by stress of liver.

My friend was indulging his innocent tastes by living in a harmless suburb not far from Hyde Park. Past his peaceful residence went many omnibuses to and fro; between happy homes, and banks and clubs, and places of the kind where men must go, however happy their homes may be. One morning, in an evil hour (if I may speak so disrespectfully of half-past eleven) he stopped one of these vehicles with the intention of proceeding therein to town. He had a small—an insignificant—leather bag, containing some evening dress, in which he designed to disport himself that night at dinner. Having some books under his arm, he allowed this bag to be carried to the conveyance by a female servant. Nothing so natural, if one's establishment does not include a man. But unfortunately the female happened to be a native Indian woman, known in domestic life as an ayah. And

so there was a cry from the other twelve passengers:—"Look at this man? How disgraceful! He is like all the rest of these Nabobs. They make the poor natives their slaves. She would get dreadfully beaten if she refused to do the work of a horse;"—and so forth. And the twelve passengers all scowled upon him, and shrank from his touch when he sat in among them; and during all that long and dreary journey, not one volunteered to him an observation upon the weather, or asked him "What he thought of Lewis Napoleon *now*?" In short, as far as the twelve persons in the omnibus were concerned, he was an outcast among his fellow men.

Now this was rather hard upon my poor friend, who was certainly not a Nabob—he only wished he was,—and who during his service in the East had always shown himself as humane and considerate a person to the natives as could well be, a fact for which his wife's servant, and his own alleged slave, would have cheerfully vouched, had she been appealed to on the subject. But, as I said to him afterwards, when he told me the story, the blame rested less with the British public (who may be generally considered fairly represented by any twelve persons who ride in an omnibus) than with his own brethren in the East, who lose no opportunity of reviling one another to their fellow-countrymen at home. It may be that the latter are in fault for being over-credulous and wanting in judgment; but suppose the contrary case. Suppose that the people of England were strenuously engaged in influencing the people of India in a similar manner; suppose that the farmers neglected no opportunity, through the press, through private correspondence, and personal communication, of assuring their friends in India, that the manufacturers were a set

of robbers and extortioners ; suppose that the manufacturers retorted a similar complaint upon the farmers ; suppose that both combined to give the worst possible character to the government officials, and that the government officials occupied the greater portion of their official leisure in representing everybody not included in their own body to be enemies of the state, whom the state would do well to transplant to some other state as soon as possible. I am afraid our friends in the East would be inclined to consider a great many of these accusations true, and that the reputation of Englishmen would suffer considerably in their eyes. Yet this is something like the process by which Anglo-Indians have been endeavouring for many years past to "gain their private ends," and now they are surprised to find that they have succeeded only in losing them, that the ends will not meet by any means.

But, accepting the reasons alleged for the manner in which Anglo-Indians are misunderstood at home, it may be said, Surely this antagonism of classes has not arisen without a cause, since the Englishman does not care to be an Englishman merely through his residence in India, and Englishmen at home, though they have their class interests and agitations, yet contrive to agree tolerably well, treat one another with respect, and unite when necessary for the common good. That there is a cause may be safely taken for granted. It is deep in "the system" upon which the country has been hitherto governed, and which her Majesty's accession to the rule of her own dominions has not yet been effectual to remove. I allude to the anomalous position of Europeans in India.

India is a conquered country. It is a favourite fancy of certain crotchety politicians to declare that it is not—

upon the ground that if the entire country were to rise "as one man" it might be sufficient to overwhelm even the present strong European force at the disposal of the government. But this argument would apply equally well to almost any country that ever was subjected to a foreign yoke.

Nations never rise as one man, however much they may be inclined to do so; but if any nation were to make the attempt, a sufficient check could be given even with less military means than are disposable in the present case, long before the process could be effected, granting always that disaffection is not perversely treated as loyalty, and that the danger is fairly looked in the face. The country, then, being a conquered one, it follows that the policy of its rulers should be to treat the conquering race with all possible respect; and to welcome the addition of every individual member of that race to its shores, as an augmentation of strength to the government, a guarantee of the security of our rule, and therefore an assurance of that happiness and prosperity to the native population which it is the boasted object of our rulers to maintain. But such a policy has, unfortunately, never been that of the "Company of merchants, trading to the East Indies," the directors of which, after realizing an empire out of their transactions, discovered, like a great many retired old gentlemen in smaller ways of business, that commerce was "low," that it was unnecessary for the welfare of the country, and that the best means of dealing with the material at their disposal, so as to make it yield the largest amount of profit (to themselves) was to govern upon a system of secrecy and compromise, under a pretence of liberality to the

natives, and to dread, of all things, the eyes and ears of their own countrymen, who have an awkward habit of seeing and hearing more than is required of them, and of telling disagreeable truths.

With these unpleasant persons they had a very summary way of dealing in the good old times. No sooner did a man want to know too much, or having succeeded in knowing, evince a disposition to tell, than he found himself seized, taken on board ship, and before he had time to look round him, under full sail for his native land. After a time, however, this system was found not to "pay." The man made himself such a nuisance when he got back to England, and the scandal created by the proceeding became so great, that the home government, though generally unwilling to interfere with the innocent enjoyments of the local authorities, found it necessary to do so. Accordingly the practice was disallowed, and the European obtained the right to reside in India—the government, of course, reserving to themselves the privilege of making his residence as miserable as possible.

But notwithstanding the laudable efforts made by a paternal government to render his life a burden to him, the Anglo-Saxon still found his way to India. Either he liked being despised, or he contrived to console himself for his abasement by means of rupees, which certainly *do* come tumbling in in India as they do nowhere else. And as he increased in numbers, his importance increased also, and putting him down became no such easy matter. The natives began to discover that as good gentlemen came to the country out of the Company's service as in it; and even the government could not avoid perceiving that the "Inter-

loper" was the main source of the general prosperity. It was all very well to supply good government, but this could be supplied only upon condition of receiving a good revenue; and there was no such security for this as the development of the commercial and industrial resources of the empire. "*Revenue avant tout*" has always been the understood maxim of the rulers of India in the good old times; and so impressed were they with its importance that they made all their cleverest men collectors, the second-rate men being put off as mere magistrates, or, when they showed any remarkable signs of unfitness or incapacity in other departments, elevated to the judicial bench. This system, by the way, has survived in full force to our own time; and it was only a couple of years ago that an official in the North-West—a far cleverer man, however, than the majority of those who come to such an end—was, for a conspicuous breach of public decorum, not exactly inspired by Father Mathew, transferred from the position of a commissioner to that of a judge. We should stare rather in Europe if the head of a public office was to fall into disgrace, and—having had a purely official training—was to be made one of the barons of the Court of Exchequer for his pains; but such things are matters of course in India, and people have ceased even to laugh at them.

But to return. Notwithstanding that the government was forced to appreciate the value of the interloper, it still did not like him. And, unfortunately, a large portion of the executive found their own interests so endangered by his presence in the country—or persuaded themselves that such was the case,—that they neglected no means to disgust him and drive him home, or failing

in that object, to bring upon him odium and disrepute. These gentlemen, belonging to the exclusive civil service, found the interloper threatening to compete with them for a share in the loaves and fishes of the state; or if not actuated by any such object—of which, it must be said, he was generally independent,—he yet contrived to make himself particularly disagreeable by his bad habits of observation and inquiry; peering into things that went wrong, and even being impertinent enough occasionally to attempt to set them right. Accordingly the traditional policy of “war with the interloper” found no lack of support among the great majority of the servants of government; and it became the custom by degrees to blame the one class for every difficulty experienced by the other, more especially if it happened to be caused entirely by the fault of the latter.

The strife became worse as the number of non-official Europeans increased. The “British born subject,” protected by the Supreme Court in the presidencies, and amenable in the provinces to the authority of the company’s servants only in so far as cases of misdemeanour or small monetary transactions were concerned, naturally became somewhat unmanageable, and was not regarded with particular favour by the local authorities. It was from time to time attempted by the government to place him under their jurisdiction by the amalgamation of the Supreme Court with the head Court of Appeal—a court very unfavourably known to Anglo-Indians as “the Sudder;” and one Thomas Babington Macaulay was set to work to construct a code which should deal forth equal justice to every class in the country. But years passed, and the code, though sat upon and reported upon, and revised and improved, was never found to meet the difficulty; and the last attempt to introduce

the "Black Acts" as they were called, at the beginning of 1857, resulted in such a storm of opposition from the non-official population that the measure was indefinitely postponed; and the Court of Directors, taking alarm at the outbreak which almost immediately afterwards took place, sent out an order that no act affecting the position of Europeans in India should be passed by the local government without a previous reference home. But for the outbreak the Black Acts would surely have been passed; for much of the ancient jealousy between the Supreme Court and the Indian government had been removed by the admission of the judges of that court to seats in the Legislative Council; and upon this occasion the measure of the government found supporters among their number. Upon the one side it was declared that the interloper could not be kept in proper order in the provinces without additional authority; that even in cases of murder the expense of sending him to the presidencies for trial was greater than should be properly incurred by the state, and that after all the expense, to say nothing of the trouble, a jury of his countrymen were very apt—if the offence was committed against a native—to defeat the ends of justice and allow him to escape. On the other hand the interloper and his friends said: "We have no objection to be made amenable to the provincial courts if you will allow us the same protection which the law of England allows us at the presidencies. But we decidedly object to be tried by a native, who in nine cases out of ten is notoriously corrupt; to have the proceedings conducted against us in a language which we cannot understand; and to forfeit the protection of a jury of our own countrymen which, although not much consolation to a gentleman about to be hanged, will at any rate afford him the

satisfaction of not being hanged without good cause. If you reform your courts we have no objection to be made amenable to them, and we think your best policy would be to raise those courts to the English standard instead of degrading Englishmen to their level." To this was returned, by the more conciliatory class of Black Act-ers, a rejoinder which was intended to be delusive, but which somehow failed to delude: "My good friends, there is no fear of an Englishman not receiving justice. It is his birthright, and he will find it wherever the British flag waves. Let but a single Englishman receive an injury from the provincial courts, and there will be such an uproar that their reformation must inevitably follow." But this argument seemed so like that of the injudicious barrister who attempted to console his remonstrating client by the assurance, "Let them hang you my boy and I'll make them repent it," that the British-born subject failed to appreciate its wisdom, preferring the more prudential arrangement of having the courts cleaned out before entrusting himself to their atmosphere, rather than to take his chance of sanatory measures being adopted towards them after they had, possibly, killed him with their ill-odour.

I may here observe, by the way, that the interloper enjoyed whatever satisfaction may be derived from being oppressed by his own countrymen, during the progress of the rebellion, when he was included in the Arms Act, which it was found necessary to impose upon the natives, and in the Press Act, which placed English newspapers under government control, because native newspapers published sedition. He had also the satisfaction of seeing the native judges, under whose jurisdiction he had objected to be placed, turn against

the government, in many cases, and shew their gratitude for the confidence placed in them, by being guilty of some of the worst crimes committed during that year of horrors, 1857.

What the interloper asked for, and what he has been asking for up to the present time, is that he shall have the privilege of living in India upon the same terms as in any other of the British possessions. That he shall, in any part of the country, enjoy the protection of the British law. That the "Company's" (I use the exploded term for want of another) magistrates and judges shall be trained in law, instead of being mere officials moved about from one employment to the other and that they shall be independent of the government under the same conditions as in England. Further, that he shall have the privilege of purchasing land, where land is purchasable, in fee simple; and—in especial reference to the case of planters—it is also urged that there shall be a new law of contracts, so as to secure from the Cultivator the performance of work for which he has received payment in advance.

A considerable instalment of these demands has been granted by the measures of Indian Reform passed last session; and the avowed policy of the government now is to encourage the interloper by every possible means. Difficulties political, however, as well as difficulties social, still exist; and it is to be feared that much remains to be done before the new policy will bear fruit.

The great enemies of the settlers, as I have observed, are generally considered to be the members of the civil service—the exclusive "covenanted" service which so long ruled in India—the nominees of the directors, from the families of whom they were for the most part

selected. It is not unnatural that these gentlemen should be somewhat disgusted at the ruthless manner in which their privileges have been invaded of late years, more especially by the introduction of the competitive system. But they have for the most part accepted the change in a liberal spirit, and welcomed the new men among them with all frankness and good will; and in the same manner they have for years past reconciled themselves to the presence of their non-official countrymen, everywhere except in and near Calcutta, where the interloper, and certain of the authorities, are as hostile as ever. In Bombay and Madras there is of course some little jealousy existing between the two classes—as is indicated by many of the social peculiarities noticed in the proceeding pages—which may be observed, more or less, in the three presidencies. But whatever feeling exists in those parts is very seldom strongly manifested; and the same remark will apply to the North-West Provinces of Bengal, the Punjaub, and Oude, where the civilians have from the first been trained in a better school than that of Bengal, and do justice to their training. In all these places the non-officials get on very well with the authorities, and whenever there is anything like parity of social rank, mingle with them on friendly terms. Even in Bengal there has been a great deal of good fellowship between the planters and the officials; and the latter are certainly not all of the same stamp as the opponents of the former in the “indigo dispute,” about which we have heard so much for the last year and a half. There are as liberal men among them as in the North-West, or elsewhere; but somehow, not a hundred miles from Calcutta, I am afraid there are some of the body who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the days of John

Company and the supremacy of the exclusive civil service. They have the same old dislike of the interloper, and spare no pains, since they can no longer turn him out of the country, in making him as miserable as possible in it. The indigo dispute, although it has figured a great deal in the newspapers, is not so generally understood as it should be. Yet the facts are simple enough. The planters, in compliance with a custom of the country from time immemorial, made advances of money to the native cultivators for the growth of indigo, and the native cultivators, not being particularly industrious, were in many cases somewhat deeply in their debt. This would not have much mattered. The planters charged no interest, and were content to go on advancing, if necessary, so that they got the work done. But happening to offend a certain magistrate (scandal says, for some private reasons which I need not particularize), the certain magistrate took advantage of a certain minute issued by the chief authority, and issued a certain proclamation informing the cultivators that they would not be compelled to work out the advances which they had received, unless it so pleased them. Of course it did not so please them. What class of men is there who would have been so pleased? I should be sorry to try even that meritorious person the British workman by so severe a test. The cultivators, one and all, repudiated their engagements, and having jumped to the not unnatural conclusion that the government was hostile to the planters, and wished to drive them out of the country, they determined to do their best to gratify the government in the matter. Hence the deplorable state of Lower Bengal for some time past; outrages against the planters; resistance to even government authority;

and refusal, eventually, to pay rent. The late Mr. Wilson passed an Act through the Legislative Council, making breach of contract between master and workman a misdemeanour. The law worked wonderfully well, and ceased to be beneficial only when it ceased to exist, in six months, after which the home government prohibited its renewal.

In the meantime, the charges of violence, etc., against the planters, had been examined by a commission appointed for the purpose, and were found to be utterly baseless: not one of them was sustained. And what is more, they were all old stories, which had been refuted again and again, some of them so far back as fifty years ago. No doubt the planters have, from time to time, taken the law into their own hands; but it has been generally for their own protection that they have done so, and in the absence of the protection which the government should have supplied. It is not denied, by their warmest supporters—that is to say, themselves—that there have been black sheep among them, and that their manners have not always had that repose which stamps the caste of the *Vere de Veres* of the civil service. They may have bullied, and even beaten a native, now and then; but conduct of the kind is rare in the present day; and it is the merest affectation and hypocrisy to pretend that any one class of Englishmen in India offends more in this respect than another. You may meet with members of the civil service who do not scruple to cuff or kick their servants when displeased with them, and military officers are certainly not free from a similar reproach. Of the non-official class, no larger proportion ill-treat their domestics, or the natives generally, than of any other class. But as regards our countrymen generally,

the tales told of their cruelty to the natives have been generally brought away from India by chance travellers, who very seldom speak from personal experience, and who are liable to be imposed upon by wicked wags, who seek to mystify them as the cabman did Mr. Pickwick, upon the sight of the immortal note-book. Across any mess-table in India, may be heard stories of how Slyman of the civil service, "sold" a distinguished traveller in 1858, by pretending to sign death warrants without reading them, merely scrawling his initials, and throwing them over his shoulder, to the extent of a hundred and fifty in half an hour or so. Also, how Rampant, of the Irregulars, told another distinguished traveller that wonderful story of the ensign picketing his syce by the heels in the place of the horse, and then and there administering a thrashing which would have been too severe for that quadruped, and which nearly killed the syce. This incident had no existence except in the inventive brain of the narrator, but it has gone forth to the world as truth, and has assisted not a little in spreading a very mischievous delusion. Of course the fault in such a case mainly lies with the person who commits the deception, which is one of those funny ideas that may be carried a great deal too far. But still it must be admitted that some travellers have been a little too eager to receive stories of the kind, and natives are very apt to tell a *burra sahib* that which they consider he wishes to hear.

The indigo planters, it may be easily supposed, have received more than their share of the abuse which has been so liberally bestowed upon our countrymen in general for their alleged brutality to the natives; and this has been owing not only to official prejudice and

official misrepresentation, but to the enmity of the native zemindars (or landholders) who find in their European neighbours formidable rivals, owing to their superior skill and industry, and whom it is their object therefore to drive out of the field. It is through the depredations of these men upon their property, indeed, that the Europeans have been betrayed from time to time into those acts of violence which have given a colouring to the accusations against them. These native zemindars are themselves really the oppressors that they represent the Europeans to be. Their violence and extortion are beyond all bounds, and the fairness and moderation of their neighbours in money matters spoils the market for them, as they make a point themselves of exacting ruinous interest for their loans, and "selling up" without mercy the unfortunate ryot who is unable to pay.

It is this unhappy state of things, and the bitter hostility which has been the consequence, between the non-official Europeans on the one side, and the natives and certain official authorities on the other, in Bengal, that are at present retarding the progress of European settlement throughout India; and this at a time when the failing cotton supply from America has created the necessity for a new field for this important branch of our commerce, and when India has been declared by the most competent authorities to be the best field for the purpose. If that branch of our commerce could now be transferred to India, the misfortunes of our cousins across the Atlantic might indeed be turned to account, and the ill-wind in America might be made to blow incalculable good, not only to this country but throughout our Empire in the East.

In no quarter is this fact more fully appreciated than in those high places where the policy of the nation goes

through a process of manufacture from the raw material of public opinion, and is issued thence in as inoffensive thunderbolts as may be. In the Olympus of office, in fact, it is the declared policy that Europeans shall be encouraged in every practicable manner to turn their attention to India, with a view of settling in that country. The Home government and the Indian government are united upon the point. Both fully see the folly of maintaining the country merely as a camp which may be set in a blaze whenever a sentry happens to fall asleep; and out of which the English might be turned at any time, as the popular sarcasm says, without leaving any more useful remains of their rule than their empty beer bottles!

The events of 1857 sufficed to remove most of the cobwebs of prejudice, even from old gentlemen whose minds had been "laid down" for a long time—say "since classic Canning died"—in inaction. But they left some bold spirits, who, even though convinced, would not confess the fact, and who are still fighting manfully—and as openly as they dare to do—in the old cause of exclusion, of secrecy, of sham. The natives, when left to themselves, always get on wonderfully well with the non-official class of Europeans, and wherever these are settled, there the natives are most prosperous and most content. The officials in the North-West, in certain reports which have been called for on the subject, declare the planters in those parts to be a real blessing to their several districts, through the employment that they create, and the security that they maintain. There is no reason why they should not be the same in Bengal, if they be only permitted. Before the present opposition to them was got up—through the acts of servants of government—the planters in Bengal were as popular

as could be desired. Had they been otherwise they would surely have been disposed of during the mutinies, when all authority was suspended over the greater part of the provinces, and they were left at the mercy of the native population. But instead of coming to any harm in those troublous times, they were undisturbed in many cases, and in others managed to hold their own, and keep their districts in order, even after the authorities had fled; and there is no instance of a planter losing his life during the rebellion except when in arms fighting for the government. These facts cannot be controverted, and they are in themselves a conclusive proof of the falsehood of the aspersions which have been cast upon this class of our countrymen in Bengal. But the truth is that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written for a long time past about the "mild Hindoo," and the "civilized and enlightened Mussulman." Both classes have been described by enthusiasts, who I am afraid have not been actuated entirely by love, as wofully oppressed by the "independent Europeans," while the civil servants have professed to be their protectors, standing between them and the brutal violence of the dominant race. The civil service accused the independent body of wishing to govern "India for the English," and the opposition cry that they set up was "India for the Indians," which sounded fair enough, and was well calculated to find favour at home. But the independent body retorted with "India for the Civil Service," which they declared to be the real meaning of the "India for the Indians" cry; and I am afraid that the sarcasm was not quite unjust. It was certainly a great piece of policy on the part of the civilians to link their cause to that of the natives; especially as, owing to the amount of patronage in their hands, they were in so excellent a position to

induce the natives to back them up. The North-West men would not have taken the bait so easily, and there would have been still less chance with the natives of Oudh or the Punjab. But the cringing servility of the Bengalee was just adapted to lend itself to the device. Ask a Bengalee how many miles it is to such and such a place, or what o'clock it is, and he is quite capable of answering that it is as many miles, or hours, as "the master" pleases. The master's "pleasure" is appealed to in cases quite as much beyond his control; accordingly the divinity that hedges any servant of government is immense, and if a man in high authority he is absolute master of the consciences of his native subordinates. His known dislike to any particular class of his countrymen would be quite sufficient to excite most active opposition to that class; and swearing through thick and thin against them, quite irrespective of the truth, is no difficult matter among a people who look upon perjury as a light and venial offence. The ingenious Mr. Codlin, in Mr. Dickens' tale, adopted the exact civil service policy when he desired to ingratiate himself with Little Nell. "Codlin's the friend, not Short," say the civilians; and the natives, believing it their interest to echo the cry, echo it accordingly. And so it is that Short, having had quite enough to do in looking after his own affairs, has always been misrepresented, and continues to be misrepresented up to the present time.

Yet it will be found that it was only through the intercourse of independent Englishmen with India, and the attention which they drew to them, that the great abuses of our administration have been corrected. In the hey-day of the Company's rule, suttee and infanticide were "manners and customs of the natives" that it was not considered necessary to repress, until Indian travel-

lers had aroused public indignation by exposing the impunity with which those horrible rites were practised. The employment of torture for the collection of the revenue—which has always been part of the native system, and has been resorted to habitually by the native subordinates of the government—was exposed and denounced by independent Europeans before the government consented to recognize a fact of which they must have been cognisant if they had any official eyes and ears. How long India would have been without those material improvements which are now being urged on with such alacrity, but for the employment of a similar pressure, one can scarcely venture to surmise. But if the old system had been left to itself, it may safely be supposed that not a single railway would at the present time be even projected in any part of the country; that there would be no irrigation except such as is supplied by nature; and that even such primitive improvements as roads would not have been developed as they are. Independent Europeans have surely, then, done something in the way of good for India; and what ground there is for supposing that they would do harm in larger numbers I really cannot conceive. Yet it is plain that the prejudice against them has not been conquered by the home government, notwithstanding the strong opinion expressed in their favour by Lord Canning, who, whatever his past errors, has of late displayed most of the qualities of an enlightened ruler. His lordship, like all unprejudiced men before him, has seen through the absurdity of the theory that the climate is a prohibition to European settlement. Were such the case it is obvious that the question would settle itself, and that there would be no occasion for any opposition in the matter. The climate is a difficulty certainly, but one

which it does not require a covenant to overcome. If one man can live in it another man can live in it, under similar conditions. Nobody pretends that India can be treated exactly like a colony, and that labouring men can emigrate thereto with any chance of competing with the native population, even if such competition were desirable. But whenever a man can obtain a position in which he can use his head to direct the labour of native hands, he may settle in the country not only for his own, but the country's good. India teems with resources which only require development to render her the richest country on earth. She has a population amply sufficient to develop them; but a large portion of her labouring classes are either in part or wholly unemployed for want of a direction being given to their energies. Native capital and native skill are insufficient for the purpose; British enterprise and British industry are imperatively required. In the plains of India, and on the slopes of the Himalayas, there is land extending over an area larger than that of England, now in jungle, and requiring nothing but these aids to be brought under cultivation. The native population, so far from being insufficient for the purpose, is already too large, as I have said, to obtain employment; and thousands of labourers are now allowed to proceed to the West Indies, the Mauritius, and Ceylon, as the only alternative from starvation. And yet, even for the growth of the commonest necessities of life, the cultivation of this land would certainly *pay*; for the price of food all through the country was scarcely ever so high as it is at present.

A great impetus has been given of late years to the production of tea, for which the neighbourhood of the Himalayas is admirably adapted: and cotton might be

grown to an unlimited extent, were adequate encouragement given to the settler. Hitherto every Indian administration, with the exception of that of Lord William Bentick, has been against him. He has always been subject to deportation, black acts, arms acts, or the gagging of the press. As far as his political condition is concerned, it must be admitted that his troubles are likely to be few. The measures of Indian reform passed last session are as large a stride in the right direction as government can be expected to make at one time ; and their faults and requirements may be easily remedied and supplied. That his social condition will be improved under a better political system may be considered a natural consequence. The main reason why Anglo-Indians are misunderstood in this country is, as I have said, because by their jealousies and dissensions they have conveyed a false impression of themselves. And the cause of their jealousies and dissensions is that there has never been a sufficient variety of classes in India to form a properly balanced state of society. The Indian services have provided some of the greatest men of which our annals can boast ; but their greatness has been in spite of, and not a consequence of, the conditions under which they have lived. A mind of a high order will frequently develope all the more surely in solitude—whether that solitude be imposed by necessity or accepted by choice, as a refuge from dull and perhaps vulgar companionship. But on the other hand many minds of not inferior *calibre* will be lowered by such an ordeal, if they be not crushed altogether. As for that class of minds which depend upon circumstance and opportunity for their development, they are not likely to derive much benefit in the ordinary course of Indian affairs. Here and there may be found opportunities

for distinction in the civil service and on the staff; but these seldom occur except in troublous times, and it is to be hoped that troublous times are past, even though some ardent spirits should love their chance of distinction under a happier state of things. Nothing narrows a man's mind more than exclusive association with persons of his own pursuits. Everything is measured by a professional standard. The great objects of life too frequently become secondary in importance to such questions as, What is the proper allowance of an acting commissioner on leave? or, Who is to get the interpretership, for which nobody in the regiment can manage to pass? The effects of this monotonous state of existence would not unnaturally tend to the formation of profligates and prigs, and popular belief declares that both are largely represented in the Indian services. Popular belief is, as usual, too hasty in coming to this decision, for Indians as a body are neither more immoral nor more pedantic than any other class of men, while in many respects they are superior to most educated classes at home. There is an immense deal of warmth and cordiality in Indian society, and our countrymen in the East present a favourable contrast in point of hospitality to their brethren in the West. But it must be confessed that the amount of "shop" talked, even in the most refined circles, is frightfully depressing, not only to the "outsider" but to those who may be called members of "the firm." It is the limited world of intercourse to which the Anglo-Indian is usually restricted, and the low mental tone that it too frequently induces, which are at the bottom of the difficulties with which India has at present to contend. Independent settlers are still "strangers" in the country, and even lately have been officially so described by the Lieutenant Governor of

Bengal. It is the feeling of resentment on the part of certain officials of the old *régime* at the intrusion of the stranger among them, that is the main cause of the animosities at present agitating Calcutta. Political rivalry leads to social rivalry, and *vice versa*; and between the two a state of things has been produced which could not well be worse. The independent Europeans are systematically attacked by a large class of the natives, aided and abetted, it is now too manifest, by certain high officials. Of course the Europeans do not submit to attacks without taking the privilege of reply; and the effect of the contest threatens to be such as to render government impossible. I am afraid that besides official jealousy the evil must be ascribed somewhat to the promiscuous "petting" of the natives, which has been for too long the policy of the officials in Bengal. It was this same petting which caused the military class to break out into mutiny. Unless there is prompt interference on the part of the supreme government, properly backed at home, we shall see a similar rising among the baboos—not a murderous movement in itself, but one of slander and passive resistance scarcely less dangerous to our rule. To check the growing disease it is absolutely necessary that the British power should assert its position, and make the cause of its meanest subject its own. We want no domination of the white over the black. Simple equality, which is the principle professed by the government, is all that our countrymen demand. At present they are placed in a greatly inferior position, and the practical policy pursued is one which has been coarsely but correctly described as "buttering the black and snubbing the Saxon."

Since the above pages were written several concessions in favour of settlers have been made by the Indian

government. Any man may now buy waste land, if he has but the money, and hold it in fee-simple ; and landholders may redeem the land-tax, if it so pleases them, at twenty years' purchase.

Other reforms are coming, and with them, there is every reason to believe, "a good time" for the English in India.

VIII.

FAMINE IN INDIA.

THE subject is a sad one, but I am fortunately enabled to take a cheerful view of it, and promise not to inflict upon the reader any purposeless pain. I can assure even that particularly uncomfortable person, known as "the most delicate female," that she may peruse these pages without danger of having her feelings "harrowed up" by any unpleasant details of suffering such as nature, in a coarse and vulgar way, will make occasionally manifest. My object, indeed, is not to describe what Indian famines are, but what they might be made; for a very good authority has come to the conclusion that they are by no means so inevitable as is generally supposed, and that there are means by which they may in a great measure be "put down."

Of course famines may be put down by the rude expedient of feeding the people; but I do not intend to propose any such preposterous remedy. It would be preposterous to feed people by charitable contributions, if we could at a less cost enable them to feed themselves, without any charity at all. Prevention is always better than cure, and in a case where prevention may be made nearly perfect, and cure can be effected only to a very

small extent, the former is preferable in an even greater degree. It is the latter process that has been tried in the north-west provinces during the famine with which they were desolated last year. The efforts which have been made to mitigate the horrors of the crisis reflect honour upon all concerned. The Indian government and the public, both Indian and English, contributed gallantly to the good work; but they could not prevent many thousands of persons from dying of starvation, although they certainly saved many thousands more. Had the question been merely one of money, the means might have been found to procure subsistence for all the sufferers. But the difficulty was to get at them. The entire population could not be brought into the large towns and stations to receive food, even had sufficient been forthcoming for the number. It was necessary to go to the persons requiring relief, and to convey the food to them. As it is impossible even for government officials to be everywhere at once, and as hunger will not wait, the difficulties attendant upon the work may be conceived. These were moreover aggravated by absence of means of communication, caused by the want of roads and conveyance. The cure was thus necessarily imperfect. How far the recurrence of the evil can be prevented it is most desirable to examine; and for this purpose we cannot do better than follow the facts set forth by Colonel Baird Smith in his report upon the subject, presented to the Indian government.

There are several questions connected with the occurrence of famines in India. The system of irrigation has naturally a great deal to do with their force, if not their frequency, as famine in most cases arises from drought. The system of internal communication has also not a little

relation to the subject, for reasons already alluded to. But the most important question in connexion with it, is the land revenue settlement—the terms upon which the land is held and the adjustment of the government demand upon it. This lies, we are told, far nearer to the root of the matter, because of its intimate and vital relation to the every-day life of the people, and their growth towards prosperity or towards degradation, than any such accessories as canals or roads, however important both of these may be. In order that the reader may test the truth of this assertion we will make a dive into the colonel's statistics of the famines which have taken place during a period of more than a hundred years past. From 1733 to 1861, it appears that there were thirteen droughts, causing a greater or less degree of scarcity. These happened at intervals varying from four to twenty-four years, which is a not unimportant fact, as it disposes of a popular theory that such calamities are of regular periodical recurrence, to be accepted as matters of course. Of the thirteen visitations the most destructive were those of six seasons between and including those of 1770 and 1861. These occurred with a greater approach to regularity, that is to say, the intervals between them varied from thirteen to twenty-four years; but even this difference is sufficient to show that the idea of their periodical recurrence is a delusion. Of these six great famines, that of 1770 was the greatest of all. It is believed to have been the most severe that has ever fallen upon India. It is worthy of remark, by the way, that this famine although included among the droughts, is declared by the natives to have resulted from an exactly contrary cause—an excess of rain, which caused inundation, and washed away the crops. But one of the worst of these visitations was that of 1837-38

when it is considered probable that no less than eight hundred thousand persons perished of starvation. It is with the famine of this period that Colonel Smith compares that of 1860-61, and it is from the result of that comparison that I am enabled to draw the cheering conclusions at which I have arrived. The two areas which he has compared are much the same in extent, and it appears that other things were equal enough during the two periods to warrant the anticipation of similar effects from similar causes. But although the conditions during the former period were in almost every respect more favourable, the mortality was far greater, and the amount of general suffering must have been immensely in excess of that of 1860-61. Food during that former period was at an average price, in the worst localities, of twelve and a half seers for a rupee, or twenty-five pounds for two shillings, according to English computation; while in the worst localities in the latter period the same sum of money purchased only from seventeen to nineteen pounds. This is the surest indication that the former famine was not so great in its pressure as the latter, and yet its victims were far more numerous! In the former period too, there were signs of disorganization of society such as have had no existence in the latter. Every exertion was made in 1837-38 to alleviate the general distress, as in 1860-61. Many thousands of persons were employed upon extraordinary public works, and the government remitted a large amount of revenue, while private subscriptions were raised to a considerable extent. But, notwithstanding every exertion, it was found impossible in many parts to preserve order. Driven to desperation by starvation, large bodies of the population gathered into bands for plunder, attacking the grain stores, and carrying off their

contents. Disorganization, indeed, threatened to become general, and could only be repressed by force. Troops had to be employed upon some occasions, and during the whole period of the famine it was found necessary to maintain a largely augmented body of police, both horse and foot. Of such disorganization as this, Colonel Smith tells us, there has been no sign during the famine of 1860-61, nor has the amount of revenue remitted been anything comparable. It is evident that during the intervening period society had, by some means, been strengthened, and had become better able to resist the effects of the scourge. Of this there is abundant proof in the improved condition of the smaller proprietors. In 1837-38 they suffered in common with the humblest tillers of the soil. Landlords as well as labourers perished of starvation, or were reduced to pauperism along with them. And this, notwithstanding that they still held their lands. But these lands were useless to their owners unless the owners could keep them in cultivation. They could not sell them, for nobody would buy them. They could not mortgage them, for nobody would lend money upon them. The average selling price in 1837 was at one year's rent, or about a third more than the amount of the government demand on the total area sold. This was the rate when sales could be effected at all; but it may easily be supposed that in time of distress they would be generally out of the question. And this state of things was owing not so much to any unbearable pressure of taxation, although that was bad enough, as to the uncertainty of the tenure, and the knowledge that it was in the power of government to increase the demand from time to time, and to throw any burden upon the soil that it pleased.

In 1860-61, notwithstanding that food was higher, and the general conditions less favourable, the mortality was far less; there was no social disorganization, and the small proprietors generally managed to tide over their difficulties. Land, which, as we have seen, in the former period was worth only a third more than the government demand, upon it, had in the latter period risen to five times the revenue, which is its present rate. The total amount of the land revenue in 1837-39, in those parts of the north-west and Delhi territory under long settlements was, in round numbers, three and a half millions sterling; the value of the land was somewhat more than four and a half millions. In the succeeding twenty-four years the value of the land having risen to five times the amount of the former public demand, or to seventeen and a half millions; the wealth of the landowners is shown to be augmented by no less a sum than thirteen millions.

The direct cause of this happy change is undoubtedly the improved system of land revenue settlement in operation since the famine of 1837-38, or rather the successful working of a system which had then but recently been enacted. When the north-west provinces first came under British rule, Lord Wellesley promised that the Permanent Settlement, as introduced by Lord Cornwallis into Bengal, should be extended to them. This Permanent Settlement has its friends and its enemies, like most other things. It was granted by Lord Cornwallis with the object of raising the position of the cultivators by the encouragement—or, we may almost say, the creation—of an upper class, who should be responsible to the government for the revenue, which revenue being assessed at a certain rate in perpetuity, would give the proprietor the benefit of all improvements.

and through him, it was hoped, benefit the cultivator in a proportionate degree. Nothing appears more fair than such an arrangement. It was certainly a most liberal one on the part of the government; but though considered by many to involve an unnecessary sacrifice of state interests, it has proved successful in its working, and the government have no reason to object to it, though it has been found generally distasteful to the subordinate official mind. The great objection urged to it is, that it has,—by conferring too sweepingly upon the zemindars, whose original status was that of farmers of the land revenue, the position and powers of owners of the soil—done injustice in some cases to other claims, and that, in fact, the wrong man was not unfrequently put into the wrong place; and further, that while the settlement has benefited both the government and the proprietors, it has not been equally favourable to the peasantry, whom it has tended to depress.

That there is some truth in these objections cannot be denied; but the defects pointed out are accidental, and not a necessary part of the system. As far as the invasion of individual rights is concerned, the errors were those of ignorance, haste, and want of proper precautions, and these are errors which need never occur again. The depression of the peasantry was certainly very great for a time, and up to 1830, when Rammohun Roy made a representation on their behalf in England, their condition must have been very bad indeed. But that it has materially improved since then there can be no doubt; and so wretched a state of things would never have existed at all had the government not consented to remove the restriction by which the zemindars were at first prevented from ejecting any ryot who paid the then existing amount of rent. It would be a diffi-

cult matter, undoubtedly, to maintain a subordinate permanent settlement between landlord and tenant; but means might surely be found to protect the latter from tyrannical exactions without forfeiting the advantages of the system. And this, too, must be admitted—that whatever was the condition of the Bengal peasant five-and-twenty years ago, under the Perpetual Settlement, it was better than that of the Madras peasant under the ryotwar system—the rival scheme of Sir Thomas Munro; and whereas the condition of the Bengal peasant has been improving since that period, the condition of the Madras peasant remains as bad as ever. Sir Thomas Munro's scheme was founded upon exactly opposite principles to that of Lord Cornwallis. Its main object was to abolish all intervention between the government which collected the revenue and the people who paid it. The functions of the zemindars were swept away. Every peasant was to have his field measured and assessed, and to pay his tax direct to the state, the amount, as in Bengal, to be fixed in perpetuity. Nothing seemed more just than such an arrangement. There was only one objection to it. It would not work without gross invasion of private rights; but it has endured in the greater portion of the Madras presidency to this day, with some modifications, the principles of which is the substitution of, an annual for the permanent settlement originally intended, while annual settlement is of course considered a tax upon improvement, and works accordingly. As far as oppression and corruption is concerned, things are doubtless not so bad as they were; but Sir Thomas Munro soon discovered that the native subordinates, whom it was found necessary to employ in the elaborate machinery of the system, abused their powers in the grossest manner, to an extent, indeed.

which would not have been possible under a zemindaree settlement.

It was the ryotwar system of Madras, combined with a system of village leases, that was first introduced into the north-west provinces. Lord Wellesley, as we have said, promised a permanent settlement as in Bengal, but this was disallowed by the home authorities. The other plan was adopted by a regulation of 1822; but it was found too elaborate to be carried out, and by a regulation of 1833 the present settlement of the north-west provinces was enacted. This was not completed until 1842, twenty years after it was first designed, the principle being the same as that of the scheme first introduced. The settlement, however, besides being made with communities or their representatives instead of with every individual peasant, has the advantage of being for thirty years instead of for one. It was originally intended to be for twenty, but it was considered advisable to make the extension. The result has been an amount of prosperity and confidence such as was not expected by anybody but the immediate promoters of the measure, who expected a great deal more. And it is to its successful operation that the comparatively mild effects of the famine must be mainly ascribed. Colonel Smith, in his report, bears undeniable testimony to the fact that, foremost among the means by which society in Northern India has been strengthened, so as to resist with far less suffering far heavier pressure from drought and famine in 1860-61 than in 1837-38, is the creation of a vast mass of readily convertible and easily transferable agricultural property, which is the direct result of the limitation for long terms of the government demand on the land, and the careful record of individual rights accompanying it, which have been in full

and active operation since the existing settlements were made.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that, although the last famine has not been so destructive in its effects as the former one, the amount of destruction has been deplorable indeed. Colonel Smith does not venture to estimate the sum total of the mortality; but we may gain some idea of it when we hear that it is not nearly so great as in 1837-38, when the number of deaths were estimated at eight hundred thousand. Are we to understand that it may have been anything like half that number? In any case, it is clear that if there are means to be found to avert such horrors for the future, it is our duty to find them. A complete system of canals and roads would work wonders towards the object, and this may now be considered in progress. But there is more to be done still; and the excellent working of the long settlement leads us to the necessary conclusion, as Colonel Smith recommends, that it should be made longer, and be extended, in part, in perpetuity, like that of Bengal. I have glanced at the objections made to that settlement, and repeat my conviction that whatever faults attach to it are not part of the system. We have nothing to do in these days with any original invasion of private rights; these evils are beyond remedy, but need not of course be repeated; while, as regards the condition of the peasants, we shall soon have ample protection for them in proper courts, and, it is to be hoped, in an improved police. Nor is there any real sacrifice involved on the part of the government. The right to increase the land revenue is sacrificed, it is true; but that right is one which can never be exercised without exciting discontent, and perhaps disaffection, while the mere knowledge that the right is reserved is

alone sufficient to destroy confidence and prevent prosperity. Even under the thirty years' settlement in those parts of the north-west provinces and Delhi territory under notice, there are at the present time nearly eight million acres of culturable but uncultivated land, being equal to one-third part of the whole present cultivation, and to about one-sixth part of its total area. Since the existing settlement has been in operation, one million acres of new land have been brought into cultivation ; it may be therefore supposed that a settlement in perpetuity would speedily increase that amount—eventually, perhaps, to the full extent of the culturable area ; in which case, not only would the proprietors of the soil have gained proportionably in profits, but they would have lightened the burden of the state demand by not less than eight hundred thousand pounds per annum. This is Colonel Smith's calculation, and may be accepted as trustworthy. The colonel might have added that, with honest courts to protect them, and a respectable police to preserve order, the condition of the peasantry could not fail to be improved by augmented cultivation, as it has been to a great degree in Bengal without either of these aids ; while, as far as government interests are concerned, it must be a ruling power rather hard to please which would not consider itself to be a gainer, both financially and politically, by the spread of prosperity and contentment.

The report to which I have referred touches upon another topic intimately connected with the subject of famines—the redemption of the land-tax by a capital payment, a measure strongly advocated by the writer, and since conceded by the government. This, as well as the sale of waste lands in fee-simple, which is a companion measure, indicates that our rulers have entirely

thrown over their former restricted policy, and are prepared to join earnestly in the cause of the regeneration of India. The government waste lands may now be bought by anybody who has the money to pay for them, at ten shillings an acre for cleared, and five shillings an acre for jungle land. The land-tax may be redeemed by anybody who desires to redeem it, at twenty years' purchase, which, considering that money is worth ten per cent. in India, is no such bad bargain. The natives, it is said, will not avail themselves of it, at any rate for the present : in the first place, because they are never prone to part with capital except for some very strong reason ; and, in the second place, because they do not believe in the stability of our rule ; but the Europeans will, and will by these means, implant themselves permanently on the soil, where they cannot fail eventually to get the upper hand. In the north-west the permanent settlement is still wanting, but there can be little question of its being granted very speedily, not in every part of the provinces at once, but first, as recommended by Colonel Smith, in all those parts of the country not under the influence of canals executed at the exclusive cost of government, where prolonged settlements have previously existed, and where there is reason to suppose that those settlements are fair and equitable, doubtful settlements to be set right as soon as possible, and brought under the same law ; those parts where expense has been incurred on account of canals being allowed to remain under present conditions, until the water-rate can also be settled in perpetuity. Under some arrangement of this kind, with a complete system of irrigation and internal communication, such as we now find suggested, it is scarcely too much to say that droughts would be impossible to any great extent, and

famines, whether arising from these or any other causes, would be so easily met as to be deprived of all their horrible features—becoming, in fact, a mere question of expense which the local community could be generally relied upon to meet. But it is highly desirable that, in any change of the kind, encouragement should be given to the creation of an upper class, as in Bengal, which, besides being a bulwark for the peasantry in case of distress, shall be a bulwark for the government in case of disaffection. Whatever argument was wanting in favour of the superior wisdom of this policy, is supplied by the events of 1857, which left our authority in the greater part of Bengal absolutely untouched, while in the north-west, where the aristocracy had been broken down by our revenue system, the government collapsed at the first shock. It would be a glorious triumph, indeed, if we could cure the double evil by the same enlightened means, and kill two such birds of prey as Famine and Rebellion with one liberal stone!

I promised to take a cheerful view of a sad subject; but it is with mournful feelings that I must conclude after all. Colonel Baird Smith, while the above lines were being penned, was dying on board ship. He was on his way home, broken down in health by labours from which relief came too late. The famine report which gained for all India a fee-simple tenure of land, and will gain for the north-west provinces a perpetual settlement, gained nothing for its author but a grave at Madras. His constitution, already weakened by a wound received at the siege of Delhi, where he conducted the engineering operations, finally succumbed to the exposure which he incurred during the last rainy season, while engaged upon his last and not least important work. Colonel Baird Smith belonged to the best type of the old

“company’s officer.” He was a soldier, a scientific man, and was possessed of literary talents and attainments in no ordinary degree. He was allied, too, to literature in another sense, for he was the son-in-law of Thomas de Quincey. He died in middle life, but his public career had extended over a quarter of a century of almost continual labour and usefulness.

IX.

THE SIMPKINS IN INDIA.

A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY TO THEIR
FRIENDS AT HOME.

1.

Introduction.

THE editor has but a few words to say with regard to the letters which he is about to introduce to the public. Some short time back, a gentleman, named Peter Simpkin, who had been engaged in the wine trade in Crutched-Friars, found himself, after thirty-five years of business, in a position to retire with a modest fortune of some twenty-six thousand pounds. [It may have been a little more, but that is the figure we have usually heard mentioned.] As he still felt himself full of energy, both mental and corporeal, and had, moreover, a family to provide for, he looked about him for an investment.

At this juncture, he made the acquaintance of a gallant officer of the (late) East India Company's Service, who was then in England for the benefit of his health, and who, having originally met Mr. Clarence Simpkin,

our worthy wine-merchant's eldest child, at a billiard and chess divan, of which they were both supporters, shortly became very intimate in the elegant villa at Brixton, where our friends were domiciled. This officer, Lieutenant (or as he was usually termed, Captain) Ardent, was a handsome young man, possessed of a persuasive eloquence, and varied stores of information, relating, it appears, chiefly to British India, and the development of its resources. Not only had he been a frequent contributor to the columns of that well-known Indian print, "The European British Subject" (his writing in which he believes to have greatly contributed to the fall of the Court of Directors), but he had, as we are informed, spent much of his time in travelling in various of the Hill-Districts; and indeed it was a melancholy proof of his sharing in that weakness of health which is the not uncommon concomitant of genius, that in his ten years of service he had only been fifteen months with his regiment, from first to last. It was, however, a fortunate result of this enforced absence from his more strictly professional duties, that he had been enabled, as above hinted, to study the hill-tracts of our eastern possessions, and had been struck with their capabilities for producing flax, hemp, tea, coffee, sugar, milk, potatoes, and other useful elements of human happiness. The fruits of these observations he was by no means loath to impart to his friends, especially to that class of them who possessed that one advantage of money, the absence of which curtailed the exercise of his own numerous gifts. Mr. Simpkin—in the situation in which we have already described him—was naturally much struck with such representations, and the ultimate resolution which he formed of taking his family to India, and investing his savings in agricultural opera-

tions in that country, was, in all probability, owing to Captain Ardent's statements. It is even said that the latter gentleman handsomely offered to undertake the above journey and investment in person, leaving to his friend the more agreeable functions of continuing to reside in the London of his earlier affections, and of drawing those periodical dividends which he confidently expected. But whether from the adventurous spirit often characteristic of the true London citizen, or from the cautious habits induced by a long and not unsuccessful business-career, or whether from an union of the two, certain it is that, while thanking the captain warmly for his liberal proposal, he adopted the resolution of conducting the interesting enterprise in person.

Of Mr. S.'s family casual mention has been made. Clarence Simpkin was a favorable specimen of "Young London," and the elegance of his costume and manners was the envy of the male members of his acquaintance, while it commanded the admiration of the softer sex. And this reminds us that we have neglected to describe the ladies of Mr. S.'s genteel household; a task, in truth, for which we feel ourselves all unfit. Suffice it, then, to say that Mrs. Simpkin was connected with some of the first civic families, her mother being the niece of a well-known alderman, who had been on one occasion all but elected to the dignified post of Lord Mayor of London. A proper spirit of self-respect, therefore, justly characterised her bearing; though the general feelings of the British matron never failed to show themselves when duly evoked. To the enumeration of the personal and other graces of Miss Hèloise Simpkin, the pen feels its utter inadequacy. Educated, regardless of expence, first at Islington, and subsequently at a first-class finishing establishment at Hammersmith, it

will be at once understood that she possessed attractions of no common order, But it was not only upon the beauties of her person that the gazer loved to dwell, though a pair of bright eyes, and hair dressed à l'*Empératrice*, do go a great way in fixing the attention. Her figure might be of the kind described by that ribald but poetic peer, Lord Byron, as "dumpy," but her mental qualities were decidedly—in American parlance—"tall;" so much so, that her mother looked up to her as an authority in all matters relating to the polite world. It remains to state only that Mary-Jane Patten, the parlor, house, and ladies' maid of the family, insisted on following their fortunes; Captain Ardent having dissuaded them from taking Mr. John, the liveried henchman, to whose services their position in life had hitherto entitled them, on the (alleged) score that he would be sure to leave them for a situation in the service of government, almost as soon as he set foot in the country.

Accordingly the Simpkins (it is a curious coincidence, considering the former business of the head of the family, that their name is identical with the native pronunciation of the word Champagne) embarked for India in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam fleet (carrying an experienced surgeon and cow), and reached Calcutta, after a passage overland, which appears to have been marked with not more than the usual number of flirtations and quarrels, and in which Mr. Clarence was saved from having to fight a duel, and Miss Héloïse from marrying an ensign of foot, by the fact of that officer (the hero of both engagements) having been landed dead-drunk at Madras. The subsequent extracts from their correspondence will develop their surprising adventures.

2.

From Miss Héloïse Simpkin, Mrs. ———'s Boarding House, Calcutta, to Miss Juliana Myrtle, Baker Street, Portman Square, London.

MY DEAREST JULIANA—I am so dazzled and delighted with the charming new world around me, that I can scarcely find patience even for so delightful a task as writing to my fondest of friends. You, who, since we first met at that odious Miss Backboard's, at Hammer-smith, have been the only being to whom I ever confided the secrets of my heart, or would lend the patterns of my milliner. And now, dear, since I have taken courage to commence, I find I have so much to tell you, that I fear I shall leave nearly everything unsaid, or postpone the letter altogether till next mail day. But however, I will try and compose myself to the composition.

A great many people think that the best part of India is the voyage out—which is not India, of course, or at least not all of it—and I am not sure that they are not quite right. I must say I never enjoyed myself so much—that is to say, as soon as that dreadful *maladie du mer* would allow me to enjoy anything at all. We had a very nice ship on both sides—of the Isthmus, you know—and such nice passengers, except some wretched people who were going to Australia, to seek their fortunes, or something of that kind, and of whom nobody took much notice. We had very fine weather the first part of the overland journey—which is nearly all water, by-the-bye—at least they said it was fine. For my part, I should be very sorry to see bad weather if that was the case. Judge of my wretched

condition when I tell you that I was not able to leave my cabin until we got to within sight of Malta. I forgot to tell you, by the way, that we came through *La Belle France*, crossing to which always made one ill, of course, but then it was for so short a time that I never cared about it. I like travelling in France—especially by the railway, where all the guards and other attendants are military men, and ask you for your ticket in such a polite manner. We came part of the way by steamer along the Saone, which was a picturesque arrangement, but too cold to be enjoyed—this was in December, as you know—and I fear that I must have looked a dreadful fright all the way. I know poor mamma did, and so did papa and Adolphus, only both smoked, and didn't mind it. Malta is a sweet place, full of military men and dark-eyed beauties in mantillas, like the Spanish ladies one reads of, only they use the roofs of houses for balconies, and have not any bull-fights that I know of, nor did I hear any serenades, though that may be because I was only there in the day time. It was after we left Malta that I first *learned* the passengers. I was fortunately able to appear at breakfast the next morning. I should tell you that I shared a cabin with three other young ladies, except that one was rather old. We were a merry party when we were not ill, though we were very much in each other's way, and it was no easy matter to accomplish a satisfactory toilette. We had to do one another's hair and hook one another's dresses, and the manner in which one's things got mixed was dreadful. We could only get through our toilettes one at a time, owing to the frightfully confined space. The elder lady, who was of the *old-young* description, always remained till the last, and seemed to like it, and must have enjoyed her comparative freedom

immensely, for she had always a beautiful colour when she came into breakfast. She was going out to be married to a very young gentleman—just posted as an ensign—and she had been married before—some people said two or three times. My other two companions were very nice, and quite in my style. One was engaged to be married to a gentlemen whom they said she had never seen, but I fancy that she must have done so, for she told me in confidence that she did not like him. The third was merely coming out to join her friends. She was reported to have money of her own. At Malta somebody told me she had five thousand pounds, but by the time we reached Alexandria it had increased (in popular report) to ten; at Cairo it had augmented to thirty, and during the journey across the desert it was raised to fifty. She fortunately left us at Galle, otherwise she would have become a millionaire, and the attentions of all the gentlemen to her would have been more odious and insufferable than they were as it was.

But I am getting on too fast. They were both very nice girls, as I have said, and were provided with beautiful outfits. We used to show each other our dresses on the days when we were allowed to have our boxes up from the hold, and as these two days in the week happened to be the same as those on which the captain provided champagne at dinner, all the ladies were in fresher toilettes and much more lively than on the other days. One lady we noticed, who was said to have married four majors in the course of her chequered career (why are majors always so exceedingly marriageable?) and to have made the overland trip seven times, never came out to dinner except on those two days, which a very political gentleman on board, who had

come out from Manchester to put cotton on a different basis—which I dare say would be a very good thing, though even then it would never be so nice as lawn or muslin—said was making “an invidious distinction”—he called it “hinvidious” by the way, as dear mamma used to do before I left school and laughed her out of it—and he had also a very red face as mamma always has when she is warm, and she is never cool in this country.

It was very amusing, learning the passengers, at first. You may remember, dearest, that I was always a great observer, and you used to say a *quiz*, which I deny, and would merely observe that it was not *I* who nearly drove that poor young man out of his senses at the race ball, and made him take too much wine at supper—a practice which I hear he has pursued ever since, and has had two attacks of what Clarence calls *del. trem.*, which is a complaint, I believe, caused by blighted affection, and something like a broken heart. Well, all the passengers had *sorted themselves* at the table, as you may suppose, before I joined them, and kept the same places every day. There were about an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, and some of the flirting and *goings on* were *dreadful*. One young lady had a constant—or perhaps I should say inconstant—succession of admirers, who walked with her on the deck and danced with her there when there was dancing, and took possession of her everywhere. She was said to have made three distinct engagements and three regular “breaks off” between Alexandria and Galle, and seemed to be as happy as possible afterwards, and I must say that her admirers did not seem to make themselves particularly miserable about her—which I don’t wonder at, for after all she was not pretty, or at any rate not the

sort of prettiness I like. I have curious notions—you know I always had—but I really do think that features may be *too* regular, and eyes too blue, and all doctors and painters will tell you that it is not the sign of a good figure to have such a very small waist, and that an absurdly diminutive foot is very far from being a beauty; and a young lady whose own figure was certainly not open to objections of the kind, told me that she (the flirt) squeezed herself in dreadfully. I never speak ill of people, as you know dear, but I really was not sorry when we got to Madras and she left us. She was married, it seems, almost as soon as she got on shore, to a young officer on the staff (to whom it seems she was really engaged all the time) and is now the quietest thing possible—will scarcely look at anybody but her husband. I must confess I don't like people who are so very quiet as to be quite nonentities.

You saw all the bonnets I brought out with me. Well, two of the little boxes are left behind at Suez; and when I came to open the others, I found, as you might have expected, that the lost ones were the two best of all. You remember that dear one—I don't mean dear in the sense in which papa did when he heard the price of it—that dear one made of white chip and orange blossoms, which you laughed so about;—I'm sure I don't know why you laughed, for I assure you *I really did not* know what orange blossoms were for when I chose them, and when the bonnet came home of course I could not send it back. Well, that went, so did that beauty made of lace—real lace you know—and pink rose-buds, which my cousin Charles said when I tried it on, became me more than any of the others. I cried dreadfully as you may suppose, for there is no chance of replacing them here. All the fashions are

two months old, if not more, as they must be, for fashions change only once a month, and the voyage takes five weeks, though of course one is a little earlier if one sends to a milliner in Paris and get ones things out *viâ* Marseilles. Of course you will laugh about my losing the orange blossoms ; but really if I had *seriously intended* what you mean, I should not have been worse than some of the young lady passengers who came out by the same mail ; for one of them really brought a wedding cake ; it was hermetically sealed in tin, otherwise we should have asked her to cut it ; and I know that several had not got their new things marked, because they were not certain what would be the eventual initials.

Aprpos of admirers, I—but really you know I never liked attentions from too many people at once. On board I was dreadfully tormented. I do not mind telling you, in the purest confidence, that I had at one time no less than seven persecutors. There was a stout elderly gentleman—a major of course—who used to sit quietly and watch me for hours together. He was a week before he ventured to speak, and then he seemed as if he had patiently waited for an opportunity of saying nothing, or at any rate what amounted to little more ; and this operation he would repeat as often as he conveniently could, and with no other result. Then there was a griff, just coming out in the civil service ; he was *gallant*, almost to a fault, but certainly he never bored me, and I must say I made him useful enough. He had of course come out under the new competition arrangement ; but he took care to tell me that he was a relation of one of the old directors, and had interest enough to have got his appointment half a dozen times over under the old system. Papa, who heard him say so, remarked afterwards that he did not show much

good sense in priding himself more upon an advantage which he owed to accident than a position which he had earned for himself. But papa has strange notions, and says things at times that are almost rude ; and without pretending to have any opinion upon the point, I must say that young Mr. Dowbson made himself very agreeable, and had what I am told is the best appointment of any class in the country. Another of my particular friends was very gay and pleasant, but certainly not very *gallant*. He used to say that his idea of perfect happiness was a combination of cheroots and ladies' society, and I must say he tried to effect the combination as much as possible. He used to ask me to walk with him on that part of the deck where smoking is allowed, which of course I would not do, so he took his revenge by bringing cheroots furtively upon the quarter deck, and was besides always going down for pegs, from the number of which he was always wanting it appeared that he must have had a great many hats and coats to hang up. Captain Racketts, in fact, was rather *fast*, and he made my brother so too I am afraid, for Clarence has developed amazingly under his tuition. He has—besides growing his moustaches, which papa would not allow him to do at home notwithstanding the movement—gained such a confident and off-hand air that you would scarcely know him to be the same person. He has a great many additions to his vocabulary that are so distinguished as to be quite unintelligible to me, though I am getting on very well in slang, and he talks nonsense with so easy and assured an air that the ladies seem to like it a great deal better than if it were sense.

But I need not go through the list. There is one young man whom I have not mentioned before, and I don't know why I should mention him now. He is

certainly better looking than anybody else on board, and paid immense attention to me. Of course I don't care about him in the least, but there is something so earnest and respectful in his evident admiration that I cannot treat him with contempt. I have told you that I don't care at all about him—Mr. Dulcimer his name is—and I infinitely prefer the society of Captain Racketts who has so much *savoir faire* and knowledge of the world; still I think that if the ship was on fire, or we had struck on a rock, or had fallen into any great danger, I should, supposing papa and mamma and Clarence were not near, prefer seeking his assistance to that of any of the other passengers; or if I had any great grief I would rather confide it to him; but I am very foolish, and don't know what I mean, and I tell you again that I don't care at all for him. I should inform you that there is a mystery about him which makes him more interesting to me than he would otherwise have been. Nobody seems to know exactly who he is, but he is supposed to be the heir to an immense fortune, travelling for his amusement. How very nice!—fancy how romantic!—and at the same time how very proper in a worldly point of view!—to be a mysterious stranger, whom nobody knows, and at the same time heir to an immense fortune! There could not be a more agreeable combination.

But I must confess to have been a little annoyed with all my admirers. I noticed a decided difference in the course of the journey, in the entertaining powers of most of the passengers. The gentleman who was all anecdote and vivacity at Gibraltar had scarcely a word to say for himself at Alexandria—he had talked himself out. The “agreeable rattle,” who joined us at Suez, had shut up by the time we reached Galle, and at Madras

was a demented idiot. All the lively ladies, who were full of town gossip, and seemed inexhaustible at the beginning of the voyage, showed signs of being thoroughly exhausted long before the end; and when a talkative lady has nothing to say, I must confess in all charity (for her companions) that she is rather a dismal person. The only event that kept us up towards the end of our journey, was a little romance in which Miss Marabout figured. Miss Marabout was the young lady who came out engaged to the gentleman whom she was supposed never to have seen, but of whom, it seems, she had seen enough to dislike.

But here I should remark, what delightful flirts all the P. and O. Company's Officers are. I have heard of fascinating men before, though I never met with many of them. At home I was not particularly troubled with my conquests, though—as *you* know dearest—we were not without them. A sea voyage is considered to be trying, but an overland journey—the sea part of it—is certainly worse. I don't know much about naval officers, never having met any except on shore, where they all claim to be landsmen, and feel a nautical allusion as a personal insult. But for real attention to ladies commend me to—I mean of course save me from—the P. and O. The Captain has always a certain gravity about him, and I believe he never flirts, except when he proposes marriage on the spot, and to do him justice he never does this unless there is a calm sea and a reliable chief officer. The chief officer in his turn has his sense of responsibility, and to do *him* justice also, he never flirts unless he *seems to mean* a matrimonial proposition, with a seven years' engagement to go through afterwards. But below these grades there seems to be a general determination to be as agreeable as possible,

which tells not a little upon the female passengers by the end of the voyage. The doctor is always a most devoted man, and makes conquests wherever he can; but he is nothing to the purser, who makes them wherever he chooses. One may resist the doctor; his delicate attentions and nice medicines may pall upon the passengers in a little time; but the purser seems irresistible, for his fascinations too frequently take a form which it is difficult to withstand. He has certainly the power of making the voyage far pleasanter than it could possibly be without his aid; and the delicate little lunches and other stray refreshments which he is able to convey to *certain persons* express more than could be communicated in the most eloquent words, and more, too often, than the gay and gastronomical deceiver is likely to mean. But so it is, and I fancy this is the reason that so many young ladies who have commenced the journey "engaged," change their minds before its conclusion. But to facts. Miss Marabout, as I have told you, was affianced to a gentleman at Madras. Well, all went smoothly, and she would probably have married him, but soon after we left Galle a change came over her; her spirits rose and her lunches became more frequent; and the night before our arrival at Madras (we were to arrive there in the morning) I heard her plight her faith to the purser under the paddle-box. They were married next day, as soon as we touched; for had they kept a clergyman waiting for them among the surf the arrangement could not have been more neatly effected. So the end of it was that the young lady did not stay at Madras, where she would have met her *fiancé*, but came on with us to Calcutta, where there was no chance of his turning up, as he belonged to a Madras regiment, quartered up the country, and had only a week's leave. I heard that

the bride felt some scruples as to the propriety of retaining his presents—they were very pretty, and she was very proud of wearing them upon her neck, wrists, and fingers, and she had besides a quantity of plate, upon which the initials of her *fiancé* were engraved. I can only hope that her better nature—or at any rate her better half—caused her to return all these things—the plate especially, as the initials upon it would not have looked well to the guests of the purser's bride.

There was another little romance, which I cannot help mentioning. Among the passengers was a Dutch family, going to Batavia, where the papa held a high official post. The two daughters were very pretty and *piquante*, and so unlike our general ideas of *les Hollandaises* ! They did not even talk in their own language, but either in French or English. Well, one of the gentlemen on board got up a violent flirtation with the younger, which was rather too bad of him, as he was engaged to be married. He was very melancholy when his flame left us at Galle, but recovered himself in the course of the next day, when he “vented his feelings,” as the novelists say, in some verses, which are so stupid that I will send you a copy of them. He called them—

THE LOST OF YESTERDAY.

Across the Indian Ocean
We speed with every sail ;
Ceylon is just behind me,
Before me some pale ale ;
I linger late at tiffin,
And sipping—'tis my way—
Recall in a sweet day-dream
The Lost of Yesterday !

The sea to-day is sombre,
The sky has lost its light ;

The birds can scarcely flutter,
There'll be no stars to-night ;
The Bentinck, that I likened
To Cleopatra's bark,
Has now become a vessel
Of ordinary mark.

Her sails no more are purple,
No silver oars give life,
Her flutes and cymbals now are
A simple drum and fife ;
The captain's but a captain,
The agent (bring some ale)
Has now become a person
Who merely bears the mail !

The bloom is off the Bentinck,
She takes in coal in vain—
The spark that gave her lustre
Can ne'er be lit again ;
The claret is all tasteless,
(I'll try a little more,)
And curry can't console me,
And everything's a bore.

Too fondly I recall now
That eye of laughing light,
The lips,—ah, to have pressed them
Were sure too much delight !—
The gentle intonation,
The swan-like little neck,
And the heart that beat to mine when
We walked upon the deck.

To bathe in the soft moonlight—
To count the stars—to hear
The wind's roar and the sea mew
With one so dear and near—
To talk the wildest nothings,
Or in silence to say much—
To listen to her breathing
And to tremble at her touch !

All this—'tis well 'tis over,
 My heart is not for her,
 And fancy, though 'tis fickle,
 Has strength to make men err ;—
 I feel a sacred duty—
 Here, steward, don't you hear !
 I've asked a dozen times for
 That glass of bitter beer !

The beer's improved—our instincts are
 Too sacred to control—
 I'll eat Dutch cheese while thinking
 Of her who holds my soul ;—
 I'll take to drinking Hollands,
 And drown, as best I may,
 In her land's lovely liquid,
 The Lost of Yesterday.

I must here break off, but will send you more news
 by next mail.

Your fondly attached friend,

HELOISE.

3.

*From Clarence Simpkin, Esquire, Calcutta, to Adolphus
 Sparks, Esquire, Parthenon Club, London.*

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,—I write to you as soon as I
 arrive, almost, just because you said you knew I
 wouldn't, and I like to steal a march upon you. Well,
 here I am in the Gorgeous East, accompanying the
 governor in the wild goose chase upon which he has set
 his heart, and apparently sacrificed his head. However,
 I like the thing much better than I expected. The
 coming out was capital fun, barring one little *contretemps*
 which nearly compelled me to fight a duel with a military

P

man* on board, who, however, did not care to meet me. I must confess that I expected a savage country, and roughing it, and all that sort of thing, and was beginning to lament for the glorious London life that I have lost. But in point of fact, if it was not so much more hot and so much less expensive, Calcutta would not be so very unlike London after all. You can get everything you want at the shops, and a great deal that you don't want; and as for the prices I have heard that they are very low, but cannot say for certain, as I find that the tradesmen never ask you for their money—so my visit has cost me nothing, at any rate as yet. Indeed I am told that nobody pays anybody for anything, a principle which, if judiciously carried out through every class of the community, comes to exactly the same thing as if everybody paid everybody, and is, I suppose, a realization of what the governor means when he says that “a commercial country is supported by its credit,” though he had himself a considerable weakness for ready money, and used to dun his customers without remorse. For my part I buy everything I take a fancy too, and so do my share towards the national prosperity.

We are all living here at a boarding house, and have as yet seen but little society beyond it; though I perhaps have seen more than the others, as I have been about a great deal with a capital fellow who came out with us, Captain Racketts. He has shown me all the lions of the place. We dine together three or four nights in the week at Wilson's (he has a club, but he says its jollier

* Mr. Clarence forgets to tell his friend that the “military man” was only an unposted ensign. This is an allusion to a passage in the life of the Simpkins upon which the correspondence is strangely silent. Miss Simpkin, our readers may have observed, does not refer to it even to the friend of her bosom.

not to go there, which is just what we used to say of the Parthenon, if you remember, when we wanted to enjoy ourselves.) You can get a very good dinner at Wilson's for—I'm sure I can't say how much, never having enquired, and the Hall of All Nations being part of the same establishment, we have always the opportunity to make one another graceful little presents, in the shape of cheroot cases, jewelry, and articles of various kinds of *vertu*, which one is always wanting somehow after dinner. There are not many places to go to in the evening, it must be confessed, but sometimes we make up card parties (these are the only things for which one requires cash by the way: I always pay punctually the next morning, and the others will I suppose do the same by me, when they lose). At other times we play at billiards at some rooms in a narrow street not far from Wilson's, where one meets with very agreeable society, and quite free from that conventionalism which is the curse of civilization. I have not been able to find any place at all like the Cyder Cellars in Calcutta, which is of course a great inconvenience, for there is a time of night (about two in the morning) when one gets tired of every other place. But Racketts says that all these things must come with the increase of the European element in India, and indeed he says he has heard that a speculation of the kind is being got up by an enterprising capitalist, who has already been ruined three times, and who ought therefore to know what will pay.

Splendid place this for horse flesh. Costs you a mere nothing compared with English prices. I don't know much about these things myself, but fortunately Racketts does; so I placed myself in his hands, and he got me a magnificent animal from a friend of his, or rather a dealer. I have had him since the second day I arrived,

and ridden him on the course whenever I could get my billiards over in time. We have not arranged yet about his price, but Racketts says he will see to all that, it will be a mere trifle—not more than a thousand or fifteen hundred rupees or so. There can be no doubt of his being a first rater, for he has some figures marked upon his loins, I can't exactly make out what, but they look something like the date "1845," but at all events I know that it is a mark only put upon the very highest class of horses. Besides, I am sure he is a good horse, for he does not throw me, as some wretched brutes used to do at home, being gentle almost to a fault.

I told you I had not been much into private society in Calcutta ; but I had a notable adventure in that line the other night. You remember Wigglesworth, that importunate fellow for companionship, who always forced himself upon us at the old Erec—before it came to grief. Well, he recommended me to some relations of his here, and I accordingly went to call upon them. As we are a distinguished family, travelling for our amusement, and nobody knows anything about "the business" (that was) we have a certain recognized right to make the acquaintance of anybody we please, and should do so more than we have done, but for the governor's absurd pride, or humility which ever it may be, which makes him object to what he calls intruding himself upon people who don't care a rap about him. However, I had a reason for calling in the present case, so to the Wigglesworth's I went. They were out when I called, but I dropped a ticket, as the niggers call it, and as a ticket upon such occasions is always a ticket for soup, I was not surprised at getting an invitation to dinner the day afterwards. So on the evening appointed, I drove to the house, or what seemed to me the house, though as they are all

alike, from the white walls and green verandahs, to the salmon and the host, and the turkey and the hostess, I may be pardoned for having made a mistake. However, I got to a house, just at dinner time, and as the native servants do not take the trouble to announce one's name, (which is no loss by the way, for what English they have, seems to be given to them to conceal their thoughts), there was nothing to give me or my entertainers a warning in time. I noticed that the host and hostess were somewhat excruciating in their attentions ; but of course I attributed this to Wigglesworth's recommendation, and the importance of my family, my own pleasant appearance and manner having of course something to do with it. The prettiest girl in the room was assigned to me to take in, and the marked homage of everybody, especially of her mamma, was very gratifying to my vanity. I did not talk much to the man of the house until the ladies had left the table—only a few common places about my voyage out, &c.—but when the delightful period in question arrived, he came round to me, and congratulated me in an incomprehensible manner about my prospects. He did this so impressively that I felt bound to enter into the subject, and with my head full of the Doon and the governor's speculations, said that tea was a very good thing in this country. This it seems he understood as a hint that I should be glad of some of the beverage in the drawing room ; so in a smiling manner my host led the way to that apartment. When we arrived there a curious spectacle presented itself—the lady of the house with an open note in her hand, looking a full length picture of surprise, which, upon my entrance, was mingled with a look of evident suspicion and some indignation. Motioning her husband across the room she shewed him the note, and

the effect of his perusal of that document was to make him an evident sharer in her emotions. After a moment or so he approached me, and with an air at once cordial and cold, like his iced curacao, asked me my name. The information which I furnished elicited a puzzled rejoinder, principally addressed to himself, of "some mistake." But why should I prolong the narration of the scene merely because its *denouement* seemed to me to occupy the period of about two years and a half? A few explanations on both sides and the truth became apparent. I had got into the wrong house, and had been mistaken for the son of a Lord Somebody who had just come out in the civil service. He had gone to sleep in the afternoon owing to his ride and his punkah combined having got into his head, (he did not, however, enter quite into these particulars, which I learned afterwards) and did not awake until about an hour after the time fixed for dinner. This accounted for the late arrival of his hurried note of excuse, and the impunity with which I was permitted to work out my delusion. I am bound to say, however, that the people of the house—their mystification once over—were very far from resenting my intrusion, but seemed as much amused at the mistake as I was confused, and paid me every attention until the movement—on the part of some bigwig, without whose permission one dare not stir upon such occasions—was made to go; and then I need not say I availed myself of the opportunity like a shot. I afterwards found that the people of the house were government officials of considerable calibre, and, on the strength of my appointment to the service, I was very nearly passing in Hindostani, being nominated to a high legal appointment, and made to marry the prettiest girl in the room—all at once and almost upon the spot.

I told Racketts of my adventure that night at the billiard room. He said that had it happened to him he should have made it *pay* by walking into the young lady's affections while he had the opportunity. My private opinion is that he would have done much, as I did—but that is Racketts's way of talking. It did not prevent his playing very well, however, for he made forty-two off the red ball immediately afterwards, and somehow I fancied my own play that night must have cost me something like five rupees a shot. Still it is pleasant playing with Racketts—he is so cheerful and full of spirits.

Yours' &c.,
CLARENCE SIMPKIN.

4.

*To Mr. John Waitman Esquier, Futman, at Mrs. McKaw's,
Finsbury Square.*

Ho ! Jon ; this Calcutter, of all the places I ever sea, do beat them all.

We come from the ship in long boxes like coffins on poles, called Pallin Keens, and up to this present riting, which is called a boarding hous, though no bords have I seen, for the floors is all stucko, which the maids is black men, and scrubs them with a ragg, something like I done the door steps in deer old England, when you stood at the door in the fine summer mornings, and a smoaking of your pipe, more beautifle than the Capting, or any one, leastwise I thought so. A need not to fear as I shall marry a black man, which they has two wives a peace already, the nasty beasties ; Ho ! Jon *my* Art will never change, are you kep the Chameleon one which

I give you at parting, which my hone is amost broken sumtimbs.

There is only 1 made hear Bside myself, which is married to a young man in the Valiantears Guards, and is amost a Lady herself, seein they are all gentlemen in that Phors, xcep a few Snobz. Me and she has our meles to ourselves quite grand, with a survint to wate upon us (a Black man with a long Bird) and one bottle of Bear regular.

I wish, Jon, you could C the figgers we wos the 1st day after sleeping hear; I mean with the musketeers, which was at us all nite. This is small Inn sex, something like an At, which bites; O mi, just don't they. Miss Helloease, she cum down to brekfast with a Noas like I dont no whot, and all the fammuly did nothing but scrach till I thort they would have wore theirselves into wholes like a Kalendar. Nex nite they found out that they ought to have putt theirselves into nets like a fish, which was hanging to their beds; which I found out and shode them how.

There is a place here called the Strand, but quiet diffu runt from the strand, which there is no temple bar, and only one Pelisse which wears moustareh and a Higlass. And the pepel drives hupandownd, lying in their Kar-ridegs as if they wos in bed; with blak men, honly phancy, a driving of them, and hothers with hosses tails a hanging on behind, which is called sizes, though I don't think there size is any great shakks either. The shoppes is all privit houzes, and so is the Churches outside, xcep one or 2, such as the New Kithedrul, a most butifle building like Pankridge's. But ho Jon, if you see the linning drapers and the dentisties a riding and a driving as if they wos the lauds of the land, and the blak fut-men without enny calves a sitting on the baks of their

koches, or a running along, I'm sewer you wd go into a phitt.

Don't forget Jon to send me the Penny Pullpit, for there is no clurjiman here likd Mr. Stirgeon: And likewise the "Family Instructos" for I ave not finished the storey of the Dieman's Venjins, and I want to No if the Marquiss murdered is Mother, and who married the Maid of the Marshes, so no moor at present from yure umbel and effexshnat

MARY JANE PATTEN*.

The City of Paleasses,
October 18.

5.

From Miss Heloise Simpkin, Calcutta, to Miss Juliana Myrtle, Baker St., Portman Square, London.

DEAREST JULIANA—We are still in this warm, bright, and *dreadfully gay* place, which indeed I am not at all disposed to leave, though papa says that we must soon make preparations to go into the country—*up* the country as they call it. We have been everywhere and seen everything, and know some *very nice* people. They look rather white, and their manners are a curious com-

* It will be observed that we have not ventured to interfere with Miss Pattens grammar and orthography, which are somewhat anomalous. The fact is that her education was commenced, as we understand, at a charity school, but never finished, in consequence of her entering Mrs. Simpkins' service at the early age of eleven.

When for instance she speaks of her "Chameleon one" she probably alludes to a heart in Cornelian or some such simple memento with which she had presented Mr. Waitman, and we doubt not, from the general tenor of her letters that her own heart, which she says is so fragile, will be found, in the end, in the right place, and will get a good character for another, if necessary.

bination of the *fast* and the *formal*, which I believe is the proper *tone* to be observed in all good society. As for their paleness, that also is considered a beauty—with the ladies at any rate, and my healthy complexion was voted by some *sincere friends*, who wished as they said to give me a *good natured hint*—to be the reverse of *distinguée*, in fact just a little vulgar! Of course I was glad to be told this in confidence, as it would have been very mortifying to have been the last to make the discovery; and I have been for the last fortnight occupied in *improving myself* in this respect. In order to gain the required *tone*, I make excuses to avoid going out in the morning, though it must be confessed the *fresh air* is very tempting; and I drink vinegar and water—*on the sly you know*—which I hear that dear Lord Byron used to do with the same object; and I also have myself laced in a little more than usual, which I believe is a very good thing to prevent the colour from getting up into the face. Papa and mamma of course know nothing of these contrivances, and I take care that they should not, as I know they would object to them. Papa always wants me to go out riding with him, *almost before it is light*, and mamma says that I do not take enough beer—a beverage which she declares is absolutely necessary to sustain life in this country—which it certainly is, if the object of life is to go to sleep, but this is certainly not my idea of perfect happiness. Papa thinks it a great pity that I am losing my colour, and indeed several gentlemen have told me that the sight of *English roses* on a lady's face is almost as refreshing to them as a trip home. But papa has strange old fashioned notions upon this as on most other subjects, and the other gentlemen, I think, only say so to flatter me; for my lady friends who have been ten or twelve years in the

country, and whose complexions are all like damask—not damask roses but damask table covers—must know better what is *convenable* and *bon ton*.

The climate, however, has a different effect upon different people. It makes mamma *quite red*; but this is of course not so important in a person of her years; and Clarence too always looks flushed—too much I think, and unnaturally so, especially when he has been staying out for some days, which he sometimes does with Captain Racketts. He says that he begins to find his expenses rather more than he had anticipated, and rather more indeed than he likes to tell papa; and I have had to give him little sums of money from time to time—until indeed my allowance is quite *used up* for the present. But Clarence goes about a great deal, and I can fancy that it would not look nice for him to be obliged to do differently from other young men. Moreover, if he does spend money it is not all upon himself, for he has made me some very pretty presents of jewelry—English jewelry of course—from the large shops here, which are quite a treat even to see, though I always long to carry their entire contents away with me.

I told you that we knew some very *nice people*. The fact is one sees so many that it is difficult to remember them all, especially the gentlemen. After a ball in particular it is wonderful what a number come and call at your house, and I must say they make themselves very amusing. I need scarcely tell you that I have had several *conquests* already, and one—I don't mind telling *you*, my dearest friend and earliest confidante,—one offer—quite *pucca*, as they say in this country. He was a military man, very agreeable and well bred, and I believe quite sincere in his attachment; but I did not like him well enough to marry him; besides I do not

wish to marry at all at present, and told papa so, and as papa says he would never force me in such a case, I had no difficulty whatever in refusing—and papa actually said I was the best of girls for doing what I did—though it would have been a very good match, and many girls would have *jumped* at it. I am afraid that poor Captain Clarion—that is his name, only you must not tell anybody—*felt* it very much, and it was with a mournful air of resignation that he asked permission not to be denied altogether the privilege of visiting at the house, and to be considered in the light of a friend. Of course I had not the heart to refuse him so natural a request, and he continues to call occasionally, and is I hope getting over his disappointment.

You may remember I mentioned to you a Mr. Dulcimer who came out with us. I am sure I don't know why I drag in his name *àpropos* to marrying—but I merely wished to say that we see a great deal of him, and that he improves upon acquaintance. And when you remember what a high opinion we all had of him before, I need not tell you that this is saying a great deal. He is in fact quite an *ami de la maison*, and comes whenever he likes, for both papa and mamma think him very quiet and agreeable, and I certainly see nothing objectionable in him. I cannot, however, tell what particular attraction he finds among us; for papa has almost always some fussy old major with him, engaged in endless talk about tea speculations and the Doon (I am sure I can't see why they should think of going so far for such a very simple article, which can be got always at Wilson's, nicely done up in packets and quite ready for use) or else some indigo planter, in from the country, who is continually talking of "the plant," just like some of Mr. Ainsworth's dear delightful heroes, planning a burglary. As for mamma he cannot find *her*

very amusing, for she, dear thing, finds it a great deal too hot to talk to anybody but the servants, with whom she has had dreadful disputes—and was in fact once very nearly put into prison for beating a bearer whom she found in her bedroom. It seems the poor man merely intended to make the bed—as the men servants always do in Calcutta—and mamma coming into the room at the time thought he was going to steal the sheets. In the little scuffle which ensued, caused by neither of them understanding a word of what the other said, mamma actually gave him a slap in the face—which we all said was wrong though amusing—though not so amusing after all, for she had to appear before the magistrate about it. I was dreadfully frightened of course; but it fortunately happened that the magistrate was a very good natured man; and you may guess what a *great lawyer* he was, for having heard an explanation of the affair he laughed, and said that the charge was a frivolous one, and dismissed it. Everybody said it was very fortunate that another magistrate, who has now gone home, had not to deal with the case, as he would most certainly have imprisoned poor dear mamma for three months; as he neglects no opportunity to lower the Europeans in the eyes of the natives—but papa says this is quite consistent on his part, as he begins by lowering himself. As for Clarence, he is *scarcely ever* at home; so I have to go through the whole work of entertaining Mr. Dulcimer, which, however, is not a difficult matter, as he always seems amused, and although he does not talk much he is never dull—so the time passes quite pleasantly, and with a quickness that is sometimes surprising.

Your fondly attached friend,

HELOISE.

6.

From Miss Mary Ann Patten, Calcutta, to Miss Amelia Sophia Rosherville, lady's maid in the family of John Stiffneck, Esquire, Portman Square.

DEER AMELIAR—I ope this finds you well, as it leaves me at present. I received your kynd note, which as I now confess I did not expect, for I know well the duties of *high life* take up a great deal of time, and as Jon used to say out of the noospapers (arter his old master left him the fifteen pun legacy) pruparty has its dooties as well as its rights. As you expected, I am not at all surprized at what you tell me of that Jon. He was always a deal too stuck up, and I told him so more nor wonce. Wiskers of course is wiskers, and carves is carves, and must always make their way, but wot is either if the Art is not in the right place. The wiskers may get straight and they can be curled up again; the carves may get thin, and there is such a thing as padding. But there is no curling irons for the Art that is false and padding is a hollow mockery. Besides, I should like to know what right Jon has to be stuck up. He belongs to be sure to one of the most hancient families in Hengland, and has lived in it five years, and bears harms—upon his buttons—which is the prettiest that ever I seed; he knows his dignity I grant, and once when he refused to carry a coal-scuttle higher than the fust floor, his hemployer, upon the thing bein told to him, respected his prejudice; for his hemployer is a reel friend of the people, which means I believe always a blowin up of the govinment at public meetings, and for a short peeryod wile he was in the House of Kom-

mins, and before he was a turned out of it for havin paid his way into it—as he said—a practice which he had always observed through life. Well, but for all that, though Jon may be a grate man in his way, there are *other folks* perhaps—who don't want to be in his way any longer—who may be heven *grater* if they like to say the word. You and me Ameliar, I always said, was maid for something more than we seemed, and if we did look a little high we had some reason to do so. It has been put in books again and again, and wot is in books must be true, that young girls like you and me have often married the *Lords of the Land*, and have hadorned the helegant spears upon the very tops of which we have been placed. I don't mean to be vane, you no I was never that Ameliar, but though I ses it as shouldn't say it, I does get a deal of hadmiration in this here country, enough to turn the head of a girl if it was at all light, which mine never his, except praps after my beer. My persishun his of course hanomalous. I am honly a servint, and I have servints who call me a lady, and heven my own country people treat we with much more kurtesy than I was hacustomed to in my native land, where masters and mistresses is apt to be 'aughty, and even the young gentlemen, though they may go so far as to kiss one on the stairs (a piece of imperence *I never* would permit) are all dignity in the droring room, and look as if butter would not melt in their mouths. But here a young girl who knows herself, meets with a deal of hattention, from the gentlemen igspecially. Halready has it been my lot to see the truth of wot that bootiful writer Bulwer Lytting ses in his "Lady of Lions," that "Love, like death, levels all ranks, and lays the housemaid's broom beside the Captain's sabre." Hindeed so great is the hoportunities for forming

halliances with the harristocracy of this country, that andsome girls among domestics are great rareties. Ladies as knows the country will never bring them out, for as they ses, it's hard to have them a marryin into the Army and the Civil Service (the service has been always very civil to me, I must say, and more so than the pleasemen at home, and wots more one hasn't to give them any legs of mutton) and then have to receive them upon an hequality. I must say owever there is one set among the new Civilians as I never could abide, and that's the Kompetition wallers, as they's called—people who gets into the service through their tallents or edication or wotever it is. They may be clever on all that, but they ain't the people for my money. No: as I said when they wanted me to take a situation in Bloomsbury, give me the hold nobility:—they knows what is due to the sex, of which I have the honor to be an umble member, and wots more they don't wear spectacles, as most of the wallahs do, through havin, I'm told, been in the habit of bathing their eyes in a stuff they call midnight hoil—which leaves them igstreamly short sighted for heverything out of their offices. It was honly the other day that a lady came to call upon Miss Simpkin. She come sailin out of a big carriage, and up the stairs, a great deal larger than life, and there was such a deal of bowin and talkin grand in the droring room for the next half hour, that it quite bewildered me, and I wondered how I should be able to go through the hordeal if ever my turn came. I heard all this from the next apartment, which was seperated only by a curting which hallows you to see nothin much higher than the ancles of the company. But pictur my igstonishment when I made an excuse for going into the room, and recognized—who do you think Ameliar?—but that

hinsignificant creetur who was for some time nusmaid in the corner house of our old street, not the public house where the pleaseman on the beat was always thinking something was the matter, and comin out sayin it was a false alarm and wipin his mouth with his cuff—but the great big house belongin to the people who went to Injia afterwards, and took her with them. Well, this minx is now married to one of the most richest merchants of the city of Pale-asses, and thinks herself somebody, which indeed she is generally considered to be. I thought she coloured up when she met my eye, but I did not trouble her by any egsposure, partly out of charity, and partly because I wished to do as I would be done by, and did not know how soon I might be glad of a similar favor from one of my own sect. I could not forbear, however, telling Miss Simpkin, who was dreadful indignant, and wondered how the creetur had the imperance to call upon her. But as I was sayin, real English beauty is appreciated in this country, and I ses it who shouldn't say it. For, you cannot tell how sweet all the gentlemen would be—if I would allow them, which of course I don't. I could not help bein amused however last night by a friend of Mr. Clarence's (Mr. Clarence is carryin it on *dreadful*) Captin Racketts. He came ome with Mr. Clarence hafter the famly had retired, and there was no brandy and soda for them, which of course they wanted. It happened that I was a sittin up studyin Jonson's Dixonary (Jonson they say was a very clever man, and when he couldn't think of the meaning of a word used to fill up the time by writing a play, and he got so familiar to the public by the means that they called him Ben, though his real name was Samivel), for I am resolved that my edication shall be equal to the most elevated spear on which I

may be placed, and you may see that both my spelling and my style has become much more literary than it was. Well, I was a sittin up, and as I kept the keys, couldn't forbear from takin out to these two young gentlemen the little refreshment they required. Of course they were both much obliged, and igstremely komplimentary, and Mr. Clarence I thought was inclined to pay me the same little attentions that he used in England, before he growed his mustachus and got too proud. But the Capting, there was no mistake about him. He has *dreadfully* wicked looking eyes, and said I was the best looking girl in Calcutta, and immensely like the picture of "Sherry, Sir," which he said was to be found in all young gentleman's collections. The resemblance, indeed, he said, was extraordinary. However as they both only kept saying the same thing over again—which I suppose was because there was no different kind of spirits in the house—I felt sleepy, and retired. The next morning I could not forbear gettin the pictur the Capting had spoken of, which I found was to be had at Messrs. Thacker and Spinks. It was done very natural—the decanter and tray was wonderful, the girl a little too forward lookin perhaps, but really I think somethin in my style though I do not wish to make the same flattering comparisons as the Capting.

I should not forget to tell you that Miss Simpkin has a sweet heart, a nice mannered young gentleman named Dulcimer—believed to be of immense riches—it is a clear case, or I know nothing about courtship. So no more at present from yours affectionately,

MARY ANN PATTEN.

7.

From Miss Heloise Simpkin, Calcutta, to Miss Juliana Myrtle, Baker Street, Portman Square, London.

I snatch one moment from all time, to tell you, my dearest friend, of an event which I might have prepared you for in my last, but had not the courage to do so. It is as you must have suspected. Mr. Dulcimer has made a formal demand for my heart and hand. The first has long been his, and for the last I told him to ask papa. Papa made only one objection—that it was not quite clear who Mr. Dulcimer was—as if anybody could doubt, when he so clearly carries birth and fortune in his countenance. However, papa is to write home to his friends, and in the meantime has given his contingent consent, and mamma and I, knowing that all enquiries must be satisfactory, have taken care that no time is lost in making the preparations. We are out from morning till night—shopping, and getting me the prettiest possible things for any *trousseau*. Mr. Dulcimer is here every night—never misses by any chance, and the more I see of him the more assured am I that he will make the best of husbands. I must break off now, as the mail is to go immediately, but if there is an after packet, I will keep this back and send you a few lines more. Breakfast is just over and we are once more going to the shops. Ever your attached friend,

H.

P.S. *Midnight*.—There *is* an after packet and it will take you dreadful news. We went out this morning as I told you and had made nearly all our purchases, when we remembered that we had forgotten nothing less important than the bonnet. So off we went at once to one of

the principal milliners. I am quite calm now, and can tell you all that took place with a resignation as great as if the humiliation had been incurred, not by myself, but by an intimate friend. Well, mamma asked an imposing looking female who was sitting in the room, if she had any bonnets—of the latest fashion, such as were suitable for a wedding. The lady replied that she was not aware, but would ask her assistant who attended to such matters. She accordingly sent a message by a native servant to another room, towards the door of which my back was turned. I was bending down over some beautiful black lace flounces that attracted my attention, and thinking how nice they would look over a pink silk skirt, when the mistress of the house observed that the young man was bringing some bonnets which she hoped would suit. I turned round, and then with a bonnet in each hand, held upon the blocks, stood, who think you? I scarcely dare write the name—MR. DULCIMER!

I believe I fainted. They say I did. But a bottle of the Jockey Club Bouquet—my dearest of perfumes—brought me to myself; and my mamma, my dearest of mammas, then brought me to the carriage. We agreed on the way home to keep the secret, but of course it came out at dinner, when I hope I conducted myself as a young lady should, whose affections have been tampered with. Mamma was very severe about the dignity of the family; but papa, I am sorry to say, treated the matter sarcastically, although it was evident that he was deeply mortified, and said it was quite plain that our pretensions to be great people were not so readily recognised as we had imagined. He added that he had no great objection to anybody's position in life, so that they were not ashamed of it, but that Mr. Dulcimer had behaved like a snob, and that whenever he married his daughter to a man

milliner he intended to do so with his eyes open. We all agreed that after what had occurred we had better leave Calcutta immediately; and Clarence especially, who had put on his hat to go and horsewhip Mr. Dulcimer, and who was only dissuaded by our representations of the ridicule that would be incurred by making the thing public—agreed to this last proposition with wonderful alacrity, for he had hitherto seemed so fond of Calcutta that we should have despaired of getting him to leave it at all. However, everything has been settled to night, and to-morrow morning our dak is to be laid for the north-west.

H.

8.

From Captain Racketts, B. N. I., Agra, to Brevet Captain Ardent, E. I. U. S. Club, London.

MY DEAR ARDENT,—I promised to tell you all about our friends the Simpkins, so here goes. That is to say here goes to tell you as much as one can decently put into a letter, without insulting a man by supposing that he would be fool enough to read it. To tell *all* about the Simpkins I should require a series of volumes as long as Gibbon's Decline and Fall, and I flatter myself that I am not fool enough to write a work like that, either as regards quantity or quality. Well, as you know, they are an amiable and estimable family, with the best of intentions—but this steed, as very often happens, does not carry them well. It bolts and rears with them, and sometimes sends them sprawling in the mud. This is unpleasant and my position as picker-up of the family is rather an onerous one. You will doubtless hear of some of their varied adventures from Pater-

familias, so I will content myself at present by telling you—for the fun of the thing—a few particulars which are not likely to reach you from any other source. They relate to the youthful Clarence, whose career is a very promising one, and who under my distinguished guidance, begins to reflect credit upon the family. You know that I was always of opinion that a man must get into a certain number of scrapes in the course of his life, and that like certain diseases, the earlier in life he has them, and gets them over, the better. Accordingly I began by treating Clarence as I would a man of five-and-thirty or so, and by giving him ideas beyond his age, accomplishing a saving in the real years of his life, of which he cannot fail to feel the advantage. He is now not much above the eventful one-and-twenty, but he has got through as many of the difficulties of life as most men of ten years older—an obvious saving of time which I only wish had been vouchsafed to me. But we have not all the same advantages. I was obliged to find out my follies by degrees. Clarence does so at once, and is beginning to get a sensible fellow, at an age when I had no more idea that I was an ass than half the people we know in that predicament. But to facts.

The first thing most men do after getting into Calcutta is to get into debt, and of course Clarence did like most people. Some carry the practice further, and also get into No. 1 Chowringhee. But I thought this would be going too far, so I did not permit our friend to rush into extremes. However, such a thing might have happened easily enough, without my interference being of any avail; for the young dog had certainly contrived to involve himself to an extent which would have done credit to many English settlers at Chandernagore. He had a very good allowance from the dad, but of course that

was wanted for incidental expenses—debts of honour and the like—for the rest tick was the rigorous principle adopted, and the consistency with which he carried it out is beyond all praise. It was fortunate for him that he generally had me by his side, for though I did win a little of his money, now and then, it was of course all fair, and I kept him out of the hands of the vultures, a certain number of whom are always hovering over the newly imported. But of course the tradesmen's bills *would* accumulate in the meantime, and it is wonderful what gregarious things tradesmen's bills are. Of course they came in all at once, and of course Clarence was not prepared to pay them, even one at a time. It was a rich treat to see the picture of amazement that he presented. And he was not more astonished at the suddenness of the proceedings than at the amount of the demands. He thought he might have owed a small bill at one place where he had dined sometimes and asked a few friends now and then. It was possible that there might be a mild account for jewelry at another;—he had bought some little things in the way of rings and buttons, though he wore very few such ornaments himself—only half a dozen or so of the one on his fingers, and a single set of the others at once upon his waistcoat;—and there was nothing more except a few stray things he gave to his sister. There was a small matter of saddlery that he had purchased—a mere nothing, but though it might be English, it could not amount to much. He was so fresh out that he had not much opportunity of running it up with the tailors; nevertheless there were a few Indian requirements which had to be supplied, and these he felt certain could have amounted only to a trifle. He was surprised to find what a “moderately priced” horse cost in

Calcutta, and I must say he was sold in this particular, but I intend to bully the stable-keeper into a reduction. I need not go through the interesting list of our friend's liabilities: suffice it, that after receiving a bill of R.'s 350 for glasses of sherry and bitters taken at the Auckland Gardens in the evenings, he fairly gave way. I never saw him take anything else, but the amount *was* rather large for about six weeks. He grew melancholy, and then I thought it quite time to cheer him up. So I told him that as he could not pay all these sums, the collective amount of which we dared not calculate, and that it would be most injudicious to "ask papa" under the circumstances, even if asking papa would have done the smallest good, and as his creditors with the instinctive sagacity of their vocation were already, upon barely twelve hours notice, which they had not given by the way, but taken for themselves, adopting plans for preventing him from leaving the City of Palaces, the best course he could adopt would be to waive the privileges of his rank which entitled him to these pecuniary salutes, and to leave, as quietly and unostentatiously as he could. But how to do that was the question. Driving in one's buggy to the ghât, or even accepting the medium of the lowly Dumdummer, are not very ostentatious modes of transit, but they might perhaps be described as dangerous; and then the steam-ferry had its perils; and even the ignoble dingee, in which he might have crossed to Howra was not without the accompaniment of a certain amount of anxiety. Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but a little invention, so we contrived a plan, the results of which I will give you in the style of Mr. G. P. R. James.

Well then, it was towards the close of one of those sultry evenings peculiar to the Presidency of Bengal,

that two travellers might have been observed wending their way along that populous causeway of Calcutta known as the Strand. The one was a gentleman who might have seen some thirty summers, whose garb, though a simple undress, indicated that he belonged to the military profession. He was of fair mien and agreeable aspect, and the scorching sun of the East had dealt kindly with him, although a certain wary expression upon his broad and open brow seemed to indicate that his intercourse with the world had not been of a character altogether apart from pecuniary transactions. His companion was of lighter build and more fragile frame. He was equipped in garments which were of the fashion peculiar to the cad or plebeian of the period, and indeed were not without signs of servitude and dependence. The second person whom we have described, in fact, bore the character of the humble retainer of the first, that of a soldier servant, who would black his master's boots in quarters and follow him to the battle field when required by the peculiar exigencies of circumstances over which he had no control. To the ordinary observer his outward man may have seemed rude and unpolished, as became his ostensible station; but to the more attentive student of the attributes of humanity, there were not wanting signs of superior organization and culture. His hair seemed to have been rudely clipped, and his other hirsute adornments to have been trimmed in an uncouth fashion scarcely appropriate to the face; and even the hands of our traveller, although soiled and neglected, still bore indications of an acquaintance with soap at no remote period. A diamond ring of the first water, and a ruby and an emerald of almost priceless worth—to one who had to pay for them—would have assisted in giving a refined character to

the fingers, but as these adornments were prudently worn in the waistcoat pocket of their possessor, they did not fortunately attract that attention which they would otherwise have done. Nevertheless, there was sufficient of gentility hidden beneath the plebeian externals of our traveller to warrant a suspicion that his ostensible character was assumed. In short, to drop G. P. R. James, who begins to be a bore—the two travellers were exactly the two whom you have probably by this time identified. The first being myself, and the second young Simpkin, whom I had managed to pass off as my servant—after a good deal of reducing in the way of elegance and distinction, which to do him justice, I must say, he stood very well, besides acting the character better than he thought himself capable of doing, or than I thought it worth while to tell him that he did. At any rate I got him safely off; and if he did succeed in making himself look like a cad for the time being, he did nothing more than some of the first gentlemen in the land—I mean England of course—could accomplish without any great effort, or exertion of unnatural talent.

Well, in this manner Clarence Simpkin and myself made our way to the Upper Provinces. We were friends, of course, when alone; but when strangers were within optic-range, I took care that he should be appropriately deferential, never accost me without giving me the salute, and altogether act up to the character that he had assumed. The family went on before us, so they knew nothing of these proceedings, and firmly believed that Clarence had stayed behind merely because dâks could not be supplied at once for the entire party. I cannot tell you of all our adventures on the road, but you will probably hear of them from some of your correspondents. Suffice it that here we are at

Agra, having a very pleasant time of it. Paterfamilias has gone on to Delhi, where we are all going in a day or two ; but we were not quite so hot upon the place and so much in love with the natives as old Simpkin, and would not leave the station until we had used it up. So you will most likely be treated to old Simpkin on Delhi out of his own head, for it is certain that none of us have afforded him assistance in forming first impressions.

Your sincerely,

JOHN RACKETTS.

9.

*From Peter Simpkin, Esq., Delhi, to Brevet Captain Ardent,
B. N. I., East India United Service Club, London.*

MY DEAR SIR—After a variety of surprising adventures we have at length reached this, the city of the Great Mogul, as it once was ; for alas ! since that injured monarch went into involuntary retirement, everything around one reminds us only of the past. The ruins, vast even in their decay, which abound not only in the city, but for miles in its environs, form a striking monument of the superiority of the noble race that we have supplanted. And with what ? Let black bottles, bungalows, court-houses and jails, answer. I assure you, I feel like Sylla contemplating the ruins of Charybdis.

To you, who know the mild Hindoo—for I will not truckle to the arrogant conventionalism, by which the twenty-years-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language-men attempt to create an artificial distinction as regards the Mussulmen and women, who being natives of

Hindoostan, are of course Hindoos. To you, I say, I need not depict the sensations with which I have observed the degradation of that interesting people. It were idle to multiply instances. The other day, as I was reluctantly chastising my bearer, for refusing to bring some beefsteak into my room, the poor creature joined his hands in an attitude of prayer, and called me *khoddawund*, which, on enquiry, I find, means Godlike one. To this we have brought the once haughty lords "of Ormuz and of Ind."

Determined to see with my own eyes, and not be hoodwinked by any of the bloated hirelings of the (happily late) East India Company, I have engaged this man, who speaks English very fairly, and whom, fortified by an excellent little Manual by Professor Forbes, I employ as my interpreter. And at every dâk bungalow I managed to enter freely, by this double method, into conversation with the servants maintained to attend to travellers; and I need not say that their revelations have been such as amply to reward me. In almost every instance it was the same story. Not enough pay to furnish them with food, their once happy homes laid waste by the collector, with fire and sword. Such, sir, were "the short and sweet memorials of the poor," coupled with affectionate expressions of devotion to my person, (when they found who I was, they persisted in taking me for a royal commissioner, appointed to enquire into their grievances;) and my aspirations for their welfare. Unlike the knife-grinder of our revered Governor General's father, *they had* stories to tell you, that would freeze your blood, but for the heat of the climate.

This, I must confess, is considerable; the season of my journey has been what is called "the cold weather;"

but I must say that if the Commission to which I so fondly look forward, be sent out here, its members must be prepared for considerable personal suffering. *I have lost two stone, all but a pound, since I landed.*

Candor compels me to add, that the absence of stockings and even of breeches, which I at first attributed to the griping hand of the revenue authorities, I have since found to be more directly attributable to the nature of the climate.

My family have enjoyed but poor health since they came up the country. To see the wife of one's bosom covered with prickly heat is but a poor compensation for her being confined to the sofa, though the latter circumstance contributes not a little to the personal freedom which I have made the above mentioned use of. At Agra, we (that is excepting Mrs. S. who was unable to join us) visited the world-renowned Taj Mehal by moonlight. This building, as I need hardly tell you, was erected by the great emperor, Noor Jehan, over the remains of his favorite consort, Lalla Rookh or the Merchant Placer, from two words signifying *Lalla* "a merchant" and *rukhna* "to place, or fix." The particulars will be found in Mr. Moore's immortal Epic, a work tending more than any with which I am acquainted to exhibit the former greatness of the native race. Clarence, I regret to say, polluted the tranquility of the scene, by an unmanly personal encounter with a highly respectable coloured gentleman in a waistband, whose costume he considered too slight for contact with European females. I blush to record that he threw this unoffending man into the river, but, being an excellent swimmer, a few rupees consoled the soft and placable creature, who retreated, muttering blessings on the "Feringnee kafirs."

In a few days we start for the sanatorium of Simlooree Tál whence I will communicate further with you about business matters, as I hear there are plenty of estates to be got dirt cheap from the jemadars, or native proprietors, who appear to be totally unacquainted with the value of money. And remain (for self and partner),

Yours faithfully,

P. SIMPKIN.

10.

*From Miss Heloise Simpkin, Agra, to Miss Juliana Myrtle,
Baker Street, Portman Square, London.*

DEAREST JULIANA—Thanks be to the journey—it has distracted me from my distresses, and feeling them acutely as I do, I must confess to having been much interested and amused by our adventures—of which we had more than I have time to tell you, on the road. The first part is all railway, and is therefore very like travelling in England, except that it is not pleasant to see a dozen black men with scarcely any clothes on running away with one's boxes in different directions all at once, and the sensation one experiences on being landed at the terminus, which they call Raineygunge, on account, I am told of the *refreshing* showers which fall there for three or four months in the year, is that one has arrived at the end of the habitable globe. However, we found some carriages standing waiting for us, which looked as if there was a chance of going further;—but *such carriages*, like nothing you have ever seen or perhaps heard of. If you can fancy such a thing as an omnibus made to carry only one, and in which you have to sit or rather lie *lengthways*, you may have some idea

of the vehicle, which is drawn by a single pony, called a "dāk," which is always so spirited and restless that it never will go, or at least not until it has been *dragged about and beaten dreadfully*, and has made several attempts to get inside, for such I supposed to be its object from the way in which it *would* come and look in at the window. I shared one of these wretched contrivances with our maid Mary Jane, and papa and mamma occupied another, for although they seem only made to carry one, two *can manage* to get in, though it is certainly difficult to get out again, and with a large party it is considered advisable to travel in pairs, as otherwise there might not be a sufficient number of *dāks* on the road to take them on. Clarence and Captain Racketts were left behind for this reason, and followed us the next day. Well, all our luggage, except some that was sent up by the waggon, was piled upon the top of the carriages, and we went inside, having to lie down, for the sake of saving a little space between the seats, into which I took care my bonnets, packed up of course, should be placed. A *certain* bonnet was not there, I need scarcely tell you, for after what took place at the milliner's on that dreadful day, we did not buy it. But it was very pretty, and I almost regret, that is to say I regret not having the bonnet: as for *the occasion* on which it was intended to be used I am glad that it never took place, though I must say that during our acquaintance with Mr. Dulcimer, I never met with any than the most—but I am wrong, and papa was certainly right. He (Mr. Dulcimer) was no doubt *dreadfully deceitful* and did not behave well. He may say that he could not help being what he was, but why did he not tell us so at first? It would have been quite impossible for me to have loved him had he done so; for it is very

dreadful to think of a man descending to such wretched employment for the mere sake of money, especially when it is so romantic to have no money at all—a condition which is always capable of improvement by coming suddenly into property, or finding out that one is a lord, as people do in books and on the stage—taking one's chance in fact, which is very delightful, especially if there is a good chance to take. For my part I think there is nothing so nice as the state of a poor gentleman—they always talk so disinterestedly about wealth and worldly honours, and make one quite ashamed of belonging to a family which is prosperous in its circumstances, as some families cannot help being you know; for, as a lady of our acquaintance used to say, when talking of the difficulty of disposing of all the shares and things of that kind that had been left her by her husband, *money will accumulate*, and really the question in these days of speculation is, what is one to do with it? Papa laughed, I remember, when she entered into her distresses upon this score, but I believe that she is right, and I think it must be very miserable to have too much money, and it is certainly a very vulgar privilege, to judge by the nice kind of people one meets who have none at all.

Well, we went off from Raineygunge after a severe contest on the part of the dâks, who could not be persuaded to go at all for a long time, and after being hurried along the road at a horrible pace, which threatened every instant to overturn us, we were at last overturned as a natural consequence. I was clinging on tightly to both sides of the vehicle, and having balanced myself carefully, fell without sustaining any great hurt; while Mary Jane, who was taking the same precaution, was rash enough to scream with all her

might. As one can only do one thing at a time with success, she was naturally embarrassed; and while her screaming was perfection, her holding on was faulty in the extreme. So in the overturn she sustained some severe bruises, and although but little hurt, was certainly not improved in temper by the time we arrived at a dāk bungalow, a kind of stable for the dāks, placed at intervals on the road, and whither we had to be drawn after the carriage had been set up on *three* of its wheels by a number of black men, called coolies, I believe, on account of the state of heat into which they get through their violent exertions, at least such was the explanation which Mary Jane volunteered.

Well, we all got safe to the bungalow towards evening, and here our miseries might be said to have ended, but for the unfortunate fact that they had only just begun. Papa and mamma, who had had better dāks, and had not been overturned, were in advance of us, and entered the house first, and on our reaching the entrance we heard most dreadful cries—those of mamma, and a loud voice in apparent expostulation—that of papa. We were at first afraid to enter, but mustering up courage to do so at last, we found a *fearful* scene being enacted.

Mamma was lying on her back on the teapoy, as they call the rough beds of the country, which never seem to have any bedclothes on them, *screaming dreadfully*, and papa was holding her by the hands, and keeping her from rising, which she was trying with all her might to do, he talking at the top of his voice, and telling her that she was very foolish, and that there was nothing to be afraid of, and showing signs I must say of having rather lost his temper. Mamma's wrath appeared to be directed towards the khansamah, a fine looking but dreadfully dirty man, with a long beard and the back of

his head shaven up to his turban, who was standing in a most composed manner, with his arms folded, waiting to know what we would have for dinner, and taking not the smallest notice of the upbraidings of mamma, although they were evidently directed against himself.

Papa was delighted to see us and at once handed his patient over to Mary Jane, saying, "Try if you can keep your mistress quiet, she has made a mistake concerning this man, and if she persists in it, she will get us all into trouble." It appears that poor dear mamma, who is often in the habit of taking strange fancies into her head, and whose likes and dislikes of individuals are always unchangeable, had been seized with the idea that the khansamah was a mutineer, and intended to murder us all. "Nobody ever deceived me, my dear," she said when I went to her, and added my persuasions to be calm to those of Mary Jane and papa, "nobody can deceive me, my dear, in telling a person's character by his face, and that is a bad man I can see at a glance. I know he is a murderer, and has taken his present place in order to make poor travellers his victims. We shall all be killed—all—oh! oh!"—and here mamma screamed again with renewed violence, and had we not held her tight, would, I am certain, have seized the man by the throat. The man, however, merely repeated his former question, in which I heard the words "hookum" and "moorghee," and the last mamma insisted meant something about killing or dying—in proof of which she appealed to a little "Forbes's Hindustanee Manual" which she always carried about with her, and insisted upon looking for the passage. This, however, had the effect of keeping her quiet for the time, and papa took advantage of the opportunity of getting rid of the man, by saying, "hain, hain," and

nodding his head to every suggestion which he made, and he accordingly departed in high glee. It seems, as I afterwards learned, that native servants are never surprised at anything that Europeans do—which is partly attributable to their general lethargic temperament, and partly to the very strange kind of people whom they continually encounter. I afterwards learned, what I am almost ashamed to tell you, that he actually attributed dear mamma's excitement to her being—yea I do assure such he believed to be the fact—tipsy. We should all have been dreadfully indignant with him had we known his opinion at the time; as it was, I rather admired his calmness, and the apparent good will with which he set about making preparations for dinner. During that meal—which was served on a table that papa remarked seemed to have got the ague, it shook so all the time, besides being covered with a table cloth so curiously crumpled that the knives and forks would not lay straight upon it—mamma was much more quiet, but her antipathy to the khansamah was still as strong as ever. First she thought that all the food was poisoned—a process which papa said (he is so funny sometimes) would have been quite unnecessary, as it was nasty enough to kill anybody in its pure state—and she wanted the man to taste every dish before we commenced to eat it. This he steadily refused to do, though his demeanour was still quiet and respectful. She would not allow him to stand behind her chair, as she said she did not feel safe when she had not her eye upon him, and she knew he was scowling at her behind her back; and once when he approached with a knife (to lay beside her plate) she jumped up and seized the chair to defend herself with. All this was very embarrassing, but we could not help being amused—poor

dear mamma was so much in earnest in her apprehensions, and persisted that she had never been deceived in a person's character in her life, and that papa was so stupid that anybody could take him in. Finding, however, that the man did not attempt to stab her, she grew more calm, and was even so far composed as to discuss a potato; but at the close of dinner she experienced a relapse. This was when the khansamah brought her something in a little bottle with a large stopper, which certainly looked like pomade for the hair, but which turned out to be red currant jelly, which in this tempting form he offered as a finale to the feast. This uninviting concoction mamma declared to be poison pure and simple, and wanted papa to call a policeman and give the man in charge, in the meantime securing him and tying him down on the bed with the punkah rope. Papa, who was certainly in a good temper, said that the cookery was so bad that there was no chance of finding a policeman in the neighbourhood, and that with regard to arresting the man himself, and tying him down to the bed, perhaps the man might object to the arrangement, in which case some confusion might ensue. Mamma upon this said he was an aggravating man, and had no spirit, which of course she did not mean, but it is her way, and papa took it very quietly, and indeed did not seem to mind it at all. In the meantime Mary Jane had improved the occasion by attacking the currant jelly herself, which she finished—having always a beautiful appetite—and as she did not perish immediately in horrible convulsions mamma was quieted once more, though she still made fierce gestures every now and then at the khansamah, and would have one of the trunks unpacked in order to find an old number of the *Illustrated News*, to see if he was not very like a

portrait of the Nana, the original of which she strongly suspected him to be. But when the portrait was produced and compared with him, he still retained his equanimity, and seemed to be the most difficult person to quarrel with in the world—and it was fortunate perhaps for us he was so, or perhaps he might have been made a rebel after all.

It was decided that we should not proceed on that night, and we were just discussing how we were all to be accommodated in the two rooms which we were then occupying, and were consulting whether we could not have the other two rooms which constituted the bungalow in addition, when a noise of wheels was heard, and the khansamah informed us that two sahibs had just arrived in a dâk gharry, and had taken possession of the rooms in question. This was a dreadful disappointment, but there was nothing for it but to submit. There was a rule, it appeared from the bill hung against the walls, that in the event of a bungalow being crowded, all the ladies may be made to go into one compartment and all the gentlemen into another; but if we had enforced this rule we should not have been particularly the gainers, indeed the only difference would have been that papa must have left us to ourselves—and so we should have been deprived of our only protection. Moreover, it only occurred to us at the last moment that two rooms would be enough for us, just as two gharries had been, and the discovery being made, we easily accommodated ourselves to difficulties which would not have been difficulties at all to other than inexperienced travellers. There was no difficulty in fact except as regarded Mary Jane, and she was really very distressing in her protestations that “she had never been used to this sort of thing, had been brought up differently,”

and so forth,—as if anybody expected that any of us had ever been brought up to sleep in dāk bungalows in the north-west provinces of India, as papa said with his usual ready wit.

The two strangers in the other rooms appeared determined to enjoy themselves—the khansamah entirely deserted us, and seemed incessantly running about to supply their wants. Almost all night soda water seemed to be going off, and the whole bungalow was impregnated with the smoke of cigars, poor papa's precaution, in smoking his solitary one in the verandah, having been quite thrown away. We felt rather curious to know who these two gentlemen were, and in the morning, when we were preparing for our departure the travellers' book promised to afford the information. This book is intended for a simple record of the names of travellers and the amount they have paid for their lodging, together with any remarks they may have to make in reference to their accommodation, attendance, &c. But it was generally made much more amusing, though some of the jokes I am sorry to say were *dreadfully vulgar*—especially those that papa would not let me read, but which he carefully copied out, to put into a book which he threatened to write in condemnation of *the tone* of Anglo-Indian society. Besides comic verses, about "pegs" and the "cutting of pay," both of which seemed to be inexhaustible themes, and insulting remarks made by travellers about those who had preceded them, there were pictorial sketches in which that amiable gentleman, our governor general, especially was made very ridiculous. Fancy what a shame, he was generally drawn with donkey's ears appearing above his coronet, and smoking *suck* a long cigar, and in all kinds of ridiculous attitudes, such as embracing a sepoy, or being

dragged by a mob of Europeans on board a ship with "homeward bound" written on the paddle box. Jokes of this kind were very frequent, and I am told that they are to be found in most of the travellers' books on the road—which I agree with papa in thinking shows a want of respect for authority. Well, we looked at the two last names in the book : the entries were as follows :—

"Cornet Buggins, H. M.'s 101st (Royal Fantail) Dragoons, and Mr. Foolsap Tapeley C. S., arrived at 9 p.m., (by a watch that won't go); left as early as possible next morning, and never intend coming back again. Khansamah, ugly and stupid; bearer frightful and idiotic. Everything to eat very bad; everything to drink first chop, as we had brought it ourselves. Went to bed at ten having first put on our white chokers, but could not sleep in consequence of noisy party (of ladies) in next room, who did nothing but cuss and swear at the servants."

I should not venture to copy such *dreadful vulgarity*, especially the *latter part*, which I need not say was a *mischievous invention*, but for what followed. We were reading the *shameful composition* over again, and papa was making a note of it to send in a letter to the *Delhi Gazette* (which he said he intended to sign "Old Flick," in order to suit the facetious tone of the correspondents of that journal,) when it occurred to me that I knew the handwriting. "Surely, papa," I began to say, "that writing is"—when at this instant we heard a shout in a well-known voice, and who should come running in but Clarence and Captain Racketts!

They had not taken the trouble when they arrived to enquire our names, having been told by that horrid khansamah (I think mamma was more right about the man than we gave her credit for being at the time) that we were only *common people*—which was very imperti-

ment, and could have been caused by nothing but Mary Jane's vulgar way of pronouncing her *h*'s. I heard indeed from a gentleman in Calcutta, that the dreadful treatment which this letter received from low Europeans in India, has done more to destroy the prestige of authority and respect for the British name, than could have been effected by a successful mutiny, as the natives are very sensitive on this score, in consequence of their having been educated under the old régime, when any European not pronouncing his *h*'s properly, was immediately deported.

We were very glad, as you may suppose, to see dear Clarence and his friend once more, though the former had had his hair cut *most absurdly*, and did not look nearly so nice as usual. We did not fail, of course, to *rate them soundly* for what they had written in the book, and I will do them the credit to admit that they did look rather foolish at being found out. Papa, however, I think was most annoyed at having lost his subject for the letter to the paper—for of course it would never do to expose the affair *now*.

We soon prepared to start—the whole party together; but we were not destined to do so without another interruption, caused this time by papa's extraordinary admiration of the native character, which is always developing itself at inconvenient seasons. He is a great amateur of photography, and nothing would satisfy him but having the portrait of that stolid khansamah before we left. I fancy he half suspected the man to be a *prince in disguise*, for mamma's opinions have *great influence* over him, though he will not always confess it. At any rate he brought forth his apparatus, and set it up in a most scientific manner in the compound, and then, calling the khansamah (whom he had just astonished

by a very profuse *bakhsheesh*), directed the man to place himself in front of it. You should have seen the horror and terror immediately depicted upon the poor man's countenance! It seems he mistook the instrument for some murderous machine, and thought that he was to be blown away on the spot! He immediately began to run, but Clarence and the captain held him fast, though he struggled violently, and his screams were awful. The captain tried to explain the real state of the case, but he would not listen, nor remain still enough for papa to perform the operation. So at last he was allowed to escape, which he did, communicating his terrors to everybody in sight, so that in a few minutes there was not a single native (except our own servant) I believe for half a mile round. Even the coachmen had disappeared; for they all fancied that we intended a general massacre. So there we were, left on the high road, without any assistance for prosecuting our journey. Fortunately, however, the gharries were packed; so, as it seemed hopeless waiting for the coachmen, the three gentlemen drove us on to the next stage. It was fortunate that we did *not* wait; for we afterwards heard that the bungalow people roused the whole neighbourhood to their assistance, and came down to the spot in formidable force, to find us, fortunately, flown. Your fondly attached,

HELOISE.

11.

*From P. Simpkin, Esq, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains,
India, to Captain Ardent, London.*

MY DEAR SIR,—We have just arrived at this romantic spot, where I intend to make my fortune, like the ancient Sabine at Cincinnati.

Our journey—of which I have already had the pleasure to wait on you with samples—has indeed opened my eyes. Mis-government, sir, met me at every stage. Instead of the “network” of railways so often described, I found myself perpetually snared in the most ordinary description of traps. If you remember the infamous *dâk gharry* of India, I need hardly depict to you that roomy coffin; drawn usually by an animal that would have done for the charger of Death in the Revelations, and of whom it seemed a doubt whether he would sooner arrive at his master’s stable, or land his passengers in his halls. I often wished I could give the poor wretched quadruped the benefit of the Act, Martin’s Act, but he always began either jibbing or kicking the moment such an idea occurred to me, and under the burning sun of this country, I was obliged to get on the box and flog him—an office which Clarence soon found too much for his susceptibilities—while the coachman turned the carriage on by literally “putting his shoulder to the wheel,” until off went the skeleton with a clatter that sounded as if his bones were all rattling, and then Jehu had to run his best, and take his chance of recovering his seat by my side with a leap worthy of the late Mr. Payne, the Drury Lane Harlequin.

I have very little space left for narrative. Mrs. S. has fits almost daily at the servants she has to keep, from whom she dreads all sorts of outbreaks and massacres; and the rate at which the money goes out is a more legitimate source of alarm. But I trust to put that straight as soon as we are settled on our farm, where, by a strict attention to business, S. and Co. hope to benefit selves and country.

The young people would unite in kind regards, but are gone out together on ponies to look at the Snowy

Range. Mary Jane is getting very troublesome, fancies herself a lady, and was found yesterday reading "The Sorrows of Werthing" to a non-commissioned officer. For self and partner.—Yours faithfully,

P. SIMPKIN.

12.

*From Miss Heloise Simpink, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains,
to Miss Juliana Myrtle, London.*

At last, dearest Juliana, I find time to write to you from this place, where we have made a retreat during the warm weather ; and a very charming kind of retreat it is, for it is one to which all the world follows us, everybody, that is to say, who can make it convenient to themselves, or inconvenient to the government, to spare the time. We are now in the midst of the season—the fashionable season, of course, I mean—and very gay we find it, I can assure you. The journey up is rather fatiguing, and you may suppose that it requires some little exertion, from the fact that we are at present some six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The horse-dâk—of the nature of which I have already given you full particulars, brings us only as far as some place with a name ending in "pore" or "nuggur," where the regular road ends ; and after that we had to be carried on men's shoulders—not pick-a-back, that would be *too absurd*—but in a kind of palankeen, called a *dhooly*. This is a much more convenient contrivance than the *palkee*, which people use in Calcutta. It is very roomy and light, being simply a kind of bed, made of wood, with webbing stretched cross-wise to lie on, and enclosed on all sides with a similar framework, covered with canvass

on the outside, thickly varnished so as to be made waterproof, and lined inside with some kind of light cotton. There are sliding doors at the sides, so that one may get in or out. Within the edifice you make up a kind of travelling bed, and as it is sufficiently large to sit up or lie down in as you like, you may make yourself very comfortable, as I need scarcely say we all did. These *dhoolies* are furnished with long poles, which intersect them, and which, with the assistance of a leather strap, the natives manage to sling upon their shoulders, four of them bearing the burthen—only one inside—quite merrily. At any rate, they did so in my case ; but papa and mamma being a little *portly*, as you know, had some trouble with their bearers, who stopped every now and then, and screamed for *bakhsheesh* in a *very rude* manner.

As for our luggage, you may guess that it could not be carried in the frail vehicles to which we committed ourselves. So it had to go by *banghy*, which I imagined to be a kind of cart, and so did we all in fact ; for while we were taking tea in the last *dâk* bungalow—where the road ended, and where, as it seemed to me, we were to make our *adieu* to civilization—Clarence kept rushing in and out, *badgering* the servants (to use his own curious word, which I believe is of sporting origin) to bring the *banghy* to the door, where our *traps* (another word of his) were all piled up high into the darkness of the night, and seemed to be meeting robbers half way. In answer to his frequent appeals—conveyed in as bad language as his vocabulary enabled him to command—the servants kept repeating that the *banghy wallahs* were all there, pointing them out as they sat crouching beside the boxes, some of them apparently asleep, others smoking the rude *hookahs* of the peasantry, which the

English call *hubble bubbles*. "But where is the banghy?" demanded Clarence, at last, I am afraid, losing his temper, at seeing nothing but a few sticks and ropes lying upon the ground. At last Captain Racketts came running from the opposite verandah where he had been smoking cheroots, and explained that these sticks and ropes were really the means of conveyance, the boxes being tied to the sticks, and so carried between two men, as you may see a tub sometimes carried by brewers in England. We all laughed of course at Clarence's needless anxiety, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing our things all safely on the move. The luggage headed the procession, we ourselves bringing up the rear, each of us in a separate dhooly, with many exhortations to the men to keep together, that we might not lose one another during the night. Of the dhooly bearers there was a great crowd; for we had to engage a sufficient number for relief every quarter of an hour or so. All this being arranged it was found that there was another requirement. It was necessary to have *maussalchees*, or torch-bearers, to save us from losing our way in the dark, and perhaps to keep off wild animals, who are by no means unknown in the savage region through which we were to pass. This want, however, had been anticipated by the servants, and several of these men were found at hand, provided with a good supply of links, and earthen bottles from which they continually fed them with oil when the flame grew dim. Of these materials were our procession composed; and it was a great relief to us all when it at last set out in earnest.

I shall never forget the night I passed. Sleep for a long time seemed out of the question. The monotonous chant of the bearers, to which their curious swinging trot keeps time, is supposed to lighten their labours, and

very likely has that effect; and I should not much object to it, as, after one gets used to it, it may well have the effect of assisting one's slumbers; but what really frightened me at first was the horrible noise that the rest of the men made by all talking together at the top of their voices, which they did every now and then as if in violent altercation. This continued at intervals all night, whenever it was supposed that we were missing the road, or any question arose upon which there could be a possible difference of opinion. In the midst of it all I managed to get a little rest. Then I was awakened on a sudden by a violent jerk, which was only the stopping of the dhooly. Looking out I saw that all the rest of us had stopped also, and a most extraordinary party we looked—the luggage in front, then the dhoolies, and nothing else to be seen but fierce looking natives with scarcely any clothes on—all lit up by the torches which threw quite enough light upon surrounding objects to show that we were in a dreadfully wild country. Upon the occasion of the first halt there was a great crowd round poor papa's dhooly, and a hot dispute going on upon the eternal subject of *bakhsheesh*. Papa, in a most absurd looking nightcap, which made him look like a benevolent pirate, was expostulating with them in a mild, but as he believed convincing manner, with the aid of a *Forbes's Hindustanee Manual*, to which he kept referring by the light of a torch which a man was holding close to his spectacles, assuring them that he denied no man his rights, but that as a matter of principle he would not be imposed upon. Mamma was also assisting the confusion by leaning out of her dhooly (she had on a beautiful *bonnet de nuit*, which she always kept by her in England, in case of fire) and expostulating with papa for foolishly giving way, which

it was evident he did not mean to do. How it would have ended I cannot say, had not Captain Racketts and Clarence come to the rescue. Clarence was about as helpless as papa, but Captain R. soon set things right. First he elbowed all the men away from the dhooly, and then, having ascertained the amount of their demand, gave them about a quarter of what they asked for, with which they were quite contented. It seems that papa had been too liberal in his advances in the first instance—a weakness of which the men naturally took advantage. The natives of India are just like horses. If they have to do with a person who does not know how to manage them they find out the fact at once, and play a thousand tricks which they would not dream of playing with one who was able to keep them in hand. At least this is what I heard Captain R. say; and he told us also that in travelling it was always advisable to make the extra payments to bearers, &c., in small and frequent sums; this encourages them far more than even a higher rate of pay given at the beginning or the end of the journey. It seems quite true too, what he says, that it is necessary to *learn* the native character with even greater care than the language—for you can manage without the latter by means of an interpreter, but the former admits of no such evasion, and ignorance of its peculiarities involves one in endless vexations.

To resume. Order being restored Captain R. and Clarence went to comfort mamma, and then they paid a visit to my conveyance—both of them smoking cheroots—*fancy, in the middle of the night*. I was glad to lean out and talk to them. We had plenty of soda water with us, so they opened some for me, which was wonderfully refreshing, and we had a merry little party for ten minutes or so, and quite forgot our troubles. The

gentlemen, as they generally do in this country, took cognac with their soda water—just a little, as they said, to kill the animalcula, an excuse which of course goes for nothing, as, if there was not that, there would be sure to be some other. At least this is what I heard mamma say the other day, and I have no doubt it is true.

After this, at about two in the morning, we resumed our march. There was less disturbance than before, but I did not get much sleep, for we were soon in the midst of a deep jungle through which the bearers had almost to force their way. The noise from the inside of the dhooly was as if we were making our way through a small forest, and that ten thousand branches were breaking at the same time, or tearing the sides of the conveyance to pieces.

By daybreak, however, the sound had ceased; and opening my sliding door, I was then *agreeably disappointed* at the prospect which presented itself.

We were already in the hills—or more properly speaking mountains—which stretched around us on every side. But as yet there were no signs of houses, or of any approach to civilization. I soon learned, however, from Captain R., who came up at the first halt, to wish me good morning, with Clarence and papa, who were quite fresh and vivacious, that we were not so close to our journey's end as I had supposed. We were passing through a range of mountains which were not nearly so high as those to which we were destined, and we should have to cross a great valley before we could reach the latter. There was one change, however, which was of a most decided kind. We had reached *another climate* in the course of the night. Although it was some time after sunset when we set out, the heat was then almost

unindurable, and we had scarcely believed Captain R. when he told us to take care to clothe ourselves sufficiently, and to have plenty of rugs and blankets in the dhoolies. The value of his advice we had begun to appreciate during the night, when we were glad to keep our doors closed, and to roll all our wrappings round us. So much so that, as Clarence remarked, it was very like going to bed, and indeed I can fancy a worse imitation. Papa too, in his dry way, declared that he should leave his boots outside his dhooly to be cleaned, and that he fully expected to find his shaving water and letters upon opening his door in the morning! But I am afraid I digress. I certainly was unprepared, notwithstanding my experience of the night, for the clear cold air which now greeted us; and I could not help thinking that it was something in favour of the Indian climate that from force of contrast each season becomes a luxury in its turn, and that if you find summer unsuitable you may change it to winter by a mere day's journey! Of course we made these philosophical reflections during the halt, and then we all found that we were dreadfully hungry, having partaken of no solid refreshment since our somewhat comprehensive "tea" of the evening before. A general enquiry followed into the state of our resources, which seemed to amount to nothing; for having had a great deal more time than we wanted to prepare in the bungalow, we had of course started in a hurry at the last moment. We were really beginning to be distressed, and Clarence had of course added to our annoyance by making fun of it, declaring that we had better "cast lots" like shipwrecked passengers, when Mary Jane fortunately came to our rescue. Mary Jane had displeased us a great deal during the journey by keeping

up a continued fit of crying, on account of the little inconveniences to which she, in common with the rest of us, had been subjected, protesting as usual that she "had not been brought up to that sort of thing," and in the middle of the night, during the great disturbance to which I have alluded, giving her mistress a month's warning, calling upon the native bearers to witness that she had done so, in case any question as to wages should arise, and have to be settled in the Supreme Court. Of course we all laughed at the curious time she chose for making her business arrangements, and this made her worse—so she had a sulky fit for the rest of the time, during which we followed papa's advice, which was to "let her alone—very severely." However, we forgave her freely in the morning, when she informed us that she had stowed away in an accessible portmanteau, a tin of Huntley and Palmer's mixed biscuits, which we managed to open somehow with a stone and a corkscrew, and then devoured voraciously, with the accompaniment of the never failing soda water, which we ladies at any rate took without any previous destruction of the animalcula.

After this *chota hazree*, or little breakfast, which satisfied everybody but Mary Jane, who sadly wanted "her tea," we set forth again in high spirits. Soon we left the chain of mountains behind us, and burst upon the most beautiful valley in the world. There were more mountains in front, higher than any we had seen; and at their foot was an actual hotel, at which we all stopped.

An hotel "up country" in India is a very different thing from the same institution in England. There are no solemn white-cravatted waiters ushering you into cold and expensive suites of apartments, where I have heard papa say you are bound to have wax candles even

in the day time, and bad wine at preposterous prices for the good of the house and your own detriment. Our half-way house on the present occasion was a thatched bungalow standing on a large piece of ground, with long ranges of stables, and vehicles of every description to be let out on hire. There were sheep also within the domain, and poultry in abundance, and carpenters and other workmen were busy in supplying the numerous wants of the establishment. The accommodation was not of a kind which we should have called comfortable in England, but it had the great recommendation of leaving you free to do as you pleased. There was a place they called a coffee room, the furniture of which seemed brought from all corners of the earth at all periods of time, the walls being hung with pictures in strict accordance with its incongruity. There were representations of Napoleon crossing the Alps, and of four young ladies, with red cheeks or white cheeks, and light or dark hair and eyes, as the case might be, supposed to represent the seasons; besides prints of the "fashions" of the year 1825, and one of that eternal Raffaele and Fornarina which in an evil hour the Art Union of London presented to its subscribers and cast upon the world to become a public nuisance. The books consisted of odd volumes of the Parlour Library which travellers had left behind them, and a complete set of the "Penny Magazine" from beginning to end. On one side of the apartment were a row of doorways with curtains hung upon a rod placed just high enough for a short person to pass under, and reaching not quite down to the ground. It needed no waiter to tell us that these were the bed-rooms, for as the wind blew the drapery in all directions, the beds were seen plainly in the perspective. These were only partially prepared for

repose; as everybody is supposed to bring pillows, *rezais*, and things of the kind with them. Among these dens our party was distributed to dress and prepare for breakfast, which was set upon the table in about half an hour. In point of extent and solidity it was about equivalent to three ordinary dinners; but in all places where Indian invalids congregate, the preparations are always on a large scale—they are all so healthy and happy directly they get on leave that it is quite a treat to see them.

The hotel, by the way, had one great advantage over most hostelries up country. It had a landlord who lived on the spot and who was not too proud to attend to his guests. At nearly all of these places which are held by Europeans, or half-castes, the landlords consider themselves gentlemen, merely because they have made a little money in trade, and so profess a dignified indifference to the arrangements of the house. The consequence is that the business is entirely at the mercy of the native servants, who let everything go to ruin, their masters usually included. The airs of the “ladies” of this class are very amusing. They have their carriages and saddle horses, and imitate French fashions in a manner that is truly ridiculous. Their great ambition seems to be to appear in full dress quite irrespective of time and place. I have really seen them at church in the morning in the same costume which they would wear at a ball.

Well, after breakfast the gentlemen went and smoked of course, and had a talk with the landlord—a fine old man, who had been a soldier—so as to “coach themselves up,” as they said, in the news, as they had not seen a paper during the three days that we had been on the road from Delhi.

After this we all felt the proverbial restlessness of travellers, and desired to be at our journey's end. At the hotel there was every possible accommodation for mounting "the hill," and of this we soon availed ourselves. It was arranged that mamma and I, and Mary Jane of course, were to make the journey in *jam-pans*. A jam-pan is a kind of sedan-chair, with the difference that it is open, though enclosable at will with curtains, which you can draw round you if you please, and so be quite secluded. It is carried of course by natives, like the dhoolies; but the bearers here are all well clothed, and those in private employ in the colours of their employers, as in the case of liveries at home. I told papa that he must keep one of these conveyances when we were settled in the hills, and Captain Racketts asked him what his colours were. He said that he had none that he knew of, but he thought wine colours—red and white—would be the most appropriate. Papa always will have his joke, sometimes out of season, as I must say I thought at the time.

It was arranged that the gentlemen were to make the ascent on ponies; and accordingly, at nine o'clock—we had breakfasted very early, as you may suppose—the latter were brought to the door. They were very ugly hacks, but used to the road, and therefore quite safe. Indeed few people will take up valuable horses, owing to the dangers to which they are exposed. As far as Clarence and Captain R. were concerned there was no difficulty; but papa, being rather heavy, and never used to riding, declined to commit himself even to the largest of the *tats*, both for the animal's sake and his own; so it was ultimately decided that he should go in a jam-pan, as gentlemen generally do when they are lazy, and that is by no means seldom. This being arranged we set off,

the *horsemen* leading the way, and the two *syces* in charge of the cattle scrambling after them. The sun was not strong as yet, and everything was in favour of a pleasant journey. Nor were we disappointed ; though the ascent in some places was *fearful*. The road is of course a winding one cut on the sides of the hill, but so narrow in some places as scarcely to allow of a single horse making its way. It was terrible sometimes to see Clarence and Captain R. like little specks on the edge of a precipice of a thousand feet or so, trusting entirely for safety to the sagacity of the ponies, who upon such occasions are allowed to make their own way as they can. The danger, however, is not so great as it seems, the animals being just as anxious to avoid falling as their riders, and scarcely ever making a false step. Here and there, where the path is particularly hazardous, it is railed in ; but this affords no protection should your horse become restive, which the ponies happily scarcely ever are, and for the greater part of the distance there is no protection whatever. The general pace at which you proceed is a walk, but here and there there is a platform where you may get up a canter if you please. In this way the equestrians often outstripped us, but we were sure to come up to them again soon, as the bearers keep up a steady pace which quite compensates for any temporary advantage gained over us.

The scenery—how shall I describe it? It is grand beyond all description. Hills, thousands of feet high, covered with foliage, and with masses of the brightest flowers, especially rhododendrons. From the road upwards you get a magnificent view of the valley of the Doon, than which I have never seen anything half so charming. When you pass the half-way resting place

you have fairly left the heat behind, and may *look down upon it*, in fact, with great contentment. The ascent altogether occupied about two hours, the distance being about five miles. A bold rider, I have since been told, will dash *down* in less than a hour, and indeed the descent has been known to be accomplished in half that time—at a risk of life and limb which I should be sorry for anybody I cared for to incur.

This sanatorium is built upon two hills, one rather higher than the other. The highest is more than six thousand feet. Both are commonly called Mussoorie, but the proper name of the highest is Landour. It is on this that the hotel is situated, and it is to this therefore that most travellers proceed on their first arrival, unless they have a house ready to go into. Having no provision of this kind we went to the hotel of course. Like all the other houses it appeared at first inaccessible; for one may well be in doubt how to get at places that all seem piled up one on the top of the other. But of course we *did* get at it, after a great deal of climbing, and jam-pans, ponies, and everything all safe, were at last fairly deposited at the door. Here I will take breath, and leave the detail of our further proceedings for another letter.

Your affectionate friend,

HELOISE.

13.

*From Miss M. J. Patten, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains,
to Mr. John Waitman, Finsbury Square, London.
Vyer Southampton and Ma Sails.*

MY DEAR MISTER DOUBLE YOU—I was much obleeged buy ewer last, in which u ask me for an a count of hour jurney. We come through sich a menny plaices

that I feel like a fish out of water; there was Rgra, and Allory Bad, and the Sitty of the great Mow Gull (him as u sees on the plain cards, only he's gone to Arrack Can) where we got rum and all the dehlicacies of the seizum. And there was buildings at some of them towns like the Payillium at Brighting, honly tumbling down; and sich a sight of soldiers. O my I! but some of them was black like the boy as plays the symbols in Kensintum Garlings.

We cum up the Trunk Road; honly there was no trunks to be scene, but a helley phant's that walked by at one place just like Ashley's. And, jest phancy, I dropt out of the garry, owen to my having a singin in my ed, and the brutial black as druv it went on, and never see me, as if he couldunt a lookt round if he liked. But they're all alike and the likes of them I never do like. So there I lay, and skreeked, thinking I was ded. But presunly up comes a young man, ho sich a little one; and ses e "bloueed if ere isn't a gal," ses e, "what a lark," ses e. So he helpt me hup, and we went along, to where there was a Regiment Intentse, almost all littler than im, for which reason their corpse was called "the Dumpies." I staid with them till they marcht, and then we went on to the next Bungere-low, wear we found Master and Missus, and jest warnt their a row! "Ere she is" says the Hossifer (a nice andsum young gent e was) "quite a Filly Delly Regiment o" ses e. So Master Clarence e larfed and blinked like winkin, and orf e went with the orf i sir, to smoke, and didn't I ketch it? But I spoke up, and ses I to Missus, "I can mind myself," ses I; "though I did fall on the road, I aint in a bad way," ses I. And then she got frightened, and I thought she was going to ave a phitt, but there was only 1 chair in the romb,

and one bed, and Master was a settin on it, with both leggs broke, so she only cride; and then Miss Heloeese she took and cried 2, and I adn't the art to leaf them, or make my bough when I sawed them in that dissolute condishem, for bless you ses I to myself, wot wood you du without Mary Jane.

And now Jon we are at the Ills, and a very fine spott it is. If you wos to put Primrows on the top of Hobin yew wood knot git sich a Ill as the least of thees. And ho, if you see the seen awry, it beats the Surrey Theayter; there is snow in the back like linning hung out to dry in the yard, and the Roddy Den Drums in flour is like a futman in most beutifle scarlick and green uniform, hand maid me think of whom.

And the Millaturry walks about undressed (that's wot they call it when their sords is took off with their moostarch and two nicks) and all and is most perlite, and you could not tell them from the gentlemen, honly they doesn't sweorr so much at the blacks. There is a Corperal of Dragons most attentiv to the sects, which e is a Baptish imself and precches in Barriks most like deer Mr. Sturgeon. So hopping u are quiet wel.

I remain yours to comeand

MARY JANE PATTEN.*

Po Scrip.—I've never got the Blood Drinker.

14.

From Miss Patten, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains, to Miss Amelia Sophia Rosherville, Lady's Maid, &c., London.

Ho! that Jon, I am so glad I've done with im. He is a dirty creecher, and I've wached my ands of him.

* The above appears to have been written during a period of returning affection for Mr. Waitman, which however did not last long, as we find by the letter which follows.

Now it combs out ye never antsurd my lettuce (which I rit im 2) nor sent me the Bludrinker nor nothink. To think that e wood ave demeaned hissself to ave maryd a woman as kep a public; so lo! Well let im b. There is others ear, as has Is, and olds their eds hire, and does not look down upon a pore survint.

I never see anythink like the attentions of the military, xcep the way they stands at es, in the presents of ladies. There is a Corporal, a most serious young man, and of the best blood let me tell you. E was at Oxfud Collidge, and took is Batchelor's degree too, but e aint obleeged to live single for all that, e tells me, like some of them felloes on Fortune's weal at Collidge; odd fellow's I do think from all I heerd tell.

Well, e cum ear fust to keep master's a counts, and sichlike; and then I arst Mistres, and she sed Mr. Percy—that aint is real name—mite teeche me to reed and rite and cyfer at odd times. And mi, how e du go on, and squeedges mi and when e makes me old the pen; I feel as if I should never a done learnin.

Five days ago we was a settin in a little room I as to myself; for there such mites of houses here,—most like a cottage at UrnBay—and so we ad to sit rather clothes together wen in comes Master Clarence. E'd been tiffing—that's not fighting, but having lunch and cigars—and was rather flushed in the phace. "Mary," ses e, "I want you; Corporal you can go." The Corporal ups and looks at 'im, and in two twos wood ave been into 'im like a 1000 of brick; but I stopd it, for I never could abide fitting, so I give the Corporal a look, as much as to say "meat me in the willer glen" and out he goes without a word.

And then, wot do you think, Master Clarence e begins making love to me, quite beautiful, like the

Marquis does to Rosina in the story; and I really didnt know how to stop im, his langwich was so eloquocious, and full of seminary, e might have been aspeakin to a Dutchies. "Mary," ses e, "this 'ere meatin is quite opera tune, I ave long loved you, and now I must say what I feel, if so be," ses e, "that the tongue will not run out of the Office." "I think you 'ad better go into it," ses I, "you ad not ought to talk to me like that, you no you ad not Master Clarence," ses I; "suppose your Mama wos to know of it?" "Bother er," ses ee (or wurd to that effeck) and then put is arm round may waste, and I believe e give me a kiss or sumthink of the kind when lo and beold yer, hin comes his very Mama, without er speaktakuls. "Corporal," ses she, "I want you to mend me a pen. "Gracious golly," ses she, "what do I see?" And she put on er glasses, "get out of the ouse you hussy." "I will not take that name from henny one mem," ses I, "and you no I am nun." "How dare you to take such a libertty with my sun?" ses she, "no one as any right to do so but myself." Master C. bust out larfin. "No kissing in the house but what you do yourself Mama," ses e, "well that is a good one, and e tuk the old un by the arm and led er away, when they was gone I one it I had a good cri; but wot is a pore gal to do? I wish I knew if either of 'em meant matter o' money, for nuthink else do they get, I wurrant you, from yewers to command.

MARY JANE PATTEN.

15.

*From Peter Simpkin, Esq., Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains,
to Captain Ardent, London.*

MY DEAR SIR—Your last favour came duly to hand, per which I note your intention to resign the service

and come to this country as agent of a Co. to speculate in land. Referring to what you say about the opposition of the Government and of the members of the Civil Service to the prosperity of Europeans in this country, I take the liberty to note that I think you have been led into a little exaggeration. I recollect when I was in the wine trade, a gentleman belonging to the committee of one of the large west-end clubs came to me, and says he, "Mr. Simpkin, I believe?" "Sir, to you," says I. "I want," says he, "to give you an order for five hundred dozen Spanish and Portuguese wines of sorts. None of your South African stuff," says he, "all wind and water, that blows you up like a balloon, but real good fruity wine that a gentleman can drink a bottle of after dinner to his own cheek; and if he likes to lay it down in his cellars, it will improve every year it's kept."

"Come along," says I, "to the bonded warehouse, and I'll show you some samples that I think had ought to please you;" for, as an upright and downright English tradesman, I scorned to puff my goods. So we got into a cab and drove down to the docks. I got an official to accompany us, and down we went into the vaults, each of us with a kind of long stick in our hands with a light stuck on the end of it. Well, sir, we walked along the dark damp passages, all lined with casks. "No smoking allowed," says the dockyard man to the gentleman, who was lighting a cigar; "but here's a bit of cheese which 'ill help you to taste the wine." So at it he went, first out of one cask, and then out of another, until in about half an hour he was roaring drunk. We took him up into the open air, and there he went right off. I bundled him into a cab, and took him back to the office. Precious ill he was for the better part of an

hour, but some sal-volatile from the chemists set him up a bit; and the first thing he did was to begin abusing the management of the vaults: "d——d dark moist caverns," says he, "I'll never go into another as long as I live; why they've nearly been the death of me." "Excuse me, sir," says I, "but it's not the fault of the warehouse management. You was taken there to *taste*; but you drank a matter of two bottles and a half of the purest new wine slap off the reel, before you'd had your luncheon on." Properly huffed he was, and went away without giving me an order; and afterwards abused me all over London.

Well, it strikes me, people do much the same when they try to settle in this country. They must have spacious bungalows, and the best of everything to eat and drink; carriages and horses, perhaps never having ridden anything but the knifeboard of an omnibus in their lives before; and their ladies dressed out in all the Paris fashions from Madame Gervain; and some of them get fighting with the zemindars and some with each other; and when they get into difficulties they abuse the government and the civilians. I saw several planters in Calcutta, and on my way up the country, and some were doing right well; but those were always those who lived the most prudently, and were on the best terms with the authorities.

It is a tradition of the old times which has unhappily come down to ours. The Court of Directors, when they had India to themselves, were obliged to adopt the maxims of those from whom they had taken over the concern. They had *never conquered* the country, and were obliged to govern without ruling. As a kind of trustee they had to manage the property in the interest of the trusters. Hence, when the interest of Europeans,

or even the spread of Christianity, interfered with the wishes of the people, the former had, necessarily, the worst of it. And hence the young men appointed to writerships, who were naturally connected by birth with the directors or their old servants, were often born in the country, and carefully brought up, when they were taken to England, in the same principles. It was, "Respect the prejudices of the natives, associate freely with them, &c." And this system worked well, for its object, which was the consolidation of British power in the East. The natives looked upon men whom they had known in infancy, and who ruled them in this spirit, as belonging to the country, and went on in their old paths without molestation from Anglo-Saxon enterprise. But such a system could not last, says you. Of course it could not; and therefore first came the Board of Control, and Lord W. Bentinck's reforms; and then the Afghan war, and the extension of our dominions, always opposed by the court and its old civil servants; and then the pampered sepoys and the new generation of agriculturists forgot what had been done for them, and why? And in the fulness of time there was something like a general rebellion, though far short of it if you look at the whole map of India. And now we *have* conquered the country, we have shown our power, and the new times are to begin. Let us give thanks.

You will wonder that my views have changed so rapidly? I think I can explain the reason. When I first landed, I came, in Calcutta, across the extreme members of each party. I found the heads of the civil service and of the administration proud, prejudiced, looking on themselves as the aristocracy of the country, and privileged to do as they liked. I found the natural counteraction among the lawyers, merchants, and planters,

men equally proud, envious of the others' powers. But a considerable number of both, I now find, were mere cocknies, few of whom had ever crossed the Mahratta ditch, or knew anything of the natives beyond the throngs of reprobates who formed the attendants of their homes and their offices. Can you wonder that, fresh from a land of liberty, and knowing nothing of this country, filled with the notion that a principle true for England must be true for all the world, my sympathies were all on the side of the opposition?

But since I left Calcutta, and especially since I have been settled here, I have seen a good deal. I see that the majority of neither class in Calcutta quite understand the people, and I see that the two cries that so confused me there, namely that "the civilians favour the natives," and that "they oppress them," are not only contradictory but, in the main, exaggerated. As to Europeans, they have it very much their own way; there is hardly any law against them, that I can observe; but as they are generally well-educated, prosperous, and well-conducted men, this is less of an evil than might be expected. With the civilians they are generally on very good terms, and the latter are far less "stuck-up" than their brethren in Calcutta. With gentlemen of your cloth, also, they are popular enough, more so, as a general rule, than are the civil servants. When they are not popular with this class, it is chiefly owing to their not going into all your prejudices in favour of the sepoys. I hope you will excuse my freedom when I say that the instances of undisciplined and violent conduct of the native soldiery which I have heard on good authority, have astounded me: and I often found that, so far from their officers punishing them, there has been a tendency to encourage,

or at any rate to shield their *baba logue*, only less strong now than before nine-tenths of the old hands had tried to murder these very officers. Of course there are exceptions, and even in the most glaring cases there has been a generosity of feeling apparent, to an unbiassed observer, in the conduct of the officers, which resembled the stoutness with which, in each corps, they defended the loyalty of their men up to the very time of each outbreak in 1857.

But I was speaking of the civilians. I really feel convinced that they have earned their salt on the whole. In them the government has had a body of intelligent and high-spirited agents, sometimes perhaps a little insubordinate, but always ready to speak the truth, and decide according to their conscience, whether the decision was pleasing to their employers or not; and equally prepared to devote their health, their domestic happiness, or their lives to their views of duty.

Of this latter trait we had abundant instances in the papers during 1857, but they are, as yet, for the most part unrewarded. With regard to their independence, you remember Lord Ellenborough's complaints in the House of Lords. I have heard several anecdotes, illustrative of this failing. When Lord W. Bentinck was on his celebrated tour of inspection, he said to the collector of one district where he was staying, "Is the cash-balance in your chest always exactly as represented in your accounts, Mr. —?" "It must be, my lord," quietly replied Mr. —, "for, you know, I keep the key myself." Still better was the snub he got from an opium agent. "What is your place worth?" said he, "Co.'s Rs. so much per month," says the official. "Pooh, pooh; what do you *make*, I mean?" "Every d——d farthing I can, my lord," says this plain-spoken gent.

The lands here are beautiful. No difficulty in life in getting a tract of a thousand acres on an almost nominal rent for fifty years, of which the first three or four are free. No difficulty, says you, but a degree of delay. This is true, I'll tell you the plan. First you have to send in your application to the deputy commissioner, then he has to see that all is right, and no one in lawful possession of any part of the land; what is the fair rate of rental; and so forth. So far, so good; and it puzzles a plain man to know what more is required for the interests of individuals or of the state. But not to "the system." Your application then goes up from the district officer with a full report to the commissioner, who knows nothing of the matter, and often sends back the report for explanation because he can't understand it. Then it goes up to government, and after about a year's correspondence you get exactly what the district officer recommended at first.

It is now proposed, and this would settle all hitches, that a list of lots of waste land should be submitted from each district to government with a note of the fair upset-price of each: and that on a certain date, announced in all the local newspapers, and otherwise proclaimed to the native community, a public auction should be held of such lots or estates as the government have determined to sell; the collector delivering to the highest bidder for each, above the upset price—a full, clear, and permanent title to the fee-simple of the land. Will this suit your book?

The young folks are out at a pic-nic; and Mrs. S. is gone to church, it being a saint's day, and she very fashionably high church. Master Clarence is running through a sight of money; but he spends it like a gentleman, keeping the best of company. Major Busby;

and Captain Shabrack, and the honourable Dolman of the Hussars are all as thick as thieves with him; and pay the greatest of attention to Heloise. The silly boy rode against Lieutenant Scamperham of the company's artillery on the Mall last week, and then sent Dolman to challenge him, but the duel was prevented, and I dare say some of them will write you an account of the affair. And so rest, for self and partner,

Yours faithfully,

P. SIMPKIN.

16.

From Miss Mary Jane Patten, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains, to Miss Rosherville, London.

MR. Clarens is as bad as that Jon my deer, which it were the wine that were in him, and not him as spoke me so prity when I rit you last. Sins then mut I be kist if e ave so much as lookt at me, though I ave run after im with the close brush hever so menmy timbs, wen e ave been goin out (they most allus kisses of yer wen yer go for to brush them). The wust is *the Corporal ave cride hoff tu*, sich is men. Hi bleeve them blax as told im sumthink; the kidmay guards, watermen, or other beasties is continually a spyin about. And their lise is orful, or wort Missus cawls their mendicity, tho if the sossiaty as give tickets for soup gits as many tolde them no wonder they gets cross to the pore, and waters their grewel. And I didn't ough to forgit to tell yer about the feestis they makes, with they call Tommy Shaws. Y is best knowen to themselves. Then they walk with tom-toms, which is a kind of Tommy Shaw and bambooze in their ands. (I'd bamboozle them,) and

throwing pink dirt over you wich it takes a site of soap and water and scrubbin I do ashure you, to get off again. Then the survints as a holiday, and you get nothink to heat amost, and they gits joly drunk ; but so does their masters too sumtimbs wich mum's the word.

And these nasty great blak he fellers calls themselves Bobberjees wich is wot we calls cooks, but ho, their ways is worriting, and sumtimes they plays old gusebury with the puddens and jellies wich they strained wun last weak through Missus nite cap, and when I tort them to make a sooflay and it riz, wot does they do but go and thumped it with a spun till sich time as it all fell plump, and that way they put it on the table and said it was Sating's pudden and madgik, and they wood nut make it no moor. •

Hi pheel like Mary Hanne in the moted grains amongst em, specially now the Corpral is gon, 4 bein a gentleman hissself e thort Master Clarens wasn't after no good, and woodunt stand is goins on, nor more woodunt I if I ad a knone wot it wud end in

E ave been a cutting of it phat along with a gall ere, that all the gents is a runnin after, tho I don't see wot her buty lies in, and her Eyeya ses she paints and dies her hare. This ere is a blak woman but as been to Lunden and nose a little English and we as torks which I tells them again to Miss Helloease. She aint a great friend of this *butiffe* creecher I warrant yer, tho you wud think so if you sor them meat. Er name is Miss Steelart, and she is twenty-six if she's a day, with horbin are *wen she comes out*, wich she wares it in ring-luts, and looks at the men o mi so owdacious. There has been jewels fout for er, and she wears all sorts of rings and bracerlits, *for she never returns a present wen she breaks orf with a gent*, as she most allus dose in ten

days. But bless yer they goes on a buzzing rounder like buggs round a lamp, and don't a lot of em git burnt that's all.

Master Clarens is fust favourite now, but his week is over, and is time will cumb I no. She thinks e as no end of money, but I no better, for the Corpral told me is old Master ad investigated awl his money in Tea (wot a site of it e must a bought!) and so Mr. C. is gone to pott, and pritty wel up the spowt.

Tell Capting Hardunt, if you can see im, that Miss H. is a carrion of it too with a duzzen or so. I dont't think e need be afeared yet, but there is a hawful andsum offeser with mousestarch a yard long wich is dredfull spooney, and Miss H. is one of those beauties as is drawd on by a site of hair as Shikspere says in Pope Joan.

So, oping you are quite wel, I remane yewers to come and

MARY JANE P.

17.

*From Captain Racketts, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains,
to Captain Ardent, London.*

MY DEAR ARDENT—You told me that you would like, from time to time, to hear about the proceedings of the Simpkins. It is a long story, but I will make it as short as I can. The family have developed amazingly since they came out. They all stand ever so much higher (in their own estimation) than when they were griffs in Calcutta. So high, indeed, that I feel my own influence over them every day decreasing. They actually pretend to know as much about the country, and

things in general, as myself—I, with varied experience of the world as it is, and more especially, perhaps, of the world as it ought not to be. The old gentleman, from a firm believer in the beauties of the native character and the oppression of the European power, has changed to a stern admirer of the British rule as conducted under the old Company. The most perfect system of governing this country, he considers, is a despotism tempered by humbug—that is to say you are to check the native at every turn, take all power away from him, but make him believe that you are his best friend, and are protecting him from his natural enemies, the free public and the constitutional government at home.

This was the old code, as you know, and it answered wonderfully well while it lasted. The worst of it was—as far as certain interests were concerned—that it didn't last longer.

But old Simpkins always was a radical and always will be. Had the old Company endured he would have been its devoted enemy to command. Now that the old Company is no more he does nothing but discover its virtues; and I verily believe that if his *cara sposa*, with whom he quarrels now about three times a day, were to depart this life, he would find out all on a sudden that she was the most perfect specimen of a British wife and mother that ever snubbed a husband or interfered with the flirtations of a daughter. But it is a respectable thing here to stand up for the old Company. Directly a man gets land I always find that his views of life change immensely. Old Simpkin has got land upon some sort of tenure already, and it is whispered that one of these days he will be allowed to hold it in fee-simple, and has become one of the real aristocracy of the soil.

With this prospect his ideas are fast enlarging, and I really believe that you might soon persuade him that the land has been in the family for generations past, and that Crutched Friars and the wine trade are nothing but a dream. The other day, after tippin, he talked about representing the county, and advertin' to young Clarence's extravagances—of which he is perhaps just a little proud—he said that it was very comforting to his feelings to know that the property was entailed. However, he is really making something of his investment by planting tea, which is a capital speculation, so that you allow it time to *draw*. I use his own simile, taken from the breakfast table, which he employed rather forcibly the other day to the wife of his bosom. That lady was holding forth—with that kind of practical good sense which consists of believing in nothing more than you can see of an encouraging kind, and using all your foresight to anticipate disaster—upon the fortunes of the family, which she considered to be at a ruinously low ebb. Everything was going out and nothing coming in, according to her account. To say nothing of Clarence's goings on—though she forgave that for the dear boy's sake—and Heloise's unhappy way of not being able to fix an admirer for more than a fortnight—she thought that her husband was imperilling the prospects of the family by speculations of a wild, not to say *reckless*, character. It was all very well in the old days, when he bought largely of a particular vintage. He had the wine safe in the docks. If he did not sell it he knew that it was getting better for keeping, and he had no duty to pay in the meantime. But it was quite a different thing with tea. He put the seed in the ground, and then there was, for ever so long, nothing but money out of pocket, for no other purpose

than to keep it there—not the money but the seed. She had never seen anything come of this tea, and she didn't expect she ever would; and what was to become of them all she should very much like to know?

Our respectable friend Simpkin, I must say to his credit, listened to these complaints with most respectful attention; and then, with an oracular manner which he has lately assumed with some success, he addressed the wife of his bosom as follows:—

“My dear Mary (Mrs. Simpkin, you remember, was christened in days before Heloises were invented), I am afraid that you do not do me justice in this matter. What would you say if I was to undertake to prepare our breakfast beverage one morning, and after putting in the requisite number of spoonfuls, was to deluge it with hot water, and pour it forth at once into the cups without giving it time to *stand*? You would say, I think,—and justly—that I was wasting the resources of the household, leaving the strength all in the teapot, and giving the breakfast party a miserable beverage—all because I lacked the patience to wait. My dear, this is exactly what too many persons do in this country when engaged in commercial speculation. They pour out their business before it is strong enough. Now, of all other commercial speculations, tea is exactly the one which will not admit of the practice. It requires to be kept a long time in the pot—so to speak—before it has drawn sufficiently to realize. I am not exaggerating when I say that three years is necessary for the purpose; but after that period it keeps developing, and the brew that it produces is marvellous for its strength and quantity.”

This strongly personal argument appeared to satisfy the lady to whom it was addressed; and Simpkin, you

know, is quite right—thanks of course to my training—and I am very glad to say that I have a small share in his business without having had any money to put down, which is not very wonderful considering that I never had any money to put up.

Clarence Simpkin, I am sorry to say, does not take to tea, and there is only one branch of agriculture for which he seems to have any aptitude. This is one in which people are never in a hurry to realize. Indeed whenever the crop comes up the period is generally considered too soon. Of course I mean wild oats. This year we have had racing down in the valley, and our young friend has been more than ever conspicuous in the sporting world. But, as is the case with a great many young sportsmen, especially those who are their own jockeys, he pays more attention to his boots than his book, and his horses, which have a tremendous reputation in the stable, always manage to break down on the course. But he is happy, and so long as cash or credit last, will continue to be so. He has a great idea that he is destined one day to marry a large fortune, and so settle his debts and himself at the same time. So, impressed with the belief that faint heart never won fair lady, and that a wife, though not always to be had for asking, is most certainly not to be had without, he casts a line into almost every female fishery that he comes across; and even his written matrimonial proposals (on the chance of money, though I am bound to say that when the lady is particularly pleasing he is very apt to give her the benefit of the doubt) would be sufficient to line the trunks of all the newly married couples from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin for the next ten years to come. Fortunately for him either the ladies or their families usually give him his *jawab*, either thinking he

is "only in fun," or objecting to the state of his exchequer. Of course he is in an occasional row, either through being refused or being accepted, the latter being the more embarrassing position of the two; for it has always happened that when successful, there are very good reasons why he should not follow up his success.

The state and prospects of Miss Heloise are less easy to describe; for it would be really very difficult to guess what are her intentions in the course of life to which she appears to have given herself up. Everybody agrees that she is a wonderfully fine girl, and she is certainly a celebrity here. She dresses, dances, and rides, to the admiration of the one sex and the envy of the other; has about three offers a week during the season, and might have been married over and over again had she so chosen. Her worthy parents, not very acute in such matters, fancy that she fails to "fix" her admirers, but this is by no means the case; and my own impression is that she has some love that she has never told, though it cannot be said that she lets concealment play any poetical pranks with her complexion. However, whether her object be to forget or to remember, she succeeds most completely in diverting suspicion from the reality, and in the meantime in diverting herself to a very considerable extent indeed. It is under her leadership that the spinsters—or "spins" as they are still termed by irreverent youth—have succeeded in emancipating themselves this season from parental control, give parties without any reference to papa and mamma, and even moonlight pic-nics from which all married persons and chaperons are rigorously excluded. I hear you are writing "a novel of Indian Society." If so you must take care not to mention this little matter; as people here are furious

at anything like "drawing the veil from the sanctity of private life," and most uncomfortably touchy at the "libels upon Indians" circulated by some writers at home. At any rate, if you do, don't give me as your authority, or I shall be eaten up alive. I must confess though that I cannot see why Indians should be so sensitive upon the score of satire, considering how little mercy society at home receives from novelists and fast writers. And after all, half the scandals that occur here are as much a reproach to England as to India. If anything goes wrong with people who have spent their lives in this country, of course England has nothing to do with it; but the majority of persons are continually passing backwards and forwards; and, especially when people fresh out from home misconduct themselves, I see no reason on earth for fixing the obloquy upon India any more than upon Dublin or Dover, or any other place where they may happen to be quartered. However, I will not, as the lady says in the comedy, begin to moralize, and forget that I am among friends.

Among the Simpkin family the member—if I may so call her—who has made most progress is Miss Simpkin's maid. She has had her little sentimental trials like her mistress, and at one time was content to form a lowly alliance in the barracks. But a tropical sun is peculiarly favourable to the plant called ambition, and her views have undergone a forcing process which has increased their growth immensely. She will not now look at a non-commissioned officer or a clerk, and woe be to the ensign who has the "imperance" to address her. I believe she has determined to marry nobody under the rank of a judge or a general—and, considering some recent examples, she need not quite despair of getting

one or the other. Generals indeed are so plentiful up here that "nobody in particular—only a general," has become a familiar saying in funny circles of society. Mary Jane too, I am bound to say, has improved greatly in person and deportment, and an educational course gained by glimpses of good manners and much reading of novels, is doing wonders for her.

For myself I still continue to enjoy good health and sick leave, and flatter myself that I shall not be ordered back to my regiment until I get a staff appointment which will take me away from it altogether. If not I am sufficiently high up on the list of captains to be worth buying out. I suppose your three years are nearly up, and that we shall see you out here one of these days. I forget where your regiment is just now, but as you have hitherto made a point of not being with it, I conclude that you are not going to change your plans at this time of day. I hear that you are employing all your energies while at home in "developing the resources" of India; that you are developing your own resources also is the sincere wish of

Your faithful friend,

J. R.

18.

*From Mrs. Simpkin, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains, India,
to Miss Grimalkin, Boulogne, sur-mer, France, near
England.*

MY DEAR SISTER—At last we have got over the worry of this long journey, which has been nearly too much for me, and are settled down in a place where we may unpack our things with a prospect of being able to

keep them in chests of drawers instead of trunks for some time to come. It would make you cry with vexation to see the ruination that has been going on in our clothes since we came to this country. My best things are all moth eaten, or covered with a crust made by the white ants; all the linen, except what has been lost—and that may be just as bad, and I hope it is,—is in holes, done in the washing, and the mending necessary would take a whole winter of long evenings. However, I will not trouble you with these matters. I hope you are more content with your single blessedness than you used to be, for I don't suppose you are likely to do anything in the shape of a match among the disreputable people you have chosen to go and live among. I don't know the place, except by passing through it, and don't want to, that's more; and I think that, though younger than me, you are old enough to know better than to have anything to do with it. But I suppose you still expect to meet with what you call a "congenial soul," though, as Clarence says, he is most likely to turn up in the shape of a French officer with nothing to do but to rattle five sous in a pair of preposterous pantaloons. But just as you like; whatever you do won't make much difference to us out here, as I suppose it is not very probable that any of us will ever see you again. We are not likely to return to London in a hurry, and I suppose you have no idea of trying your chances out here—which, indeed, I would not advise you to do, as there are no chances to try, as far as *you* are concerned.

Our affairs are very promising. Simpkin turns out not such a fool after all. Travel, or something else, has brightened him up. And really a great deal of what I used to consider mere speechifying on his part, turns

out to be very good sense. At any rate his ideas have not ruined us as yet, as I fully expected they would. He has got a very good estate, and tea coming up on it which is better than I used to give seven shillings a pound for in England, and so strong as to bear almost any amount of water. He will soon begin to make money very fast. Clarence, too, is going to marry an heiress, only he hasn't found one to have him yet, and meantime, though he is rather expensive, and borrows a great deal of money from the housekeeping of me, unknown to his father, he is quite a credit to the family, going about as he does with all the *young bloods*, and *sprigs of aristocracy*, who abound here, and are not in the least proud, as we used to think in England that they were, only we didn't know any, except that young *honourable* who owed Simpkin so much money for wine, and who always dropped in to dine with us *in a friendly way* whenever his bill had been sent in. But this is neither here nor there, and it isn't my fault if Simpkin was so weak as to lend him money besides, and lose every farthing of it when the young man became insolvent.

Heloise also is carrying on in a manner that makes us proud, because it is just the way to get herself well married, which is of course the great object of a parent's life, as you would know if you could by any possibility find yourself in that position. She has already had several offers, but nothing has come of them. I think this time, however, she is all right. Her present admirer is none of your young fools who never have any money, but a man at a reputable period of life—almost as old as Simpkin—and a major-general in the army—though having no duty to do, being in a corps called the *Invalids*, where officers go for the benefit of their health, and

indeed this kind of service does seem to restore them wonderfully.

The general is here morning, noon, and night, and nothing can be more devoted than his demeanour. To me he is always respectful and attentive, as befits a person in the position which he will possibly assume towards me. Indeed he devotes more of his time to me, perhaps, than to my daughter, which is quite the style, you know, of the *old régime*, a country you are aware in which *young ladies* were made to keep their place until they got married, when I suppose they did much as they like, as they do now. But never for a moment has their been anything in his manner which could lead me to doubt the direction of his advances. And Heloise, as if already aware of his sentiments, is so frank and confiding with him that, I more than ever congratulate myself upon the excellence of her education, which has given her such good sense. It is true that she does flirt not a little with other gentlemen, but that is such a common thing here as to be scarcely deserving of notice—and what does it matter, after all, so that the general does not mind it, and she gives him proper encouragement? The general, I should have told you before, is immensely rich, or at any rate *has the reputation* of being so; for besides the *pay of his rank*, he has laid by a great deal, and has investments in many mercantile speculations. He is quite a man of business in fact, and as such has gained the confidence of Peter in no small degree. He is rather advanced in years, as I hinted to you, but that is no objection among the aristocracy where we *now* live, and move, and have our being. Besides it is not his fault if he has passed so many years before meeting with an object worthy to fix his affections. I am sure *I* was long enough, as you all

used to remark, before I met Simpkin, and *you*—but I will not further allude to what *by this time* must be a painful subject. Besides, no man can be more anxious than he is to make up for any little ravages that time has been able to inflict. He is a little stout, perhaps, to appear to advantage in a shell jacket—which he still insists upon wearing in the evening—but he assures me that he is *bringing himself down* rapidly with claret—a very reducing wine in this country, especially when you take a great deal of it, as some people do. His hair is getting thin on the top of his head, but it still retains its colour, as well as his whiskers and moustache, which may be attributable to a native preparation which he gets from his barber, for his servant told my (native) maid, who told me, that about once in ten days or so he always has some mysterious stuff applied to it, and goes about for half the day with his face tied up in leaves. If this be so, all the more to his credit, say I. It shows a proper respect for my daughter, which her mother should be the last person to complain of. I think it also a great mark of attention that he has sent to Calcutta for some new teeth, with regard to which, however, he was cruelly served. The travelling agent of a dentist in that city came up here, after a great flourish in the up-country papers for a month before of his intended visit. He put up at the hotel, and sent bills all over the place to say that he would stay only a fortnight, and was ready to attend to anybody's teeth in the meantime. As such an opportunity seldom occurs but once in the season, everybody who had, or fancied they had, anything the matter with their teeth, went to him at once, and among them the dear old general. The dentist began by condemning eleven of the front teeth, top and bottom, and the general consented to have new ones

put in. He was quite in spirits at the idea, and when the dentist offered to draw the old ones of course made no objection. But when the old ones were drawn there came no new ones to put in, and then the wretch said, that they must be made in Calcutta. So there was the poor general left without his teeth, while the order was despatched to a distance of twelve thousand miles. But this was not all. In three weeks time, when the teeth were declared to be ready (the dentist having in the meantime departed on his tour) the firm wrote to demand the money in advance, and such a preposterous price they charged you can't think! About six times as much as the things could be got for by anybody on the spot! But they had their customer in their power, and were determined to make the most of him. The general, who to do him justice, never likes parting with his money, wrote and remonstrated, but the delay was too much for him to endure. He soon paid the amount, and got the teeth very punctually. They made him look beautiful—so white under his black moustache—though they whistled a little when he talked, and wicked people used to laugh, and say that he ought to have them put into tune now and then, like a musical instrument. I mention this incident as a warning to you my dear sister—your teeth I remember were fast going when I was in England—never to allow any practitioner to take away a *single tooth* unless he shows that he has another to put in its place, and always to agree upon the price beforehand. But it is a long time before one becomes a match for all the tricks one is exposed to in this country, especially from Europeans, who are rather worse than the natives in this respect.

I am not much given to letter-writing, so I hope you will excuse a short epistle. When you answer this,

send me some French fashions, and especially patterns that I can have made up here. We have several milliners in this place, who sell everything by the way—including wine, brandy, and cigars, without which articles of commerce nobody would think of opening a shop, or “store,” as it is called here—of any description. I am always suspicious therefore of the Paris goods, and fancy the last batch of bonnets is not of what Peter calls the right “brand.” Yet nothing is to be got in that way under five pounds. Sleeves I see are not so tight as they were. Peter says he wishes he could say the same of the money market.

Your affectionate sister,

M. T.

19.

From Clarence Simpkin, Esq., Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains, to Adolphus Sparks, Esq., London.

DEAR A.—This comes hoping that you are a great deal less hard up than it leaves me at present. I am sorry to say that I have nearly come to the end of my pecuniary tether, and must soon either marry or smash. The former alternative is not half so easy as I supposed, that is to say, if money be the object; for India is a place where women make an absurd stand upon their own merits, and heiresses are things only read of in books. The governor's allowance, though not illiberal, is a mere drop in the ocean. It has been anticipated over and over again, and goes as soon as received in paying off loans to the banks. The loan arrangement is a very delightful one until you have to pay. Nothing can be more easy than getting the money. Any three of us are quite sufficient. Let us say that Captain

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Shabrack, the Hon. Dolman, and myself, all happen to want money at the same time, which not unfrequently happens. The banks will always lend it on our joint names, two of us being security for the third, who is the nominal borrower. The money is forthcoming almost immediately, but it has to be paid back in monthly instalments. If one can't meet these, another must, and if neither of us can, the thing of course becomes a bore. However, I have carried through tolerably well as yet, and in fifteen or sixteen years, if I could go on paying, should be quite clear. My object in the meantime is to marry, as I have told you, and I suppose I shall do so in the long run, only if I could manage to do it in the short run it would be much more convenient.

But I will not now bore you with my own affairs, preferring to give you some news of my people here. Compared with me everybody is in a flourishing condition. The governor is really making a good thing of tea, and mamma is in a high state of dignity and satisfaction at the importance of the position which he has gained, which she assures us is all through his having taken her advice. My only fear is for Heloise. She is really a most creditable person to have for a sister, and ought to make a first-rate match. But I must confess I am not satisfied with the match that appears in prospect. The *pretender* at present is an old general (Major-general Haggles of the Invalids) a man with scarcely a tooth in his head, except those for which he is indebted to the dentist, (not in a pecuniary sense, however, for to keep his mouth in commission he was made to pay through the nose) and with rich purple whiskers, for which he is indebted to native science. Haggles is old, but that is not the worst of it. He is an old screw. Not being

in active service, he can do much as he likes in the way of trading, and he likes to do very shy things sometimes. He buys houses right and left, and he owns, I believe, the racket court, the assembly rooms, the theatre, every public subscription place he can lay his hands upon, and I should not be at all surprised to hear one day that he had bought up the club. As it is, he has nearly everybody in the station "on his books," and is as particular in getting his money in as the most grasping *sadaroga*. He holds shares, I believe, in every bank in the country, and can do things in horses which would astonish your weak nerves. What with one investment and the other he is always down upon somebody, and getting fellows into scrapes. He has been the cause of no end of courts martial, and generally smashes his man; for it is really difficult to keep within the vexatious limits necessary for the "character of an officer and a gentleman," in one's dealings with him. There are always at least six rows in a season, of which he is directly or indirectly the cause. Of course he is rolling in rupees, and in this respect would be a most desirable match; but I can't fancy selling my sister to him for all that. Nor would I give my consent to any proceeding of the kind, notwithstanding the evident bias of papa and mamma in his favour, but for one little circumstance which takes the wind out of my sails. Heloise appears not at all averse to him. Indeed she favours him decidedly. What the deuce then am I to do, except be disgusted and hold my tongue? I would borrow money of him of course by way of revenge; but unfortunately two parties are always necessary to pecuniary transactions, and although I would willingly be one, nothing is more certain than the fact that he would not be the other. Moreover he does not like me on

general grounds. I belong to a set—Shabrack, Dolman, Busby, and the rest—who are always badgering him, and writing squibs about him in the local journals; and I know he suspects me of the authorship of that last thing in the Meerut paper, in which he was trotted out in a merciless manner. The fact is that the verses in question were written by a certain *burra beebie*, or great lady, who happened to be here, assisted by one of her husband's aide-de-camps.

This writing to the papers, by the way, is capital fun, so long as you have them on your own side. Nearly everybody does it; and this being the case, I don't think it quite fair for those who get hit a little hard now and then, to write home and complain of the "personalities of the Indian press." The papers in India—the provincial ones more especially—are mainly dependant upon their correspondents for news, which is a commodity not to be purchased as in England. These correspondents are of every class: government house and head quarter's people sometimes; judges, generals, officers, civil and military of all ranks, down to *keranees* or clerks, *et hoc genus omne*. You may be sure that these people do not communicate intelligence without having their fling more or less upon the subjects which it suggests. The consequence is, that public men being tolerably well known, personally, to the public, the discussions occasionally get a great deal too familiar; but after all very little bad feeling is shown, and not worse taste, even upon trying occasions, than is occasionally manifested by the press at home. Some people say that the editors ought to resist this tendency on the part of the Indian public. What the editors say is that when they do nobody thanks them; those who applaud their endeavours give them but cold support, while the

majority denounce their squeamishness as mere milk and water cant that can come to no good. There is only one paper in the country which systematically rejects original gossip, and this is a weekly publication which is not read for current news, though it carefully collects whatever is interesting from its contemporaries. But although it does not collect current news of an ordinary character, it has an old-established reputation for exclusive official intelligence which people have learned to look for in its columns ; so that, apart from the ability with which it has generally been conducted, the special advantages which it enjoys remove it from the ordinary category. In spite of all difficulties, however, the " tone " of the Indian press has greatly improved of late years, since the form of government has become popularized and the governors have become reconciled to a little publicity ; and now that Englishmen are crowding into India on all sides, and the resources of the country are really being developed, we may expect a still further improvement. The fact is, when the Indian papers have enough of public matters, in which the interests of the majority of their readers are concerned, to occupy them, they will neither have time nor inclination for the discussion of less important and more personal topics. All this, you should understand, comes from the governor. I don't trouble myself much about such matters, and never read the papers unless I hear that somebody is being squibbed or abused. But the governor was discussing the subject with the old general the other day, and I thought what he said was quite just, and so give you the benefit of it.

You should have been here at the races the other day down in the Doon : the course is the prettiest in the world, surrounded by an ampitheatre of hills which

give it, as the ladies declare, *quite* a romantic appearance. There is, of course, a Grand Stand and all the rest of the business. The sporting world mustered this year in great force, and included some of the best racing men going, of whom I will only mention —— of the Hussars and —— of the Dragoon Guards. The horseflesh was of a highly creditable character, and the running was generally first chop. A great deal of money changed hands as usual, but none of it, as usual, found its way into mine. I ran one horse which I had just bought and not paid for; he was a beautiful fellow, but broke down disastrously at the last moment. I had set all my hopes, and what is worse—made up my book, on the chance of his winning, as I don't see the fun of running a horse without backing him, especially when one has bought him on purpose. However, but for the money it would be almost as much fun losing as winning—the excitement, indeed, in the former case is greater; and after all excitement is the great object of sport. Looking at the matter in that light, therefore, I may be considered to have come off a winner to a considerable extent. I thought the preparations for the racing, too, almost as good as the racing itself. Nearly all the sporting world turned out every morning at five o'clock to see the exercising round the course, and from seven to eight there was a general gathering at the bungalow of a man who hung out "doctors." Don't suppose for an instant that he suspended medical practitioners before his gates; I merely mean that he supplied a refreshment which is called by that name on account of its sustaining qualities. A great scene it was as you may imagine:—the compound or enclosure in which the bungalow stands filled with horses and tats, all held by the native grooms, while the riders

mustered under the verandah, where a long table was spread dedicated to the "doctors." Ranged at intervals along the table were huge punch-bowls, borrowed from the hotel, and dishes full of innumerable eggs, also large jugs of fresh milk, and bottles of brandy and sherry. There were a dozen men employed in making the doctors, and this is how they set about it:—To make one big bowl of the stuff you take, say, twenty eggs, separate the yolks carefully from the whites, and while one fellow beats the former well together another fellow beats the latter still better together, that is to say, until the white becomes a complete froth and as solid as snow; the yolks are then poured into the bowl, with a certain proportion of pounded loaf sugar and glasses of brandy or sherry according to taste. The bowl is then nearly filled with the fresh (goat's) milk, and to crown the concoction the froth is added, which gives to the whole very much the appearance of the snowy range of the Himalayas, especially when lit up by the slanting rays of the early sun, which is apt in India to intrude into even the best regulated verandahs. The compound is then ladled out into tumblers, and drunk at discretion if not always with it. Its effect, after a gallop in the morning air, or without the gallop, for men are not particular one way or other, is most invigorating, and it is generally considered that if this kind of doctor does not set a man up it is of no use to call in another. To fellows who have been "up" the night before it is especially recommended, and as most of the fellows had, its appropriateness was very general. After a dose or two from the above prescription, he must be difficult to please indeed who has not a happy canter back again to his bath and his breakfast.

Going to the races in India is not very much like

going to the races at home. To "our" race course in the Doon people turned up from different directions, so that there was no thronged road, and no "chaff" of the promiscuous passenger. All the Mussoorieites who were able had come "down the hill" a few days before, and the hotel and every accessible private house were full to the ceiling. But of course a large number came down only just in time, and so swelled the crowd with new faces; and some of us of course gave a description of them in our reports to the north-west papers, not as they were, proceeding on tats or in *jam-pans*, but as they ought to be, in the style of *Bell's Life*. "From the first appearance of bright Phoebus, that early-rising god," said one of these veracious chronicles, "the road from Mussoorie to the race-course was literally blocked up with every description of vehicle. From the sporting drag covered with tip-top swells, and drawn by four spanking tits, to the Hansom cab of the solitary fast-man who had lost his party; from the nobleman's barouche, with its fair occupants, and hampers suggestive of Fortnum and Mason, to the donkey cart of the sporting costermonger, every class of society, and every description of vehicle was represented by the hundred; and of course, as there was no Cock at Sutton, there was a general stoppage for refreshment at the half-way house of the hospitable beak,"—and so forth, in a strain of facetiousness which you may easily imagine. The "hospitable beak" referred to was the magistrate of the district, who of course had a house full on the occasion, and who was the owner of one of the winning horses.

It was really a brilliant scene, the ground at four o'clock in the day, when the sun was bright without being hot, and tiffin being over, we were bright without

being hungry. The grand stand was packed with ladies, as you may suppose, and all people acquainted with one another; for the races are after all a regular family arrangement, got up for our own amusement, without any regard to the public. Even the jockeys were men of the set, all gentlemen riders of course, and great fun they made of their riding sometimes. There were several first-rate jockeys among them, and I am bound to say that no bad ones mounted at all; but one or two spoiled their chances by taking too much lobster salad at tiffin, which made them uncertain in their saddles. One fellow, in a cavalry regiment not uncelebrated in Europe, made himself particularly conspicuous by his insane mode of managing matters. He was really too far gone to be trusted, and would not have been trusted at all, only he rode his own horse, and insisted upon trusting himself. So in he went, for a hurdle race, leaving his property, consisting principally of horses, rifles, and a balance of five rupees twelve annas, which he believed he had with his agents, to his friends before he started, as he said he didn't expect to come out of the business alive, and had only one wish associated with existence, which was, to dine with the fellows at the club in the evening. Fortunately his worst fears were not realized, for he came down at the second hurdle, not on the same side with his horse, which went off somewhere in the direction of Caubul, and was picked up as brisk as a bee, to dine at the club according to his desire, and enjoy himself to his heart's content.

After the regular races there were several of an irregular character, such as that for the "cheroot stakes," in which the riders all smoked, and were not held to win unless they kept alight; and another, in which

they appeared in ladies' bonnets, and carrying parasols. This kind of thing gave an agreeable diversity to the proceedings, and brought the evening to a brilliant close. Of course the sport was carried on for the regular number of days, and each was considered better than the preceding. The ordinary was held in a tent, in the compound of the hotel, and the lotteries were rare fun, and distinguished by an amount of speculation such as it would do your heart good to behold. I always drew the wrong horses, but enjoyed myself nevertheless, as I always do. Next year I hope to have better luck, but can scarcely expect to have more amusement. Give my love to all the fellows who ask after me, except Scimp the tailor: if *he* does, say you think I have gone to Australia. There was a little balance against me in his books, which I didn't like to mention to the governor before I left England.

Your sincere friend,

C. S.

20.

*From Mrs. Simpkin, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains, Asia,
to Miss Grimalkin, Boulogne sur Mer, Europe.*

MY DEAR SISTER—I write to tell you of a shameful humiliation to which we have been subjected. That Mary Jane, whom we brought out with us, has done nothing but give herself stuck up airs ever since she came to this country. From first to last her course has been nothing but one of increased assumption. First she left off caps, I didn't much mind that, especially considering the heat. Then she took to dressing herself in an unbecoming manner, that is to say, as much like me and Heloise as her income would permit, and this

not being enough for her purpose she struck for more. Well, we raised her wages; and even this I did not think very unreasonable in a country where *even trades-people* keep carriages, and drink champagne. But would you believe it? After this she refused to dress either me or Heloise, declaring that she would no longer act as a *menial servant*; so we had to content ourselves with a couple of native women in her place, who were always smoking hookahs in the cook-room when they were wanted, and who cleaned themselves for the afternoon by rubbing themselves over with cocoa-nut oil—the effect upon the nose being such that “smell” was no name for it. Mary Jane then took up a position as a kind of companion or housekeeper, and performed her duties by shutting herself up in her own room away from everybody, and leaving the house to keep itself. All this was very exasperating, but she had been so long in the family, that neither Simpkin nor myself had the heart to get rid of her, and so she has stayed on ever since, more like a friend or relation than anything else. Since we have been up in the hills her conduct has grown more and more unbearable, and if our family were *inferior people*, depending upon her for our subsistence, she could scarcely conduct herself more haughtily. First of all she annoyed us very much by her *goings on* with men, and I told her once that like too many girls of her age, she was *men-mad*. She has grown more particular, however, of late; has thrown over all her friends in *low life*; and has been very quiet under the evident impression that she would make a *great match*. And the minx has not been so far out after all, for, what do you think? I told you all about the old general, who was paying attention to Heloise. I found her yesterday out walking with him in a most

loving manner: they had been on an excursion, had had lunch together, and when I saw them from my *jampan* they had dismissed their bearers, and were walking home arm in arm, in the most brazen manner possible. Of course I stopped and confronted them, and what do you think the hussey did, but laughed in my face, said that it was all arranged with the general, they were going to be married that day week, and should not fail to send me cards. Not trusting myself even to look at the creature, I turned to the general, who had always conducted himself in a *most perfectly gentlemanlike* manner to me, and from whom I expected at any rate the courtesy due to a *British mother-in-law* that was expected to be. And to do him justice, he was not at all offensive in his manner, though I thought there was something mocking in his style, when he said: "My dear madam, I must ask your pardon for this little *ruse*; all is fair you know in love and war. I must now confess that the object which I had—apart from the pleasure of the society of your family, which I hope I shall always enjoy—was to make the acquaintance of your friend [my friend indeed!] Miss Patten. In this object I have succeeded, and so well, that this estimable young lady has this day consented to be my partner for life, I sincerely trust with your concurrence, and that of my worthy friend Simpkin."

This was too much for my temper, which a hot climate makes irritable sometimes.

"And how about my daughter, Sir?" I asked, "my daughter, whose feelings you have trifled with for this month past, and who has before her nothing but a future of sorrow and humiliation, for which there can be no adequate compensation, pecuniary or otherwise." I took these last expressions from the speech of a

counsel in a breach of promise case which I had been reading in the morning, and thought they would do very well, although nothing had been said about compensation as yet. But it seemed that my sagacity was to be of no avail.

"As regards Miss Simpkin," said the general with a smile, in which I could not but see the minx at his side was more than half-disposed to join, "You need be under no fear; that young lady has been in my secret all along. She frankly told me that my attentions to her would be mere waste of time, and upon my making her acquainted with the real direction of my affections, she entered readily into the little plot, and I am certain will be very sorry to find that by so doing she has incurred your displeasure."

What was I to answer to this? I scarcely knew what I said. I know I left them to continue their walk, and told my bearers to take me home as fast as they could. Peter was fortunately in the verandah, sitting in a rocking chair, smoking a cheroot and reading the newspaper. Would you believe it? He laughed when I told him about my discovery, of the perfidy of which we had been made the victim. "It is our own fault," he said, "for desiring a son-in-law nearly as old as ourselves, and we have been very properly punished. And after all the general is much better mated, if he must have a young wife, with a girl like Mary Jane, who will feel herself honoured by the alliance, and bear with all his old Indian eccentricities, than with one like Heloise, who would expect him to make an appearance in society where one can but see he would be out of place."

Well, Peter has proved himself so sound in judgment in many ways of late, quite contrary to my expecta-

tions, that I thought I would give him the benefit of the doubt in the present case. Besides, as he very truly said—what was to be done in the matter? We could not pretend that Heloise had been trifled with, and by making any noise on the subject we should only get ourselves laughed at. So what did we do but go into the house, and finding Heloise in the drawing room (after reproaching her *just a little* for her undutiful conduct) concocted, with her assistance, a note to the general, in which we said that we were delighted to hear of his engagement, and hoped that he would accompany Mary Jane back to dinner at eight o'clock. We sent off the note immediately by a chuprassy, and received, in half an hour, a "*bohut, bohut salaam,*" which, under the circumstances, might be understood to mean that he would come. Mary Jane had returned in the meantime, and had barricaded the room for fear of consequences. Heloise went to explain matters to her, and soon afterwards we heard the general's pony bounding up the steep pathway leading to the house, as if he was carrying nothing heavier than a child. I thought he would have bolted into the drawing-room by the windows, but the general managed to pull him up, and then we had quite a little scene and as pleasant a dinner party as I ever had in my life. The wedding was fixed for that day week, and the general said he should *engage* the assembly rooms (as if they were not his own property!) for the breakfast, to which it was arranged that the whole of the society of the station should be invited.

We are all quite pleased, somehow, as if a piece of good fortune had befallen us, which Peter says, in his sanguine way, the marriage may really turn out to be. I am more than ever charmed with the delightful place

in which we have taken up our residence: we have a very nice house called "Alma," (all the houses here are called by *such* romantic names!) situated in the midst of a very pretty garden, which is tolerably level itself, though you have to climb a great deal to get at it. The air is so clear and cold that you may go out in it much as you would in England; and while it feels like winter it looks like summer, all the trees and flowers being in full leaf and bloom, which indeed most of them are from one year's end to the other; and the sky is of a beautiful blue such as you seldom see in the plains, where it is too light to shew much colour. The climate, in fact, is infinitely superior to that of England, and if you would come out here—but I must not allow my spirits to carry me too far. I shall be always happy to hear of your welfare, and remain,

Your affectionate Sister,

M. T.

21.

From Miss Heloise Simpkin, Mussoonrie, to Miss Myrtle, London.

I HAVE great news for you this time—two marriages. One to be sure is only that of my maid Mary Jane, but we take a great interest in her and, she is now almost like one of the family. The hero of the other is my brother Clarence. The first is to come; the second is a *fait accompli*. I suppose I must congratulate my brother upon the event, though the lady is decidedly older than he is. But she is a very nice person, and is very rich, so that Clarence will now be able to pay all his bills, which have been *increasing dreadfully* of late, so much

so that papa tells me poor Clarence would have found himself in a most *painful position* but for this event. Moreover, the lady is one of those persons who are determined to rule in their own house, and will keep Clarence in order, which I fear is very much required in his case, for he has *great spirits*, and is apt, as you know, to be wild. Mary Jane has made what I must call, for her, a splendid match, that is, she will make it in a few days, everything being settled, even to the purchase of the *trousseau*.

And now I know you will ask why it is that I—but still I don't know that you should ask anything of the kind. Surely one may refuse offers if one pleases, even though the persons happen to be eligible and agreeable. Really it seems to me that one must like a person very much before one can marry him; and for my part, but what am I saying? Well, I will tell you, in the *strictest confidence* of course, that there is only one person who—well you know what I mean—and he is of a *position in life* which renders it almost impossible that we should ever meet again. And yet I cannot help hoping against hope, that there may be *some mystery* connected with him, and that something may happen some day, in fact, which will place him in a different relation towards me. But this is mere nonsense you will say, and I feel that it is, and yet I cannot bring myself to shut out all chance, and devote my life to any other person with whom I have yet been acquainted. It is only to you that I would tell this. Mamma and papa have *no idea* of my secret, nor has Clarence, nor has anybody in fact. So do not, dear, breathe it to a *living being*. I can write no more upon this painful subject, so must content myself with a very short letter.

H. S.

22.

*From Captain Racketts, Mussoorie, Himalaya Mountains, to
Captain Ardent, London.*

DEAR A.—I have another yarn for you. Not a long one this time, but the main piece of news I have to tell will please you, not only because you are a friend of the Simpkin family, but because it tends to your advantage, as I think you told me that you were under some pecuniary liabilities on account of Clarence, who never has been able to manage his own affairs, and I fancy never will. However, it is most likely that he will be under no such necessity for the future, for he is at last engaged to be married to a person who will take the duty off his hands. This time, it seems, he has not been “barking up the wrong tree,” or “waking up the wrong passenger,” as the Yankees say; but I have every reason to believe—I am certain in fact—that the party is an eligible one as far as money is concerned. For the rest she is not of first-class family, but that doesn't matter. Clarence isn't either if you come to that, only one doesn't say so to him in so many words. Her history may be briefly told, as the novelists say. She was born of poor but respectable parents. Left an orphan at an early age, she was thrown upon the cold world, which she did not make too hot to hold her, as some persons do under similar circumstances, but behaved very well, and got an appointment as nursery governess in a gentleman's family. This gentleman, a rich old civilian, who had been married before, or he would not have wanted a nursery governess, made her his lawful spouse, and on his death bequeathed a fortune far be-

yond what most men manage to accumulate, even in the civil service. It is whispered that she made him marry her by taking a dose of port wine and water (under the name of laudanum) and declaring her intention to die for his sake, which so frightened him, that he asked her to live for his sake instead, which she did with great punctuality. But this is neither here nor there. Neither Clarence nor any of the family ever heard the story, which may be true or may be false. I believe she will be a very good match. She is not quite young certainly, but is comely and very well preserved, and with her money might marry almost anybody she pleased. She is one of the latest arrivals here for the season, and has already taken a great fancy for Clarence, which he has met more than half way, as you may suppose. He really seems to be quite in earnest, and it is time that he was, for he is engaged if ever man was. The thing is to be done on the quiet, however. Clarence is not afraid of his family, who would be glad to see him so well provided for; but the lady is desperately modest (a Widow Maloneish kind of shyness I take it) of making another marriage before all the world, and insists upon an elopement. So it is agreed that they are to run away quietly down to the valley, and there be united as soon as the license can be got from Calcutta. As nobody is likely to pursue them of course the elopement will be deprived of half its charm; but both are quite reconciled to the neglect, and I have no doubt that events will turn out as if made to order. I am to be best man of course, and Clarence will be under a perpetual obligation to me for helping him to pay his debts.

Yours sincerely.

C. R.

23.

From the same to the same.

Here is another budget of news for you, connected with the Simpkin family, with a little in addition about myself. Yesterday was most certainly an eventful day in our annals. It was the wedding-day of the old general and Miss Mary Jane Patten, and great were the preparations made for the event. Everybody had been invited, as was arranged, and Fortune made every show of smiling upon the happy pair. But very often we find that Fortune seems to smile when she only grins. But I must not anticipate.

All the more intimate friends of the family assembled at the Simpkins' to accompany them to church, where the remainder were to join. Radiant was the appearance of the party as you may suppose. The master of the house was imposing and important in make up and manner, as befitted the solemnity of the occasion. Its mistress surpassed herself in sumptuousness of toilette, and I believe entertained the firm belief that she looked like a peeress in her own right. Miss Heloise was a wonderfully successful exhibition, and the bride herself looked so well, that one could scarcely believe her to be the same Mary Jane who came out with us from Europe. The girl in fact—but I must not anticipate.

Well, to church the whole party proceeded, and there were assembled the remainder of the "everybody" of the place, including of course the happy bridegroom, who wore an old uniform and a new wig, the latter being so obliging as to take off some fifteen or twenty years from his age. The padre and all the rest were there in fact, and the ceremony was just about to begin, when—

I say the ceremony was only *about* to begin. The event which I have now to relate would be more dramatic if I had said that the ceremony had arrived at that point when the padre tells the company, if they have anything to say against the match to say it, or for ever after, &c. But I cannot sacrifice truth even for the sake of effect. The truth is this :—Mary Jane was just taking her place, and the general was just being pushed into his, neither of them knowing exactly where they were, I think, and the lady beginning to make portentous appeals to a bottle of salts, when, what do you think ?

A noise was heard of a new arrival. A palankeen had stopped at the door, not a *jam-pan* such as are ordinarily in use, but a kind of litter not unlike a bird-cage, covered with a canopy of red cloth, carefully curtained all round, so as to conceal the occupant. Out of this stepped a lady, who, with a solitary attendant of the same sex, made her way up the aisle. The sensation was tremendous, not so much because the new comer was a lady, but because she was a native lady. Yes, she was a native, on my honour. She was veiled, but not so closely as altogether to conceal her face, which appeared to be of a bright nut colour. Her eyes were large, black, and of an almond shape, and she appeared to have a pretty gold ornament let into one side of her nose. In this feature also was a large ring of the same material, and this caught in the veil with which she made an apparent attempt to conceal her countenance, and so enabled us to have a better view of her than we should otherwise have done. Her costume, in addition to the veil or *chudder*, which reached nearly to her feet, consisted of a very diminutive bodice, and a very open jacket over that, of some rich silk embroidered with

gold. There was a kind of vest also inside of some gauzy material. Below, her attire consisted of a pair of gauze pantaloons, with a broad edging of gold, with some signs of another pair under them of heavier material. She wore no shoes, her slippers being carried by her attendant, along with a hookah which she appeared to have just been smoking. Her bare feet, whose nails were tipped with a dye of some kind, pattered on the pavement as she tripped along, and the tinkling of the bangles which she wore upon her ankles kept time to her movements. I mention all these matters so that you may form an idea of the sensation which her presence created in the church.

Of course the ceremony was stopped, and all eyes were turned upon the unexpected visitor, who responded to the general curiosity only by making a show of drawing her *chudder* more closely over her face. Mary Jane did not wait for any explanation, but fainted off with the usual punctuality of her sex. The general looked utterly confounded and overwhelmed, but said nothing until the lady marched straight to his front and drew aside her veil, when he ejaculated "By Jove!" in a voice something like that of the late Mr. O. Smith, at the Adelphi, when he used to take leave of the rightful heir just before being carried off to execution.

To make a long story short, I will only give you a general idea of the explanation that followed. The *beebee*, it seems, was the general's wife whom he had left behind him at Delhi when he had to run from that place in 1857, and whom I really believe he thought to be dead. Like some other officers of the old school in India, he had fallen into a native alliance instead of a European one, and the lady in the pantaloons was no less his spouse than the respectable Mrs. Simpkin is

the spouse of her equally respectable husband. What was to be done? Everybody asked the question of everybody else, and nobody answered. What was *not* to be done, however, was more clear. The marriage could not be; so there was nothing for it but for everybody to go home again. The general, to do him justice, did not evince any great horror at taking his lady back to his bosom; he was more ashamed of being made the hero of the scene than of anything else. Nor, indeed, did there seem any reason why an admirer of oriental ladies should not be tolerably well contented. Although not in her first youth the *beebee* appeared to be not without beauty, and from her garb and bearing one might suppose her to be not without rank. At any rate the general put her into her palankeen with a very good grace, and dismissed her, I fancy, to his own dwelling. Returning then to Mary Jane, whom curiosity had by this time restored to her senses, he made his apologies with as little embarrassment as could be expected, though he was considerably fluttered it must be confessed. As for Mary Jane, she was more composed than might have been anticipated, though also in a flutter which rendered the bottle of salts absolutely necessary. But I could not but fancy that she was somewhat relieved when the general told Mr. Simpkin quietly, though in her hearing, that the settlement which he had made upon her—a very handsome one—he could not think of withdrawing, but hoped that she would retain.

Affairs were thus arranged more satisfactorily than we could have hoped under the circumstances; so well indeed, that Mr. Simpkin, in a brief address to the company, expressed his opinion that although there had been no wedding, that was no reason why there should

be no breakfast; he hoped, therefore, that everybody would return to that meal as previously arranged. Of course everybody said they would, with the exception of the general, restrained perhaps by delicacy, perhaps by a wish to rejoin the *beebee* of his earlier affections. We all said good bye to him, therefore, and made our way to the Assembly Rooms, and here another surprise (for some of us) was in waiting.

Clarence and his bride had just returned from their run-away trip, and the prodigal now sought the pardon of his parents, who, knowing the prudent nature of the match beforehand, gave their blessing to the pair with remarkable alacrity. There was no occasion for the fatted calf to be killed; for it was all ready laid out in the shape of "every delicacy of the season."

We were not destined, however, to sit down without another little adventure, involving so curious a coincidence, that had it occurred in a novel or a play, we should have declared it unnatural and "far fetched." Just as we were proceeding to the refreshment room a native servant made his *salaam* to Mr. Simpkin, and told him that the "chota magistrate sahib," had just arrived. This was another guest added to our number, the assistant magistrate of the station, who had been but just appointed, but who had left a card upon the Simpkins the day before, in time to receive an invitation. He was not known by sight to Mr. Simpkin, who, however, welcomed him with the lofty courtesy of the British gentleman, not apparently taking much notice of his appearance. But when the old gentleman turned round to present him to his wife and daughter it was plain that he was no stranger.

Heloise, who was fortunately in the vicinity of a sofa sunk upon that article of furniture, and if she did

not faint, as Mary Jane had done, appearances were very much in her favor.

Mrs. Simpkin appeared struck with astonishment, but soon recovered herself.

"You remember Mr. Dulcimer, Peter," she said with great dignity, turning to her husband.

"Dulcimer! of course I do," said that gentleman; then appearing to recollect farther, he looked as if he did not quite know whether he ought to be cordial or cold to his guest. Mr. Dulcimer was fortunately able to come to his own assistance; and after a short colloquy in a corner, the two returned, to the somewhat puzzled company, radiant with smiles and laughing heartily as if at some brilliant joke. There was no public explanation upon the point, but it "turned out" that this young man, whom I remembered presently myself, had come out from England by the same mail as the Simpkin family, with whom he had struck up a great friendship, until they took a fancy into their heads that he was an assistant at a milliner's shop, upon which they dropped him. The misconception, it seems, was caused by a hoax which he had played off upon the ladies, by pretending, upon one occasion, to belong to the establishment over which he lodged—whether in mere joke or with any deeper purpose I will not pretend to say. However, he seemed to be on excellent terms now with Miss Heloise in particular; and in such good spirits was everybody, that I should think a happier tiffin party than ours never spoiled their dinner. As for myself, I sat by the disappointed bride and did my best to console her, succeeding so well that you need not be surprised should you hear that she is not unlikely to have a husband after all.

Your sincere friend,

J. R.

24.

From Peter Simpkin, Esq., Mussoorie, to Captain Ardent, London.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to be able to inform you that my speculation here has answered exceedingly well, and that if it is still worth your while to act as my London agent I shall be very happy to continue our connexion on more advantageous terms. * * * I consider myself always indebted to you for the valuable advice which induced me to come out to this beautiful spot, which nothing but business in England shall induce me to quit. The climate of the hills is far finer than that of any part of the British Isles, and the opportunities for the advantageous employment of capital far beyond my expectations. I would not advise the labouring classes to come to India, as they go to Australia, but for a man with a little money it is a country where, with sobriety and industry (and some people manage without either), he may be almost certain to make a fortune. Colonization, in the ordinary sense of the word, may be considered impossible even if it were desirable; but there is no reason on earth why as many of our countrymen should not settle here as can command respectable positions; who can employ themselves in commerce, or follow agricultural or manufacturing pursuits. We do not want European labour, which can never compete with native labour in this climate; but we want European capital, European energy, and European honesty. I find that tea is at

present one of the best speculations going ; and cotton will be just as good directly there is an assured demand for it in England. There is no real ground for the prejudice against Indian cotton which has for so long prevailed in the home market. The finest kinds can be produced here, with care, as in the Southern States of America. It is in the preparation of the article that the difference consists ; and this, by the application of the European elements to which I have alluded above, may be made as perfect as in any other country. I am happy to say that the late policy of the government has been so much in favour of the British settler, that if he is unhappy for the future it will be only because he has nothing to complain of. The privilege of holding land in fee simple and of redeeming the land-tax by a capital payment are most valuable acquisitions, and the extension of the perpetual settlement, will be also productive of great benefit to all classes in this country. I look forward, indeed, to a splendid future for India, and I am glad to see one element of obstruction fast disappearing. I allude to the "antagonism of race." This has been productive of a great deal of harm hitherto. It is the fashion to abuse the old Company, but after all * * * [here Mr. Simpkin, apparently forgetting his liberal sentiments, falls into a series of contradictory reflections with which we will not trouble the reader. He continues as follows.]—

In conclusion I will briefly touch upon domestic matters. We have had three marriages here lately : first, that of my son, who is allied to a widow lady of a very eligible description, who has plenty of money for both of them, but keeps it entirely under her own control. Clarence, I am happy to say, cannot sign a cheque. He was a little chafed at the restriction at first, but submits

now with much docility, and the attention which he pays his wife is quite gratifying to behold. He goes nowhere without her, except occasionally to the club, from which I understand that he returns at very reasonable hours ; he never bets, and does nothing with horses except ride them ; at cards and billiards he may now and then indulge, but only for nominal stakes. He is quite another person in fact, so much so that his friends would scarcely know him—indeed some of them don't in consequence, for Shabrack, Busby, the Honorable Dolman, and the others of his former set, finding that they can get nothing more out of him, have avoided his society—a proceeding which has opened his eyes as to the sincerity of their friendship.

The next marriage on my list is that of my daughter. Her husband is the assistant magistrate of this place—a gentleman of great talent, who is certain to rise to the highest positions in the service. The attachment, I find, is of old standing, and the match may most certainly be pronounced a happy one.

Miss Mary Jane Patten, once a domestic servant in our establishment, has also formed a matrimonial alliance with no less a person than our mutual friend Racketts, who has been a most useful friend to us, and whom I am glad to find so well settled in life. For Mary Jane, I should tell you, through an accident which I need not detail, has come into a very nice little fortune which Racketts is very glad to divide with her. He has bought a four anna share out of it in my tea concern, and is rapidly becoming a rich man.

Thus you see, my dear sir, we are all very comfortably settled here ; and I can assure you that we have no hankering after the old country, where we had but few friends and were comparatively small people. In

the delicious climate in which we are now living, my wife and I get younger every day ; and we feel as if we were destined to realize the end of the people in the story books, and "live very happy ever after."

I am, yours faithfully,

P. SIMPKIN.

THE END OF VOL. I.

FLETCHER, PRINTER, NORWICH.

THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.

THE
GANGES AND THE SEINE:

SCENES ON THE BANKS OF BOTH.

"There is a river in Monmouth and there is a river in Macedon."
Captain Fluellen.

BY
SIDNEY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

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THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.

I.

THE BOULOGNE OF THE EAST.

IN Calcutta there are persons who do not pay their debts. In other places besides Calcutta there are also persons who do not pay their debts; but I think Calcutta has a pre-eminence in this particular. Taking those who are born to indebtedness, those who achieve indebtedness, and those who have indebtedness thrust upon them; those who would pay if they could, and those who could pay if they would; those who don't care how much they owe, and those who do care, but still manage to owe as much as those who don't;—taking every variety of debtors, I fancy that the non-paying class of the community will be found in greater proportion in Calcutta than in most other cities of the civilized world. That a great number of these do not pay, is simply the fault of their creditors; and the latter seem to thrive so well through being kept out of their money, that it is difficult to pretend to much pity for them. As for cash payments, so mechanical an arrangement appears to be generally spurned. Tradesmen do not desire it, and the public, to do them justice,

accept the contrary arrangement in the same spirit in which it is tendered, and not only meet the tradesmen's wishes half way, but, in a pleasant spirit of exuberance, go even beyond them. To carry money about with one in this liberal city is considered decidedly *mauvais ton*, and it is wonderful how few are found to infringe the laws of good breeding in this respect. The consequence is, that not many purchases are paid for on the spot, unless it be by some person of abject prudence or unknown position, who won't take or can't get credit, as the case may be. In the majority of instances, a book is produced in which the purchaser scrawls his name to some mysterious entry, and the transaction is concluded until the end of the month. It may be a glass of "flash" at an hotel; it may be a set of electro-plated dishes for the dinner table; it may be some such item as a horse. Whatever it be, down goes the name, and home comes the article. The beginning of each month is the period assigned by general consent for sending in the bills, if the tradesman so pleases. Very often he does so please, but very often he does not. If he does, the customer perhaps pleases to pay, and perhaps does not. In the latter case, whether or not the bill be delivered, a nice little per centage, amounting to from ten to twelve per cent. per annum, is added to the original amount; so that tradesmen who are either careless or confident, generally prefer to say nothing about the "little account" until it becomes a large one. This is all very well—or very bad, perhaps, I should say—so long as the purchaser remains in the country. Should he ever show any symptoms of taking his departure, his bills find him out, like his sins, and the apparently simple process of getting on board ship becomes one of the utmost elaboration, and it may be even difficulty. A

man once told me that he never owed but one bill in India. It was upon his first arrival in Calcutta, when he walked into the shop of one of the local Truefitts to have his hair trimmed. The operation performed, he bought a walking stick, and then a cravat or two for his neck. Scrawl went his name in the book, and he walked out, thinking no more of the transaction. The bill was never sent to his hotel, and it never entered his head until seventeen years afterwards, when he was again at the City of Palaces on his way home. Two days before his departure the bill was sent to him in a matter of course way, as if the purchase had been of yesterday. Under a certain statute he might have refused payment, but this he did not deign to do; so he paid some preposterous amount for an accommodation which he had not sought and certainly did not require. It would be well for trusting tradesmen if all purchasers were equally punctual. That many of them are not may be easily supposed. What happens in such a case may be easily supposed also. The machinery of the law is put in force, and the defaulter is, if possible, arrested. In that event, if he cannot pay, he proceeds to a place which is usually known as "No. 1 Chowringhee," that being the address of the jail in which debtors as well as delinquents are confined. It may be that he acts upon the philosophic principle that he who owes and runs away may live to pay another day. If, with a laudable feeling for his creditors, he arrives at this conclusion, the question arises, whither shall he run? To get away to the sea is a difficult performance; and there are many reasons, moreover, why a man may not choose to make a disappearance altogether on account of a possibly temporary embarrassment. To proceed "up the country" is more easy, especially in these days of

railways; but the expedient is very apt to be ineffectual for the end in view, if he remain within Her Majesty's dominions. Fortunately there is a place not far off where—to use the pathetic language of Fielding—"profane hands are forbidden to contaminate the shoulders of the unfortunate;" that is to say, if the profane hands be armed with authority only by the British law. This place is a French settlement—one of the few in which the clumsy colonists of Gaul have managed to retain standing room in the East—and it is called Chandernagore. The name is not uncelebrated in the early history of the English in India; but of late years the place has not attracted much attention, except upon two or three occasions, when the question of its cession in exchange for other territory has been brought upon the political *tapis*—with no result as yet, and with no prospect of one, according to the general opinion.

Chandernagore is within an easy distance of Calcutta, supposing the traveller to be able to pay the railway fare. Counting even the journey to the station, across the Hoogley, it is under twenty miles. It lies on the banks of that river, above the City of Palaces, has a river "frontage" of about a mile and a half, and as its depth is not very great in proportion, you may suppose that its area is by no means extensive.

One way of seeing Chandernagore is, as I have said, to get into debt. But it may be seen, perhaps, from a more satisfactory point of view by paying your bills and visiting the place *en amateur*. He who runs may read, perhaps, but he who runs away has very little time to observe. Taking to one's heels is a process that requires undivided attention, and leaves but little employment for the head. The owner of the heels, under the circumstances, has his heart at his journey's end;

and his only business with the road is to get over it. That traveller alone can be "fancy free" who is free in every other respect. Let such a traveller take a trip to Chandernagore, and if he be a tolerably intelligent person, he will most likely make the following observations—whether he takes the trouble to put them upon paper is another matter.

In the first place he will remark that it is extremely unpleasant, or a great bore, or a disgusting nuisance, or a confounded shame—according to his temper at the time and general mode of expressing himself—that there is no bridge over to Howrah where the railway station is situated. That there is not is undoubtedly a great public inconvenience; but I am not quite sure that it is so "disgraceful to the authorities" as I have heard some enthusiasts remark. The idea has been entertained "time out of mind," and by persons not quite in the same condition. But there are natural difficulties in the way, which engineers have not hitherto been prepared to grapple with, when brought to the point: whether these are ever likely to be overcome still remains a question. However, there is a convenient-enough substitute in the shape of the steam ferry, which is a great boat as big as a small town, with the advantage over the latter, that the inhabitants are not kept long enough together to quarrel, talk scandal, or want a mayor and corporation. The river is very broad at this part, but the boat is very long, so that the principal portion of the voyage is occupied in turning round. There is interior as well as exterior accommodation on board, so that nobody need be broiled in the sun unless he pleases; and on the whole the steam ferry is an immense improvement upon the native *dinghee*, which used to be the popular mode of conveyance.

The railway station at Howrah had a small hotel when I knew it, but now I believe has a large one. In all essential features it is as like an English station as need be. The engines and engineers are British to a fault; the carriages are perhaps an improvement: they seem larger and more lofty, but are built strictly upon the home model. One difference the traveller will not fail to note when he arrives with his traps: instead of the porters who wheel off his luggage upon their trucks and get them labelled out of hand, he will find nobody available for the purpose but a crowd of native coolies, clad, or rather unclad, in their usual light and airy manner—a few inches of cloth round the middle being considered a liberal arrangement. Two or three would be amply sufficient for the work required; but the service is a competition one, and there are generally about twenty of them, pushing, squeezing, and howling at once for the appointment. If you do not take care and have traps enough, the whole twenty will each seize an article and run with it in a different direction. I know less embarrassing positions in which to be placed than this, especially if time is short, the train likely to be punctual, and you have yet to get your ticket. But a judicious traveller will anticipate the onslaught, and defend his baggage tooth and nail until two or three of the “competition wallahs” have selected themselves from the rest and taken possession of the post of looking after it. You have then nothing to do but to get out of the dispute, which you are sure to have with these on the subject of their *baksheesh*, as well as you can, and to see your baggage safely labelled and stowed away. This is supposing that you take any baggage at all, which of course you will not do if you are only on an excursion for the day.

If you travel first class, you are not likely to meet with any but European fellow passengers. Natives are not prohibited from travelling by that class ; but there appears to be a tacit understanding that they should prefer to go by the others. This, be it observed, is not on account of any exclusive spirit on the part of our countrymen, but is rather the fault of the natives themselves. The English are very often blamed for not mingling more freely with them, but more often than not it is the natives who make the mingling impossible by their unwillingness to conform to European ideas. It may be said, why do European ideas not conform to those of the native? I believe they do in most matters which admit of the concession ; but in some cases the concession is simply impossible. Take that of railway travelling for instance : the difficulty was experienced immediately on the opening of the line from Calcutta to Raneegunj. It happened that an English traveller, a merchant, entered a first-class carriage in company with two ladies. To them came a fat *baboo*, who took his seat opposite one of the latter. The day was warm, nevertheless, I need scarcely remark that the merchant and his friends were decently clothed. The *baboo*, however, though born in the country, could not endure the discomfort of such restrictions ; and he had no sooner taken his seat than he proceeded to remove the only covering—which was light enough, being of thin muslin—that he wore above his waist ; and, exposed in this manner, he tranquilly betook himself to his hookah to enjoy himself for the journey. Now I think the most liberal-minded reader must admit that a fat *baboo*, in a semi state of nudity, is not a very pleasant person with whom to be shut up in a railway carriage on a hot day in Bengal, more especially when

the baboo smokes a hookah, and addicts himself at intervals to *pān*, the eating of which is attended with rather more unpleasantness to the eye than the mastication of tobacco. In the presence of ladies, moreover, the whole proceeding amounted to a wanton insult; and even supposing that it was meant as a mark of respect, surely no man could expect a lady so to accept it. Accordingly, our chivalrous merchant requested the baboo to put on his vest, and I rather think to put out his pipe, but am not quite sure as to the latter. But the baboo only grinned, and when the Englishman reinforced his request by observing that he was dressed more like a coolie (native labourer) than a gentleman; the baboo responded by saying, "*Tum coolie hai*," (you are a coolie) the form of expression (through the use of the second instead of the third person) being as offensive as its meaning. Upon this the Englishman seized the astonished baboo and turned him forcibly out of the carriage. The baboo charged him before a magistrate for the assault, and the offence was visited with a tolerably heavy fine. So strong was public opinion upon the subject, however, that the fine was at once paid by subscription, and a large additional sum collected *for the expenses of the next prosecution*. This significant determination seems to have had its effect; for I have not heard of another rencontre of the kind occurring; and the natives, as a general rule, avoid the first class, except in the case of a great man, who takes a carriage to himself when he does not happen to want the entire train.

"The Great Shoe Question," which arose at the same time, involved a less important consideration; but it illustrates the difficulty which exists in assimilating European with Asiatic manners, except to the degrada-

tion of the former. Orientals remove their slippers before entering a room, as we remove our hats. The courtesy in either case has precisely the same value and signification. Certain natives who were received at the levées of the Governor-General, appeared in their slippers, for the reason, as they alleged, that the British appeared in their boots. It was intimated to them that if they desired to conform to European usages they could retain their slippers, but they must doff their turbans. As the latter proceeding would involve disgrace, they declined to comply, and the pros and cons of "the Great Shoe Question" were hotly discussed all over the country. Ultimately it was settled, by a sufficiently liberal concession on the part of the local authorities, that any native gentleman choosing to wear his slippers at the levées must doff them at the door, according to Oriental custom; but that any who might choose to wear European boots might retain them if he so pleased. That he would so please may be easily imagined, as the British boot usually requires certain ingenious machinery to enable the wearer to get it on or take it off; and he would not be very likely to find boothooks and bootjacks in the verandah to assist him in a struggle with that article of costume upon arrival and departure. The order appears to have satisfied all parties, and we heard nothing more of the Great Shoe Question, until it was revived the other day in Bombay, to be settled again, it is to be hoped, as amicably as before. A great many of the natives in Calcutta—principally belonging to the class of "Young Bengal," who eat beef, drink champagne, and read Shakspeare and Milton—now wear the British boot, and are as proud of the privilege of stamping about in it at Government House as

the Spanish grandees of wearing their hats in the presence of the sovereign, or the solitary nobleman may be who enjoys the same privilege in England.

It would be well, if a great many of the obstacles to intercourse between natives and Europeans in India could be as easily overcome; but in the majority of cases it is the native who opposes the impassable bar. No man can become very intimate with another whose domestic relations are on so different a footing, who will not eat with him, and who in many cases considers that his dinner would be defiled by the shadow of a Christian passing over it.

But I am detaining the reader all this time at the station.

One of the most characteristic sights which the traveller is likely to meet with while waiting for his train, is the arrival of another traveller from the North-West, with all his bags and baggage. Having been journeying downwards by *dâk*, for a long distance it may be, he is very unlikely to be as clean and neat in his appearance as if just starting from Calcutta. If I said that he is very likely to be quite unfit to be seen, I should not perhaps be exaggerating. Some persons do the *dâk* journey in decorous costume enough, but there are many who reduce themselves to a *toilette de nuit*, and as they lie at full length in the carriage, and bring sheets and blankets and pillows with them, the whole proceeding is as much like "going to bed" as can well be. I do not mean to say that they appear at the railway station precisely in the costume indicated above, but their *toilette* is of a very hurried character, and is decidedly more picturesque than polite. However, it is scarcely wonderful that people should not care much about their appearance when there is nobody to see them. What

is more worthy of remark is the amount of baggage that they carry, and the extraordinary variety of articles of which it consists. Half of these are not packed up, having been disposed loosely in the *dâk gharry*, an arrangement which, as the traveller has the gharry all to himself, is as convenient as any other. I have seen a gharry unpacked at the railway station, from which the contents have been extracted in the course of three quarters of an hour, in something like the following manner :—

First, five coolies come toiling in with a little portmanteau that one could carry with ease. They are followed by two coolies staggering under the weight of a large trunk which would be a fair load for double their number. Then come half a dozen coolies bringing two or three *pittarahs*, (native boxes made of tin, secured in a wooden framework,) which they carry as they can between them. They are followed by a single coolie, dragging after him an immense portmanteau which he cannot manage to lift at all. These, it may be, include all the heavy baggage which has been piled on the top of the carriage; and the miscellaneous articles have next to be dealt with. One man brings a hamper which has held soda water, &c., and may hold it still. Another follows with a box of cheroots. A third comes laden with the responsibility of a corkscrew. A fourth succeeds him, bending, not under the weight but under the bulk, of a huge *rezai*, a warm covering stuffed with cotton, not quite so thick as a featherbed. A fifth comes bearing an English railway rug, blankets perhaps, and pillows, forming the rest of the bed. A sixth brings a stray pair of boots which have been left loose for contingencies. A seventh succeeds with three or four stray coats, also kept loose in case of being wanted. An

eight accommodates himself to the burthen of a box of Reading biscuits, or one or two ditto of potted meats. A ninth solemnly inducts a volume of Railway Library appearance, with a blue and yellow picture outside. A tenth carries the oak case of a Colt's revolver, the weapon being probably at the traveller's waist. In the same manner half a hundred other more or less considered trifles are brought into the station, and piled up in a heap on the ground; after which the traveller himself follows, bearing, perhaps, a sword in its leather case, and most certainly some fifty or sixty walking sticks, of every possible variety, bound together with a strap. These articles being contributed to the heap, he has nothing to do but to have his "row" with the coolies on a subject to which I need not more particularly allude, which diversion is sure to occupy him until the arrival of his train. If a lady be the occupant of the carriage, of course the confusion of traps is doubled at least. Workbaskets and such matters increase the miscellaneous character of the collection; bandboxes are inevitable; two or three birdcages are more than possible; with very likely a parrot on a perch, and may be a monkey. Among the inanimate portion of a lady's luggage which there had apparently been no time to pack up, I once saw a mysterious thing shaped like a figure of eight, which I was informed was a crinoline in a state of collapse. Travellers truly see strange sights!

But away to Chandernagore. The train does not take one very quickly; at least the pace is not so fast as in England, though a tearing one for the languid East. The second and third classes are filled with natives, who take to this mode of conveyance with an avidity never expected from them; for it was supposed that

they would stand upon their *antiquas vias* even though condemned to traverse them by the bullock train. As the event has proved, however, the natives are the main support of the line, and even the poorest among them are so anxious to avail themselves of its advantages that not long ago they were clamouring for the establishment of a *fourth* class.

There are but few places of interest *en route* to Chandernagore, with the exception of Chinsurah, famous for its cheroots, which nobody smokes who can procure Manillas instead. The railway does not (or did not a short time ago) take us quite into the French territory, but drops us at Serampore a short distance off, the seat of a celebrated mission and a successful newspaper, both of which are still flourishing. A *theeka gharee*, or hired vehicle, will soon take you to the hotel at Chandernagore, which is the usual destination of the traveller.

Here we expect to find everything French, but on the contrary find nothing that is not English. The landlord is English, so is the landlady; the latter I may mention in passing, having a decided advantage over her lord in the articles of youth and ringlets. The house is as much like an English—that is to say Anglo-Indian—residence as can well be, and the entertainment is of a similar character. There is a *table d'hôte* to be sure, and a billiard room, but both of these have become British institutions. The company includes, most probably, a few Frenchmen, but they seem to consider themselves in the way, and to lead a life of perpetual apology for being where they are. They affect British manners too, and may be seen drinking beer, for which proceeding there is not the smallest necessity, as French wine at Chandernagore does not, I believe, pay even

the duty exacted for it at the Indian ports. I must confess that I expected to find French *cafés* and places of amusement, such as "our lively neighbours" almost invariably manage to get round them wherever they go. But nothing of the kind meets the eye, and, I believe, very little of the kind would be found upon the minutest investigation. You might live in the hotel for a month and not be aware that you were out of British territory, but for the tri-colour flag which waves from every available point, and a few Sepoy sentries, in particularly French uniforms, who mount guard at Government House and the principal or only public buildings.

The Government House is a moderately sized mansion, where dwells of course the Governor. This functionary is a French gentleman, who consents to represent the Emperor Napoleon in the locality for the modest sum of four hundred rupees (£40) *per mensem*. I am not sure whether he has to pay house-rent out of it, but it is not impossible that he has. His salary is, however, like a great many things in this world, "not so bad as it seems;" for, as is usual where Frenchmen most do congregate, everything is wonderfully cheap in Chandernagore, which is the reason, I suppose, why so few of the French frequent the hotel, where British prices prevail. In token of the latter fact, I may add that the landlord alluded to has made his fortune since my visit, and was last heard of in London. The Governor, besides being Governor, is also Commander-in-Chief, the pay of the two offices being consolidated in the four hundred rupees. But I should fancy that the duties of the military post were not very fatiguing, for the army numbers only thirty men—just sufficient for the guards. It is a small army to be sure, but its dimensions have one compensa-

ting advantage—it may mutiny as much as it likes and do no particular harm. The other machinery of government at Chandernagore is on the same small and simple scale. The only high official besides the governor is the *juge de paix*, and the general establishment of the settlement, is that of an ordinary *prefecture*. I believe it works well, and pays itself out of the revenue collected in the district; and Gallic vanity is doubtless greatly gratified at the possession of the place in the midst of British territory.

Those travellers who do not expect to be entertained at Government House, Chandernagore, on the same scale as at Government House, Calcutta, are very fortunate persons, for they will not be disappointed. The Governor is very courteous to English visitors, and when they take the trouble to call upon him he asks them “to tea.” But few put him to this hospitable test, as the majority of our countrymen who sojourn at Chandernagore do so under circumstances which make them too diffident for conspicuous society. They incline rather to the romantic retirement of a third-rate boarding house, and such modest consolations as can be derived from billiards and Bengal cheroots. Like Boulogne *sur mer*, in fact, Chandernagore is the “home of the stranger who’s done something wrong,”—that is to say so long as the “wrong” does not mean something exactly criminal, in which case the stranger is given up to the British authorities, as were also political offenders during the rebellion.

It is to the student of men and manners that Chandernagore presents its most interesting features. The society proper of the place differs but little from the best European society in other parts of India. The French residents who are of pure blood, and who have

come out from France, have very little to distinguish them from the same class among our own countrymen. The one, like the other, accommodates themselves easily to the circumstances of the climate. They rise early in the morning, live as temperately as may be, dress themselves according to tropical exigencies, learn as much of the native language as is necessary for their social comfort and convenience, and treat the natives, if not upon an equality, at any rate with some kind of consideration and good feeling. They will become Parisians again when they go back to Paris, without doubt. In the meantime they are content to be colonialized, as all sensible people will in a similar position. Not so, however, their half-caste countrymen. These are generally quite ignorant of the mother country as far as personal experience is concerned; but they boast of their blood as if they had been born on the Boulevards. Not having any chance of gaining dignity from the native element in their origin, they ignore it altogether, and affect not only French, but profoundly Parisian ideas and airs. They will tell you, if you encourage them to confidence, that they do not live, but only vegetate, in the *triste* country in which they find themselves, and that the desire of their hearts is to "return" to *la belle France*. Pending the arrival of the, in most cases, impossible period, they take care to carry about with them as much of France as they conveniently can. They wear shiny French hats, ditto boots, and the most preposterously cut coats and trousers, which seem to have been made from the designs one sees in caricatures. As for the ladies, you may suppose that they are not a whit behind their lords and masters in these little failings. They have heard that ladies in France are given to coquetting. They must coquette also, and to do them justice, it is

not their fault if they do not succeed. They have learned that ladies in France are gay and spiritual. Ah, how gay, how spiritual will they be also! In millinery they are of course a great deal more French than the French are themselves. English fashions are barbarous, are horrible, are not to be thought of, in fact, without the putting on of a certain little shuddering manner, understood to be not less French than fascinating. It is rather a pity that they take all this trouble; for considered as oriental beauties, some of the *Chandernagoriennes* would be decidedly effective; but many a face that would look beautiful in a veil becomes utterly vulgarized in that curious concoction known as a bonnet—even the ladies of Spain can seldom stand the test, though they are beginning to court it with great enthusiasm.

I am afraid too that the French language, as spoken at Chandernagore, would scarcely pass muster much nearer France than Folkestone. It has become mixed like the blood, and would require a long sojourn in Paris before it recovered herself. I was once really deceived for a time by a young lady whom I met in the railway carriage, who did not appear to have any of the local colouring, whose toilette was admirable, and whom I took to be purely French. She passed wonderfully well until she began to talk. It was then apparent that—in something like the language of Chaucer—

“She spoke the French of Chander at Nagore,
The French of Paris she did all ignore.”

Like all persons of mixed blood, the Franco-Chandernagoreans have a profound contempt for the darker portion of it—not in their own persons, but in those who possess it solely. Upon the natives they look

down as upon members of a lower class of creation ; and they are far more exacting in the attention they require from their servants than are the pure whites, who, having been better bred, know better how to treat their inferiors. I need scarcely add that the natives, who are particularly discriminating between the real and the spurious human article, return the contempt with interest, and not the less intensely because it is a little disguised.

But perhaps the least respectable of the Chandernagoreans are the English residents—the majority of them at any rate, who are driven into the place by stress of pecuniary weather. There are some few of the English who have a voluntary residence there, being in commercial or other employment in Calcutta, and whom the railway tempts to live under the French flag for the sake of economy. There are also occasional travellers who go up the river for change of air, and who give the hotel a turn for two or three weeks at a time. But the greater number are of the refugee kind, and they form a jovial little society, the characteristics of which are a combination of those of Boulogne and the Queen's Bench. In this "land of the free" the cashiered officer mingles affably with the impecunious *kerannee*, or clerk, and both lead a kind of life tending to the detriment of their morals and the improvement of their billiards. To them comes also the occasional bankrupt trader, who has made a failure of "failing," instead of rendering that operation a success, as is more frequently the case in the City of Palaces. Altogether they make up a very pleasant community, having a common and collective soul above conventional restraints, and an individual and general tendency to "plant themselves upon their instincts"—an agricultural process which, in their case, seems

highly favourable to the growth of ill weeds. It is a curious fact that, like the British exile at Boulogne, they are always, according to their own account, going to leave the place next week; but somehow a great many seem to stay for years, and never dare face the jurisdiction of the Calcutta courts. I don't know that they are much worse off than the same class of loose fish in Europe, at any place where loose fish are not quite out of water. At Chandernagore there always seems sufficient of the disreputable element to keep them from drying up; and I can fancy that they might be worse off than in a place where cheroots may be had for next to nothing, where billiards appear to be indigenous, and where there is no compulsion to mix in respectable society. For the class in question, indeed, it is a real blessing—the existence of such a refuge as “The Boulogne of the East.”

II.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

ALTHOUGH resident in India during the mutinies and the rebellion by which they were followed, I do not pretend to have met with many very exciting adventures in those troublous times, although of danger and anxiety I had my share in common with others. I was in Calcutta when the news of the outbreak at Meerut was first flashed along the telegraphic wires, and I remained there until after the capture of Lucknow, when the roads were once more open to travellers up-country.

The situation of Calcutta for some months after the outbreak was one of imminent danger. Until the arrival of reinforcements from England, and the final acceptance of the services of the Volunteers, there was not a night when a massacre might not have taken place, attended by all the horrors of those perpetrated in the provinces, upon a far larger scale. The native police were worse than useless; and although there was a European regiment in the fort, it could not have been got to act upon the town until too late, had there been an organized rising. That there was not an organized rising must be ascribed, not to any forbearance on the part of the agents of the rebels, who did their best to effect the object, nor to unwillingness on the part of

thousands in the city to take advantage of the difficulties of the government, but to a succession of fortunate accidents—if I may so call them—which prevented the plans of the conspirators from coming to a head. It is now known that plots were set on foot for the capture of Calcutta and the massacre of its European inhabitants upon several occasions; but some providential circumstances always occurred to prevent them from being carried out. The first attempt, it is now generally understood, was to have been made upon the occasion of a ball given by Scindiah, the Maharajah of Gwalior, to the Governor-General and the society of Calcutta in March, 1857. Not only the Governor-General and his lady, but all the principal officials, and nearly all the officers from the fort, as well as the principal non-official residents, were invited. The scene of the entertainment was the Botanical Gardens on the opposite side of the river; and it was during the absence of half Calcutta that the city was to have been taken. Communication being then cut off, the rest would have been easy. Fortunately, however, a great storm, greater than Calcutta had known for years, occurred on the day appointed. The ball was therefore postponed, and the plans of the conspirators defeated. A few days later, when the fête took place, the plans were all disorganized; and it was not until some time afterwards that the brilliant party which responded to the Maharajah's hospitality became aware how many chances there were against their acceptance of another invitation.

At this time the mutinies had not yet broken out, but the affair of the greased cartridges was exciting active discussion, and the sepoy were burning down bungalows in the North-West; while in Oude there were still more threatening signs of discontent, hushed up as far as

possible, but sufficiently known to add to the general feeling of uneasiness.

During the hot season which followed, and even after the taking of Delhi in September, the conspirators were not idle, as was proved by papers afterwards discovered by Government; and I gained a glimpse of what was going on from a private source. A native, with whom I had some acquaintance, belonging to the suite of one who may be here described merely as "an illustrious personage," called upon me one day, bringing with him a "nuzzur" of no ordinary value: it was a handkerchief filled with gold mohurs, amounting, I suppose, to some hundreds of pounds. I know it made a great pile upon the table, where he set it down with a pleasing chink. It was impossible under the circumstances to accept his present, and I soon sent him about his business. He pretended to demand no service in return; but I soon found, by a little pardonable intrigue, that he had an object in view. A paper, in fact, came into my possession which he wished to have conveyed to his master, then a state prisoner in the fort. The document was in Persian, but it puzzled some Persian scholars to whom I submitted it, to find its precise meaning. At length, through a very accomplished officer who was called in to the conference, we gained some inkling of its contents. It was written, it seems, in a kind of patois, or slang, and was intended to convey to the person to whom it was addressed the fact that some fabulous number of armed men were only waiting a word from him to rise; and in conclusion came the vague but suggestive words, "*The world is rotten.*" Of course this note was communicated to the proper authorities, and I have good reason to believe that it threw light upon certain treasonable designs.

That there was special danger from time to time may be inferred from the fact, that so late as February, 1858, a report of a meditated rising was thought so well founded by the authorities that the Volunteer Guards were called out on a sudden at ten o'clock one night, and remained under arms until morning in different parts of the town. The present writer upon that occasion was one of a detachment that was very pleasantly quartered at the Bengal Club.

Considering the imminent peril to which Calcutta was exposed, as is now admitted on all sides, I think the supporters of the trusting and *laissez faire* policy of the local government were unjustly severe upon the general body of British residents for showing a disposition to take care of themselves. Without wishing to enter into the merits of the quarrel between the European community and the Government,—except to note my belief that the European community were in the right and the Government in the wrong,—I may venture to assert that when a man's neck is in danger the affair is his own, and he cannot justly be accused of interfering with other people's business if he evinces some anxiety with regard to it. After the massacres which had taken place up the country, men with wives and families could scarcely be expected to believe all the cheerful things which they heard from authority of there being nothing but "a partial disaffection of a portion of the native troops," and of the particularly friendly character of the native rabble which thronged the bazaars. These attempted assurances were almost daily falsified by events; and the authorities themselves could not have believed what they wished to impress upon others; for it soon became known that eminent personages, who professed to have the greatest faith in the

fidelity of the sepoy and the loyalty of the *budmashes* (blackguards) took the not unpardonable precaution of sleeping on board the ships in the port every night ; and that although Government House was nominally guarded by natives, a company of a European regiment was added *sub rosa* for the protection of the inmates. Doubtless it was most desirable that there should have been every appearance of confidence ; but there are times when the appearance is worse than useless without the reality, and the British residents were naturally not encouraged by the doubt suggested of their loyalty by the "Arms Act," and the restrictions placed upon the press.

That the panics which seized upon Calcutta from time to time were undignified must certainly be admitted ; but it would be unfair to blame any one class for a weakness which was shared by all. Men of the highest military rank and of the longest experience in the country were among those who most mistrusted the native troops ; and while the civil authorities continued to repose confidence in them, those persons must have been sanguine indeed who could believe the city to be safe even for a day. Calmness is a very fine thing during a period of peril ; but there is no reason why the public security should be hazarded for the cultivation of that virtue ; and there are times and seasons when it may be far better that the responsible authority should lose his head and save his country.

The first approach to a panic took place upon the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday, a fortnight after the first outbreak of the mutiny at Meerut. It was whispered about for a week before—of course nobody knew upon what ground—that this happy anniversary was the day fixed for a general rising of the disaffected, and a massacre of the European inhabitants of Calcutta.

There were persons who made no scruple of telling you that they knew all the plans, which they had learned, as usual, from the highest authority. It is wonderful how often this highest authority was cited in those distracted days, and how curiously the information derived from it became magnified in the course of twenty-four hours, without any reference back to the original source. Everybody who heard anything felt bound to add some exclusive intelligence of his own; and there were *gobemouches* of both sexes who passed their entire days apparently in going from house to house, circulating, with the most fantastic additions, every scrap of a report or rumour that reached their ears. When two persons met, the general question was, "Have you heard anything?" Then followed a discussion of the items of news in the morning papers, and a general comparison of notes, both figuratively and literally; for everybody who had friends up-country were sure to hear from them so long as the post was not stopped. Some of the correspondence was sure to find its way into the papers on the following day; and in this manner public curiosity gained increased appetite from what it devoured.

It is usual to celebrate the Queen's birthday by a ball at Government House; and this year, notwithstanding the reports which were in circulation, it was wisely determined that the festivity should take place in the ordinary course. Some persons, I believe, declared that it was wicked to indulge in any such vanity, and talked of Nero fiddling, &c. But these objections emanated principally from those who did not receive invitations: the remainder were strongly of opinion in favour of the "moral effect" of such a proceeding. The ball accordingly took place, and was very well attended.

That there was a great deal of uneasiness among the guests during the evening was apparent enough; there being a vague idea prevalent that the gathering would come to an end in the same manner as the ball of the Duchess of Richmond before Waterloo, according to popular belief—notwithstanding repeated contradictions—when the Duke is supposed to have been “surprised” while eating an ice by the fire of the enemy’s cannon, and to have immediately taken to horse in his dancing shoes. But all passed off quietly, contrary to general expectation; and next morning everybody said how foolish it was for everybody else to have indulged in such absurd fancies.

The next day fixed upon for the outbreak was a celebrated one in the annals of India. It was the 23rd of June following, when the centenary of the battle of Plassey, which established the British power in that country, became complete. Upon that day, it was decided by common report, the natives were most surely to rise, and drive those of us whom they did not massacre to our ships, putting an end to the British Raj from that exact period. The number of persons who “happened to know” from native and exclusive sources, that such was the precise nature of the arrangement, was very great indeed; though they never explained how it came to pass that their loyalty had gained over to such an extent the confidence of the conspirators. I am inclined to think that whatever design may have existed for a rising on that day, the authority for the current report was founded only on the poetic justice of the idea, and the dramatic effect involved. Be that as it may, it is certain that large numbers of our countrymen in Calcutta fully made up their minds that the 23rd of June was the date of the great crisis, and that

they laid their plans accordingly. I am not sure that some did not go so far as to sell off their movable possessions, and put themselves in light marching order in expectation of the event. I know that many seriously prepared themselves for flight, and on the preceding night, as well as on the night itself, sought sleeping accommodation on board some of the ships in the port. The morning of the 23rd dawned at last, and there was a general expectation of something about to happen. But nothing happened during the first few hours, and it became plain that whatever was to happen was postponed until later in the day. So people took courage, went about their business, made calls upon one another, exchanged congratulations or misgivings as the case might be, but managed to keep up the general anxiety in anticipation of the night. The night came, but still no signs of the outbreak. People managed to dine as usual, and some I believe made up parties to be massacred in company; for towards the close of the day popular opinion had fixed the hour of attack for twelve o'clock. You may be sure that very few retired to rest before that period, and that those who did kept their weapons at hand, and themselves ready for immediate flight. But twelve o'clock came in due course and found things still unchanged. The night wore away; but although the long hours were counted from many a sleepless pillow, they brought no symptoms of fire and sword, of attack and massacre. The next morning dawned, and the daylight brought fresh life to the affrighted residents of the city. Gaily they rose, and gathered together in the ride or walk, and everybody as before laughed at everybody else for entertaining such foolish fears. Yet was anxiety far from being at an end. It was now the general belief, that the rising had

been postponed merely because the plans of the conspirators had got abroad, and that there was no chance of a surprise. That the attempt would be made on a future day was not to be doubted. When was the day to come?—that was the question.

I believe that nobody pretended to have any good grounds for fixing another day; but a happy suggestion gained currency that the one for which we had all waited so anxiously, was not the centenary of the great battle according to native computation, and that the terrible event might yet happen within the same week or so. Some persons who had been most positive in their prophecies were set up once more as authorities by this discovery, and it really appeared that they were anxious for the worst to happen in order to save their reputations. By dint of one suggestion or another they took effectual means to prevent their friends from falling into any foolish idea of security; and by a judicious system of rumouring, reporting, and “happening to know”—by some general agreement, it would be difficult to say how arrived at—another day was fixed upon by popular consent for the coming catastrophe.

Affairs by this time had arrived at a point when it became less easy than before to affect jocularly at the prevalent anxiety. Some particularly clever persons tried the experiment; but it was a ghastly attempt, exposed itself miserably, and failed ignominiously. There were few in Calcutta, I fancy, who, whatever they may have chosen to affect, did not feel uneasy as the appointed day arrived, when the massacre was really to take place. Those who had been hitherto among the most incredulous now took the precaution to supply themselves with arms, which indeed by this time were to be obtained from the Government upon application,

for the defence of all places where any large number of persons were congregated. The principal hotels in particular were supplied with these defences, as well as with guards composed of sailors belonging to the ships in the port, who were welcome visitors wherever the pleasure of their company could be obtained. Of course private individuals were not behind hand in getting themselves into fighting trim, and the difficulty indeed was to prevent them, by their not unnatural ardour, from meeting the anticipated insurrection half way, and creating the disaster which it was their desire to avert. In anticipation of the expected crisis, many persons living in adjacent houses arranged plans for mutual defence, barricaded the entrances, and devised means for escape over roofs, &c. I am not aware that the precaution was generally adopted, but I know that at the largest hotel in Calcutta provisions were laid in as if for a siege, and arrangements were made by which the inmates could have held out upon the roof for any length of time that the sun would permit. There was such a rush for revolvers on the part of private individuals about this time, that their price rose in the market to an alarming extent, and by the eve of the appointed day, the largest capitalist would have been puzzled to purchase one in the shops. The relative merits of Colt, of Deane and Adams, and of Tranter, were discussed as if the votaries of the weapons were going into immediate action; and each man was expected to "polish off" half a hundred of foes at least. You may depend upon it, that whatever may have been the fears of our countrymen at the crisis, not one of them feared fighting; what they did object to, as they frankly told you, was being killed off like so many sheep.

A curious idea appeared to prevail as the day ap-

proached, that everybody would be safer in everybody else's house rather than in their own. Accordingly people made up parties to see the worst together. Some went to the hotels to pass the eventful eve, as affording the best security, and others as before slept on board ship. Nobody knew exactly when the enemy was to come, or from whence; but as there was a general impression that his advent would be very early in the morning, there were few who ventured to "go to bed" in the full sense of the term. Many contented themselves with snatching hurried rest at intervals in their clothes; and there were hundreds I should think who sat up all night, in verandahs and on roofs, waiting and watching for the slightest sound or sign which could indicate the approach of danger. The distant noise of a tom-tom, or a moving light in the native quarter "sent light horror through their pulses"—though these were the commonest of sounds and sights. In this manner the night wore on, until the first streak of dawn brought relief: not that there was any reason why it should bring anything of the kind, but the light of day is always reassuring. I am bound to say, however, that there were persons who whatever the anxiety they felt, made no exhibition of it; and there were dinner parties and high festival held in several houses whose inmates professed to treat the prevalent alarm with contempt.

The next morning was Sunday, known as "Panic Sunday" still in Calcutta, and ever memorable under that name. The relief inspired by dawn was unfortunately not of long duration. There appeared to be an irresistible tendency on the part of the majority of the Europeans and Eurasians to rush out of their houses to hear what was "going on." Even actual danger appeared preferable to

suspense. Some went to church as usual; others refrained, under the impression that the churches would be the first points of attack. Many drove about in a state of distraction, without any apparent object, except to frighten their friends by exhorting them to "fly." But by this time others were getting reasonable, and began to ask themselves whither they were to fly and from whom, which consideration led them to the conclusion that the safest course was to stay at home and wait for the danger whatever it was, instead of rushing about to meet it half way.

I should have mentioned before that most of the Europeans who were able had provided themselves with accommodation in the Fort; of these some had taken up their quarters there beforehand, and others now sought that retreat, creating I am afraid unnecessary alarm in the minds of those who were denied the same privilege. I may here add that "we" were offered, through the kindness of a friend who volunteered to give up his quarters for us, some apartments in this place of safety, but declined to avail ourselves of them, as there really seemed to be no sufficient reason for abandoning our home.

As the day wore on the excitement appeared to revive, and nearly all Calcutta turned out to see what was to be seen. The number of vehicles in the streets was immense, and one might have fancied that some great fête was in progress. In the course of the afternoon a rumour flew about, as if by magic, that the Sepoy regiments from Barrackpore were marching upon the city, and the excitement reached its height when it was known beyond a doubt that native troops were at hand. The general anxiety, however, was relieved when it was found that they had not

maintained, and were accompanied by their European officers. The fact now transpired that a portion of the Barrackpore garrison had been ordered down early in the morning, by the advice of General Hearsey, for the purpose of being disarmed. Of course they were unaware of the object for which they were sent to Calcutta, and so they obeyed without a murmur. They were marched at once into the court yard of Government House, where every preparation had been made for their reception—the principal preparation being a detachment of British infantry with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. I had the pleasure of being a spectator of the scene which followed. The Governor-General came out upon the verandah with the principal members of the household, and a seat was placed for him at the top of the steps in regal state. The British troops were drawn up on one side. On the other the native troops were marched up in companies, and in obedience to orders even then unexpected, laid down their arms without the slightest attempt at resistance. The thing was very well done, and gave general satisfaction.

But the panic was not yet at an end. It was well that so many teeth had been drawn; but it was considered that the act might cause exasperation and even precipitate the crisis. The impression went abroad that the night then coming on was the time selected for the attack. Accordingly everybody retired to their homes, or to the retreats which they had chosen, and once more awaited the course of events.

That night passed like the last. There was nothing to disturb the serenity which reigned everywhere, except in the breasts of those who waited and watched. The next morning, however, brought real relief this time. The report of the rising had been allowed every chance

of substantiating itself. It was now completely blown upon. It was held to be a mere hoax and invention, and people were ashamed of having been its dupes. It is wonderful how cheerful and incredulous everybody now became. All things were seen with new eyes, and there was scarcely a man or a woman among us who did not appear to have entered upon a brighter phase of existence.

Thus passed "Panic Sunday," a day which will not be readily forgotten by those who passed it in Calcutta. I have heard very severe comments made upon the delusions of that and the preceding days; but I am of opinion that they were undeserved. As for charging our countrymen with cowardice, the idea is mere nonsense. There was not a man among them who was not willing and even eager to face any peril that might have presented itself. It was the invisible enemy that they were unable to cope with, and whose supposed presence deprived them to some extent of their judgment and discretion. Moreover it is by no means to be supposed that Calcutta was in a state of security either upon that or the former occasions. I believe that we were all in imminent danger whenever we were thrown off our guard; and that the panics may be considered to have done good by keeping the public mind in a healthy state of apprehension. It should be remembered, too, by those who are inclined to treat the Calcutta people with utter scorn in the matter of the panics, that the latter, however little disposed themselves to entertain forebodings, were incited thereto in a great measure by their native servants, who were continually assuring their masters and mistresses that the bazaars were full of conspirators, and that a general massacre of the Europeans was to take place at the first opportunity. Whether

their apprehensions were real or affected may be a matter of question; but they most certainly professed to be alarmed for their own safety, as their lives they declared would fall a sacrifice to the rebels, who would not spare even their own countrymen if in the service of the Feringhees. I am bound to add, too, that many servants gave practical proof of being in earnest by running away from their employment without even the fifteen days' notice required by law.

It was after "Panic Sunday" that the local government accepted the services of the Volunteers, which had been previously declined, as well as the separate offer of the French residents, who were even more disgusted than the English at their assistance being spurned. In the meantime, too, the China force had been intercepted, and the Madras Fusileers had arrived. All available troops were of course despatched up-country; but the enrolment of the Volunteers alone would have been sufficient to restore confidence in a considerable degree; and after that event nothing more was heard of panics. The effect of the delay in the North-West was simply that neither Lawrence nor Wheeler were relieved, and that history has to record the siege of Lucknow and the massacre of Cawnpore. Both of these calamities would have been averted, had timely measures been adopted, even with the limited force at the disposal of the Government. In Calcutta there now came a time when nothing could be more rational than the anticipation of disturbance. I allude to the two Mahomedan festivals the Buqr Eed and the Mohurram. The first occurs about the middle of July, and lasts for two days; the second about the beginning of August, and lasts for ten days. Upon these occasions the minds of the Mahomedans become so inflamed with fanaticism that riots are of

common occurrence, and the authorities never fail to keep on the alert. At the time in question greater danger than usual might naturally be anticipated; and many indeed who had been hitherto incredulous, were now persuaded that we should have some sharp work. Day after day the most disastrous news was received from up-country, which had of course an encouraging effect upon the disaffected in Calcutta; and that they would take one of these opportunities to try their strength appeared probable enough.

The Volunteer Guards were by this time in a state of organization. When first enrolled, they numbered two hundred and fifty Cavalry and about five hundred Infantry; and there was afterwards some Artillery added. There were available persons in Calcutta sufficient to have formed a far larger force; but the first refusal of their services had, as I have hinted, rather wounded the public sensibilities; the call, therefore, when made, was not nearly so generally responded to as it would have been at an earlier period. But despite this disadvantage, a very fine body of men were got together. The Cavalry in particular formed an imposing force, being for the most part magnificently mounted. Both arms, it must be said to their credit, were in a state of discipline in a very short time; and they acquitted themselves with such marked credit, even when brigaded with some of the finest regiments in the service, as to call forth the highest commendations from a person not much given to flattery—the late Sir Colin Campbell and present Lord Clyde.

During the Buqr Eed and the Mohurram the Volunteers formed the main defence of the city. The Cavalry patrolled the streets all night, and the Infantry were picketed in different parts for forty-eight hours together.

Owing to these wise precautions the dangerous period passed over without an outbreak, confidence everywhere prevailed, and beyond the arrest of suspicious characters here and there the Volunteers had nothing to do. That they were disappointed at having had no better opportunity of distinguishing themselves may be easily supposed; for they had not been made the pets of the public like their comrades in England in the present day. When once their services were accepted they were treated with courteous consideration by the Government; but they were a small body after all, and were utterly swamped by the regulars in society, where the military element naturally prevailed; and the native papers moreover poked all kinds of wicked fun at them, which they need not have minded at all, but which they could not help minding just a little. That their value and importance, was appreciated by Government, however, is attested by the fact that a magnificent pair of colours was presented to both cavalry and infantry by the lady of the Governor-General, and these were duly borne by those corps until the first broke up through want of numbers, and the second, upon the restoration of tranquillity, was rather unceremoniously disbanded.

It was a great day for Calcutta when the first reinforcements arrived from England. The first British soldier who stepped on shore—a Highlander—indicated in a very summary manner the prevalent belief among his comrades that they were sent to India in order to fight the entire population of the country—a belief which was subsequently found not a little embarrassing. No sooner had he set his foot on the strand than he seized a harmless Bengalee who stood gaping by, and began to pummel him with all his might. The unfor-

fortunate wretch was promptly rescued from his clutches, and the comrades of "our gallant defender," who were making evident preparations to follow his example upon other stray natives, were informed that such demonstrations were decidedly premature. But as fresh troops continued to arrive—burning with indignation at the accounts which had gone home of the atrocities enacted by the rebels—the task of restraining their ardour was not the least of the difficulties that the authorities had to encounter. The criticism of the non-official Europeans was embarrassing enough. But the case of men with whom it was absolutely necessary to keep on good terms, was infinitely more perplexing. The British soldier is a very delightful person when he is fighting our battles, and the Calcutta authorities were glad to get as many representatives of his class as possible for that purpose. These were sent up-country as fast as means for their conveyance could be found; but while waiting in Calcutta they were a decided nuisance. All honour to the brave! But the brave are apt to be difficult to keep in order when they think they deserve the fair, and set to work to give themselves their deserts in defiance of all laws of propriety, and to the damage of our amicable relations with the people of the country. All honour to the brave! But the brave are rather dangerous friends when they dash into the bazaar and drink raw arrack until they go stark mad, or until they lose all consciousness, and it may be never wake up from the sleep into which they are thrown. Some of these difficulties—it must be said with all respect for the British soldier—we had to endure in Calcutta at this time; and I am afraid that many of the scenes enacted might be classed by unprejudiced persons as disgraceful. To blame the military authorities for not exercising

proper control would be unfair. The circumstances were peculiar; and these may be sufficiently indicated by the fact that the British soldier knew his value at the time, and was by no means disposed to place his privileges upon the same footing as would have contented him in country quarters in England. There were rebel emissaries about, too, who were not indisposed to take advantage of his weakness; and money was sometimes found in the possession of men, to an amount which precluded the supposition that it had come from the regimental paymaster. One night an officer on the garrison staff, (who himself told me the story,) having his quarters in the fort, was aroused from sleep by hearing an unseemly noise in the drawing room. Descending to that apartment he found a drunken artilleryman seated upon the sofa, who in reply to a natural remonstrance upon the subject of his intrusion, informed the "master of the house" that he was as good a man as any officer in the service and could show as much money—displaying at the same time a handful of gold. Nobody wanted to make severe examples at such a time, and the drunken artilleryman was let down as gently as possible; but the gold was decidedly suspicious, and the supposition was that it had been supplied with a view of obtaining the release of a certain state prisoner to whom allusion has been already made. It is not to be supposed that any of our men were likely to have assisted in such a design; but the drink is an almost irresistible temptation to nine soldiers out of ten, and money is therefore a doubly dangerous article when placed in their way in a hot climate.

In noticing the eccentricities of the military service, that of the naval service should not be forgotten. If the soldiers knew their value, the sailors knew theirs

also, and made the most of it. There was no harm in either, only their manners were not quite adapted to the prejudices of a peaceful city, aspiring to be fashionable also. On the "course" for instance, where the gay world never failed to drive out, even during the panics, the spectacle of a tumble-down vehicle a hundred times more wretched in appearance than the worst "grinder" in London, filled with a party of sailors, each with a pipe in his mouth, and each contributing his share to a sea song roared in chorus, while bottles of more than suspicious character passed gaily from hand to hand, was not a cheering spectacle, yet it was not an unfrequent one; and the sailors and the soldiers were allowed to have their own way in such matters, for all the world as if they were on "Fiddler's Green"—to which service-paradise, indeed, many of them, upon such occasions, expressed a wish to be taken, after a judicious wrapping up in a tarpauling jacket. With such tenderness, indeed, were these delinquents treated by the Calcutta people, that a drunken "gallant defender," lying incapable in the streets, generally found a friend to take care of him. I remember for instance a high legal official * finding a soldier in an absolutely unconscious condition, bringing him home in his buggy and reviving him with hot tea, making the man very grateful and very much ashamed of himself, and inclined, it is to be hoped, towards reformation. This piece of good Samaritanism in all probability saved the man's life; for had he passed the night on the *maidan* where he was found, the jackals would have made short work with him before morning, or a chance native would have knocked him upon the head. Jackals consider every recumbent body legitimate prey,

* The lamented Mr. Ritchie, whose death is announced while these pages are passing through the press.

and even peaceful and loyal Bengalees were apt at that time to be spiteful if they caught a British soldier insensible and in the dark. There were several instances of men being found dead through both these agencies.

As the English in Calcutta grew more assured of their own safety, they became more apprehensive on account of others. There was scarcely a family among them that had not relatives and friends up country; and these were the objects of the greatest anxiety. After a time many of those who survived the massacres made their way to the Presidency, sometimes hazarding the journey two or three together; at others coming in large parties escorted by troops, either by the road or on board the river steamers. These of course consisted mainly of women and children; and as they generally arrived almost without clothes, and entirely without money, it was absolutely necessary that some provision should be made for them. Accordingly a subscription was set on foot in Calcutta, nobly responded to in England as soon as the want became known; and the "Relief Fund" soon became sufficient for all emergencies. As it was found impossible to receive all the fugitives in private establishments, a number of houses were taken in different quarters for their accommodation; and the arrangements were placed under the superintendence of committees of both sexes. Clothes were provided from the general fund, and liberal allowances in money made to the sufferers, according to their position in life. Some distinction of this kind was of course necessary; as it would have been slightly ridiculous to have provided exactly the same kind of accommodation for, say, the family of a small clerk, and that, say, of a colonel in the army. But the distinction involved no little difficulty, and the attempts of many

persons to gain brevet rank through their misfortunes was not a little amusing. Even in the most serious affairs there is usually a comic element, and the vagaries of some of the refugees afforded, I am afraid, a legitimate food for satire. Complaints of the meals furnished at the different Refuges, were made with all the exacting independence of members of a club, or passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. "Country born" ladies utterly innocent of Europe, declared that they would not live without European luxuries, and were bitter upon the fact, that such things were supplied to the families of rich civilians. Sergeants' wives did not see why they should not be entertained in precisely the same manner as the wives of commissioned officers. In most cases the complainants had never been so well off in their lives before, as far as material comforts were concerned; but they were now objects of public interest, and were determined to make the most of their position. That some persons were unnecessarily slighted is probable enough; but for the most part, I fancy the committees performed their task, a delicate and difficult one most assuredly, with fairness and impartiality. It was clearly impossible to give everybody everything that they asked, and the drawing of the line was necessarily an unpopular duty. When some of these unprotected females, for instance, complained of being subjected to indignity in having to wear gingham dresses, and petitioned for silk, it seemed harsh to refuse them, but what was to be done? And when others requested to have places taken for them at the opera, and suitable toilettes provided for their appearance there, it must have required no little stoicism on the part of the committee to throw cold water on so natural a desire! The responsibility must indeed have

been an unpleasant one ; and I am not at all surprised that one of the lady managers was heard to declare that she would rather command a regiment of mutinous sepoy, than have the direction of a house full of female refugees. It must not be supposed, however, that the humbler classes alone were the occasion of trouble. The upper ranks, in a different way, were now and then found as difficult to manage. I heard of the wife of an officer, for instance, who, at a time when all females were prohibited from trusting themselves on the road, took it into her head to join her husband somewhere up country ; and for this purpose she applied to one of the committee-men for the sum of a thousand rupees. The request was naturally refused, not on the ground of expense, for passages *home* were freely provided in all cases where they were urgently required, but on the ground that the contemplated journey could not be made. Upon this the fair applicant drew a revolver, and offered the unfortunate gentleman the well-known alternative which travellers used to hear from highwaymen. Whether she frightened him out of the money or not, I cannot now say with certainty, but I am under the impression that she carried her point. It should not be supposed, however, that such little eccentricities as I have noticed were generally indulged in. The majority of the refugees, of all classes, conducted themselves like decent people who had not forgotten to be thankful for their escape from past peril, and their enjoyment of present comforts.

All this time the siege of Delhi was in progress, and the fall of the place was reported as frequently as that of Sebastopol before it actually came to pass. It was not until September that the Imperial City was at last captured ; but to the delight and honour of the troops

engaged, the work was accomplished before the arrival of the reinforcements from England, which, however, had enough to do in completing the re-conquest of the North-West Provinces.

The relief of the garrison of Lucknow followed at the beginning of the succeeding year, although the city was not finally taken until March. The heroic band of both sexes which had held out for so long and against such odds, were brought down to Calcutta by steam from Allahabad. They were received with a burst of joy, and every provision at once made for their accommodation and comfort. In one respect the Calcutta people were not a little surprised at the new comers. Instead of the drooping, spiritless, beings to which it was expected the long confinement would have reduced them, they were found to be cheerful and hearty in no ordinary degree. The ladies in particular were for the most part in excellent health and spirits, and laughed and talked during the landing as if returning from a fête. Moreover they were generally arrayed in a manner far from consistent with the reports which had reached us of the reduced state of their toilettes during the siege. How they had managed to supply themselves in so short a time I do not pretend to know ; but ladies have a wonderful aptitude for making the best appearance under difficulties, and even when relieved, it is said, they were so desirous to appear to advantage as sadly to tax the patience of Sir Colin, who then learned for the first time that the sex does not approve of being rescued *en déshabille* even from the greatest danger. Much of the gaiety which so astonished the bystanders upon the occasion was doubtless assumed, or was the effect of the sudden change, and that reaction followed in many cases may be easily supposed ; but the members of the "illustrious garrison"

bore up wonderfully well while in Calcutta at any rate, and from their appearance would have led one to suppose that a state of siege is by no means incompatible with a state of health, and that to be threatened daily with death for the greater part of a twelvemonth is a fine thing for the constitution.

It was immediately after the final capture of Lucknow—at the beginning of April—that I proceeded on a visit to the North-West Provinces. The road was not safe; but we had all become so accustomed to the idea of danger that its reality had ceased to make much impression, and I suppose there were few among us who would not have been prepared to make a journey in any direction dictated either by affairs or curiosity, with that reliance upon Providence which is usually called “taking our chance.” Fortunately, however, the rebels who were driven out of Lucknow mostly fled into Rohilkund, and left the Grand Trunk Road more free than might have been expected, though still far from secure.

At the period in question I believed that I should be the only traveller starting from Raneegunj, where the railway then ended, one hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta. But when the train stopped at Serampore a gentleman with whom I had some acquaintance in Calcutta, came to the carriage door and asked me if I had any objection to escort a lady who was going on by the same train on her way to Benares. I expressed my willingness to be of any service in my power, but remarked that ladies were not yet allowed to journey upwards, and that my friend’s friend stood a chance of being stopped and sent back. That did not matter, I was informed: the lady was determined to proceed at any hazard to Benares, where she was to meet her husband, who was to take care of her

the rest of the way to the place where he was stationed. Under these circumstances I did not think it necessary to urge the government regulation, but placed myself at the lady's disposal. At Raneegunj, where I arrived at sunset I found two dāk gharries in waiting. One was intended for me, another for Mrs. ———, whom I soon saw superintending the packing of the vehicle, and to whom I was now introduced by her father, who had accompanied her thus far on her journey—that gentleman having, as a necessary preliminary, first introduced himself to me.

Dinner having been hastily despatched we prepared to start. My travelling companion was much elated at the prospect of the journey, and declared that she had no fear of interruption on the road. She was pleased however to accept my offer of a revolver (I was fortunately provided with two) and of a kind of dirk, of a pattern then much sold in Calcutta, and intended to wear on the same belt with the pistol. Into the mechanism of the revolver she was soon initiated, and showed such discretion in disposing of it in the gharree that I had no fear of her shooting herself with it during the night. She declared that if attacked she would sell her life very dearly, and also protect her child, a little boy of some three years old who accompanied her, to the best of her ability. I am bound to add that I think she would have kept her word.

Fortunately there was no call for any display of heroism, on the part of either Mrs. ——— or myself. I took the lead in the first instance as the most appropriate person of the two to bear the brunt of any possible danger; but as one's own inclination in dāk travelling mainly depends upon the horses, some of which will go and some of which won't, and as the respective horses

were not always of the same mind at the same time, the vehicles naturally got separated occasionally for a stage or so. My companion, however, was not at all timid, and I believe would have proceeded alone quite contentedly, had it been necessary to do so. The country between Raneegunj and Benares is the most picturesque on the Grand Trunk Road, but the journey through it is the most dangerous and the most fatiguing. The Parisnauth Hills are beautiful considered as scenery ; but they are wild, and not unknown to bears and tigers, and are cruelly trying to the horses, who seldom fail in this locality to overturn the gharry if they can possible bring about the arrangement. Fortunately we did not meet with any difficulties, either through tame or wild beasts, or worse enemies in the shape of men. I was always relieved, upon meeting the companion gharree at a fresh stage or a dâk bungalow, to find that my original confidence had been justified, and that the revolver had not gone off ; and altogether the journey was as pleasant and prosperous as could well be. It was on the morning of the fourth day after leaving Raneegunj that we reached Benares ; and here I took my leave of Mrs. — who was the first lady who had penetrated to the North-West since the outbreak. It was not desirable, however, to proclaim this fact from the housetops, on account of the government order before mentioned, her husband, moreover, being a government servant ; and as I had taken the precaution to write anybody's name in the bungalow books rather than her own, I am afraid that history will not award to my fair fellow traveller the distinction to which she is entitled.

On the road thus far I noticed but little sign of the disturbed state of the country. The people I thought looked sullen, and even scowling when they met the

eye of the Feringhee ; but this might be fancy. The degree of safety attained on the trunk road was by means of a detachment of troops which scoured it at intervals ; but it is only fair to remark, that the insurgents consisted principally of *budmashes*, who would have been ready for plunder in the most peaceful times. At Benares everything was quiet, and Charles's hotel still stood as of old. This was not at the time of which I write a very brilliant hostelry ; but it was fair enough for the North-West, and the landlord, although a European, was not too proud to attend to his guests. Here I found the latest North-West papers, and learned from personal inquiry the state and prospects of affairs on the road above. A party of rebels were said to be committing devastations a few miles a head ; but as a detachment of the Queen's Bays had proceeded up the night before, in waggons, it seemed to me that they must have borne the brunt of the battle, in case of such an event, and that the road was likely to be more clear than usual. There were only one or two travellers at the hotel, and the only one with whom I had any acquaintance was M. Beato, the distinguished photographer, who showed me the views which he had taken in Lucknow and elsewhere, since well known to the public. I pushed on the same night, and on the following evening arrived at Allahabad.

Allahabad at this time was a camp in the midst of ruins. On all sides were seen the remains of bungalows which had been burnt by the rebels. Scarcely a single one had escaped uninjured. The Governor-general was there in tents ; and the station outside of the fort was generally represented in a similar manner. The best accommodation for travellers in the place was in a large tent flanked by straw huts, which I found was the

hotel. It had been just started by an enterprising Briton, who, I should think from the prices which he charged, must have been making a rapid fortune. The tent, which was a larged double poled affair, served for the coffee room, and general rendezvous of the visitors. The straw huts were the sleeping apartments. The latter were less inconvenient than they would have been, on account of the heat of the weather, which was increasing every day; but the partitions were so slight as to preclude all idea of privacy, and the most confidential communications made in any one of them were the common property of the whole range. The effect of this publicity, after everybody had retired to rest, was not a little distressing. As some went to bed unusually late, and some got up unusually early, and others would not or could not sleep in the middle of the night, there was a perpetual stir and movement, and conversation seemed to be carried on round one's bed, so near indeed did the sound appear, that it was impossible not to be thrown off one's guard occasionally, and to ask who was there, an inquiry usually treated with silent contempt. For the rest there was little to apprehend except robbery, and this perhaps was sufficiently guarded against by light slumbers, a loaded revolver, and a servant sleeping across the doorway. I believe I was one of the latest to seek this hospitable accommodation; for there was a sufficient assembly in the *tente à manger* to prevent the time from hanging heavy. First there were the officers in charge of the detachment of the Bays which had preceded me on the road, one of whom (a lieutenant) had broken his arm on the way, through falling out of one of the waggons. Fortunately he was of a very easy temperament, with spirits of the gossamer order, and as he seemed to consider his acci-

dent a capital joke, there was no reason why it should not be accepted in that light by the rest of us. He certainly on that occasion did not wear his heart in a sling as well as his arm. There also arrived in the course of the evening a distinguished general, whose flying column had driven all before it for the last few months. This officer I only knew by fame; but his Aide-de-Camp was an old friend, whom I was delighted to meet once more. There is great pleasure in these chance meetings in a place like India. Where time is short and memory long there is much to say, and you must be quick about saying it. Conventional affectation is therefore set aside; you both say what you mean without fear of saying too much, and all is confidence and cordiality. I have heard it declared, that our countrymen in India, and military men elsewhere, are so accustomed to rapid intercourse with the world, strangers as well as friends, that their apparent good feeling is a mere matter of form. I am not of this opinion, and will back the warmth of the traveller, for sincerity, against all the civic politeness in the world.

I do not profess, here, to give any idea of political events, but merely to note the passing impressions of a traveller through districts only just cooling down from one of the hottest insurrections ever known. On all sides were signs of the strife that had been; on all sides were men who had been in its midst. Wherever there was a gathering, as upon the occasion in question, old battles were sure to be fought over again, and their actors lauded or censured in liberal terms. There is many an exploit which looks very well in despatches, but will not bear the test of discussion by men who "happen to know all about it." During my journey, and long afterwards indeed, I was considerably enlightened by

hearing of great deeds that had never seen the light, and little deeds made great by men who had influence with the powers that be, or opportunities for magnifying their merits or shielding their mistakes, in the public journals. Of course the Governor-General did not escape; and even the Commander-in-Chief, though always spoken of with respect, was considered by many officers of high rank (on the list of Lieutenants) to have been wanting in many of the requirements of a faultless man, and an impossibly perfect General.

The next morning at breakfast there appeared several new faces among the company, some of them belonging to old acquaintances. One of these was a great man at Agra during the crisis, who was staying at the hotel with his amiable better half; so of course there was a great discussion among three or four of us after the meal, as to who had lost their heads during that eventful time, and who would have been equal to the occasion had not their authority been overruled, &c., &c. It was very interesting considered as gossip, but I am afraid led to no practical result; for it was impossible that the command could have been given to any of the ladies, however well qualified to exercise it, and from what I heard upon this occasion, it appeared that there were some of the gentle sex who, either upon their own responsibility, or through the influence which they exercised over their husbands, would have been quite competent to have taken the direction of affairs, and to have saved the station.

The night before I had met with a friend, or rather a friend of friends of mine, whose acquaintance I was glad to make, who was then on his way to Cawnpore, whither I also was bound, and who made me promise to put up at his bungalow in that station,

where I was assured that I should meet with several old allies. I promised with much pleasure, and we agreed to set off in the morning together. But travellers propose and the authorities dispose. My friend was the bearer of despatches from the Commander-in-Chief, then at Cawnpore, to the Governor-General, then at Allahabad, and he had to await the pleasure of the latter; and as the latter gave him a command to dine with the Vice-Regal party, he was taken from us for a few hours, with the understanding that the despatches which he was to take back to the Commander-in-Chief should be ready early in the morning. But when early in the morning came it was found that the despatches were not ready; so he had to wait, and I had to move on; and so we had to part company, but not until he had procured me a pass "on service" by the railway, which was not then open to the public. The rail took us as far as Futtehpore only; and thence I got on as well as I could to Cawnpore, where I put up at the house of my friend the bearer of the despatches, in the expectation that he would follow. There, although my proper host was not present, I met with a most hospitable reception, and had a pleasant rest for three or four days. It was a military party entirely, and you may be sure that the old battles were fought again to our hearts' content. They were all Oudeans this time, and had been through the siege of Lucknow, the details of which were then fresh to me and possessed an absorbing interest. We must have appeared a very strange assembly to any person suddenly transported among us, fresh from the western world. The bungalow was a ruin, hastily roofed and made habitable, but with very few of the elegancies of civilization. There was no carpet or matting upon the floor—nothing but the bare *chunam*, or

hardened plaster, which forms the *planché* of houses in the mofussil. The doors, which constituted the windows, had been restored with glass, and with the assistance of the new thatched roof, kept out the heat in a very satisfactory manner. Thus far our main comfort was secured. For the rest there was but little sacrificed to the graces in the arrangements of the place. Camp tables, and charpoys and chairs hastily procured from the bazaars, constituted the sum total of the upholstery. Every man was supposed to bring the little bedding that he required, and also the "camp fashion" requirements of the table. But a merrier party than sat down to the latter could scarcely be found in the Upper Provinces. The inhabitants of the house being fresh from the campaign, there was little ceremony observed. Nobody was troubled about such matters as costume. So far from dressing for dinner, the banquet was usually the signal for an abridgement of the toilette; and that stage of it usually described as the "shirt-sleeves" was most popular at that period of the day. Even then, it must not be understood that linen was at all the rule, that luxury having been long since superseded by flannel in the case of most of the company. To add to the grotesque appearance of the party, the "Lucknow crop" or Jack Sheppard *coiffure*, was the popular arrangement as to hair. It had been found to save trouble under circumstances in which scissors were more plentiful than brushes, and was indulged in now as a tribute to old associations. Thus everybody was thoroughly at his ease, and enjoyed a state of existence comparable to few things in this world, unless it be a continual cricket match where one has not the trouble to play.

Cawnpore at that time presented a melancholy aspect. The only cheerful part of it was the fort, which had just

been strengthened upon approved principles, and was now in an almost perfect state of defence. For the rest the place was worse than Allahabad, and full of even more gloomy associations. A visit to Wheeler's entrenchment was part of the work of a very sad morning. But I must confess that, almost above sympathy rose the thought—how could any man, military or civilian, have chosen such a spot for holding out against the enemy—a spot where there was not even water, that first requirement of a garrison in a hot climate, to be had, except from a well which could be reached only under fire? How many of those who could least be spared fell while heroically devoting themselves to the task of obtaining this necessary is now well known! Still more mournful were the feelings induced by a visit to that other well—then covered only by a rough mound—in which were the remains of the ladies and children who were the victims of the massacre. I believe that we know now all that we ever shall know of that horrible event. We know or at least have every reason to believe, that the moral degradation supposed to have been incurred by the unfortunate victims, was escaped; but the mental and physical agony which they underwent realized the worst fears. Can any death be imagined more horrible than that of being hacked to pieces by butchers, and cast still warm, and in some cases still living, into a well! I have heard of men who, contemplating these horrors, have moralized upon the crimes of our countrymen in India, with the suggestion that the Cawnpore massacre may have been a retribution ordained by Providence. But whatever reproaches may attach to our rule it is not by the well of Cawnpore that they should be breathed. No amount of misgovernment and oppression could justify the deed

that there stands recorded, and to admit the possibility of justification is treason against humanity, if not worse.

I am no apologist for the unfortunate excesses, which beyond denial or doubt, were committed by the British troops when they first cut their way into the North-West. But it was at best bloody work that they had to do, and soldiers never have been and never will be taught to discriminate at such times. And I do not think that the ruthless course of the "avenging columns," either then or subsequently, produced so ill an effect upon the people as some of us supposed. The natives of India have never been accustomed to see war waged upon peace principles, except perhaps by the English. They do not understand forbearance, which they ascribe to fear. They laugh at a giant's strength if they find it used like a dwarf. They expected our troops to be furious after the injuries that we had received, and the fury had certainly a salutary effect at the time. Far better would it have been that we showed more mercy, even though the virtue were ascribed to fear, and brought down upon us contempt. We could well have afforded to pay that penalty. But the excesses of the troops were not productive of half the amount of bad feeling that was produced by the executions ordered by law. The people excused the one, taking them almost as a matter of course, but they did not excuse the other, and it will be long ere the effect of those terrible lessons are effaced. The mistake that was made, was in trying the policy of clemency and conciliation in the first instance, and so allowing the rebellion to spread until the most severe measures became necessary to repress it. A comparatively small amount of severity, exercised at the proper time, would have been a policy of real humanity; it would have saved the greater part of the

subsequent slaughter, scandal, and reproach. A great deal has been said about "a cry for indiscriminate vengeance," &c., raised in Calcutta; but there was never anything of the kind. It was a fictitious interpretation placed upon the remonstrances of those who gave unpleasant warnings and told unwelcome truths. Time has justified those warnings and established those truths. Moreover, the opinions then expressed in opposition to the Calcutta government, were not only those of a few writers and panic-stricken merchants. They were the sentiments of some of the highest military and civil authorities in the country. But enough of a not very savory subject.

I have known Cawnpore in its "palmy days," when it was a large brigade station famous for its gaiety, and coveted for quarters as much as even Meerut. Indians who are not too old to have lost their taste for such enjoyments, still talk with a sigh of the past glories of the place, when festivity was carried to a pitch of elegant frenzy, and the Nana Sahib was a member of its fashionable society! But to my mind Cawnpore was always, in itself, a gloomy spot, where gaiety appeared under a cloud, and dissipation was almost smothered in dust. It is not because I attach any importance to the story, but somehow it occurs to me here—the story of the Cawnpore ghost. A certain house, since destroyed, but used at one time as a *dâk* bungalow, is said to have been haunted by the figure of a tall man in a Lancer's uniform, and holding his lance in his hand, who one night, a few years before the outbreak, stood by the beds of several members of a family who were sleeping at the place, regarding them with a stern though sorrowful expression, and addressing to one of the family, at least, certain words which are not revealed. The

remarkable feature in this story is, that several persons should declare, without any previous communication, that the same appearance was manifest to them on the same night. I do not pretend to associate this circumstance with subsequent events which occurred in the station; but mention it here because it seems in place. It was declared by the native servants at the time, that an officer who formerly inhabited the bungalow had there died a violent death.

On the opposite shore of the Ganges, crossed from Cawnpore by a bridge of boats, is the province—only a few years since the kingdom—of Oude. With the exception of Lucknow the country was at the time of which I write still in the hands of the rebels, who were not dislodged until the subsequent cold weather campaign. I did not revisit Lucknow upon this occasion, but my memory pictured to me vividly the place as it was before the annexation, and during the brief period of tranquillity which was enjoyed afterwards. Oude has been well called the Garden of India, and Lucknow was the most beautiful city that I had ever beheld. It was while partaking of the hospitalities of the residency, in 1855, that Sir James Outram—"the gallant and the good," whose name has since been so indissolubly associated with the glorious deeds which restored the place to our sway, and who then held the diplomatic post of Resident at the court—showed me the view of the city from the roof. That celebrated picture of palaces and gilded domes and spires, has been so often described since, that I need not dwell upon its beauties—merely declaring that from this point of view they presented a spectacle such as could be matched by no city in the world. I am glad to hear, too, that notwithstanding the havoc made by the siege the old characteristics are not entirely destroyed, while

the city in all important respects is immensely improved. At the house of Captain Fletcher Hayes, who was first Assistant Resident, and afterwards military secretary under our administration, I passed at different times many pleasant weeks. Hayes was a genial host and a charming companion, besides being one of the most accomplished men in India. An admirable oriental scholar, he was profoundly acquainted with the native character, and upon all matters relating to Indian politics his authority was undisputed. In European literature, too, he was well read; and it is no slight testimony to the ardent industry of his character—the fact that he spent his furlough in study at Oxford, where he took his M.A. before returning to India. The exploit was unexampled in the case of an affair of the army, and he gave point to the distinction which it conferred upon him by going up to receive the degree in full uniform. Poor Hayes was killed soon after the outbreak, in the early days of the administration of Sir Henry Lawrence. With the active military enthusiasm which characterized him equally with his civil talents and attainments, he volunteered to accompany an expedition sent out to explore the road toward Mynpoorie. When near that station he was cruelly murdered by his own sowars. Of two officers who accompanied him, one shared his fate: the other upon whom the attack was not so sudden, saved himself by hard riding. Fletcher Hayes was of the best stamp of “Indian officers,” which has now very few representatives. Had he lived he would probably have risen to the highest rank among Indian statesmen. For his personal qualities he is sincerely lamented by all who knew his worth as a true friend.

Among those who used to assemble at the residency in 1855, or in the following year, the greater proportion

have since passed away. Of those who have survived, what perils and privations have they since gone through, what changes have they lived to witness! Mr. Coverley Jackson, who officiated as Chief Commissioner during Sir James Outram's absence in England, until he too had to seek a change of climate and Sir Henry Lawrence supplied his place, fell a victim to his anxious determination to recover his nieces, who were in captivity, and of whom the elder was beyond all aid. He was lying dangerously ill with a shattered leg in a house near that in which I stayed at Cawnpore, and his death was announced not many days after. Sir Mountstuart Jackson, his nephew, was murdered with his sister. Captain Stuart Beatson, a gallant officer and man of brilliant talents and accomplishments, fell a victim while serving under Havelock as Adjutant-General, in the first advance upon Cawnpore. He had just come round from Persia, where he had held a command under Outram, during the short campaign in that country in the beginning of 1857. He had obtained sick leave to England, which no man ever needed more, but hearing at Bombay of the outbreak in the North-West, he came round to Calcutta at once, and placed his services at the disposal of Government. Beatson, like Hayes, of whom he was a devoted friend, was a man of great literary taste and talent. His polished and pointed pen was well known in India, and might have been in England, but that his contributions to home literature were made anonymously.

Even so far back as the middle of 1856—during one of my last visits to Lucknow—it was perceptible that there was a bad spirit amongst the natives, who by no means appreciated “the blessings” of British rule at the value set upon them by our national self-esteem. I remember now noticing similar signs at Delhi,

where towards the close of the same year I happened to be sojourning with a friend. Once indeed we were treated with positive insult, in being rudely prohibited from passing along a public thoroughfare, because it was within the precincts of the palace where the King then held his puppet court. We were told that the road was free for natives, but that no European was allowed to pass that way. Our first impulse was of course to contest the point; but my companion, a military man, thought it more prudent not to risk the responsibility, which might have got him into trouble, so there was nothing for it but to pocket the affront. I remember, too, at Agra, in February, 1857, having a long conversation with the late Sir Henry Lawrence, who was then on his way to Lucknow. Sir Henry was at that time very uneasy about the feeling of the country, although as yet there had been no distinct signs of the coming storm; and his remarks made a great impression upon me. I was told afterwards, by a high authority in the station, that Sir Henry, talking to him upon the same subject, went so far as to say that they—the Agra people—would soon be shut up in the fort. This was looked upon as a piece of pleasantry at the time, but it proved terribly true. About the same time many persons observed indications of an independent feeling among natives of the better classes, which by the light of subsequent events is quite comprehensible. The villagers, however, I am sure were not aware of the storm that was brewing, notwithstanding the affair of the *chupatties*, which has been supposed to have been the machinery adopted for the announcement of an intended rising. The “chupattie movement” I now believe to have been intended only as a warning to avert some disease which was supposed to be threatening the population.

"The Well at Cawnpore" is now marked by a monument, which records the fate of the victims buried beneath. When I was on the spot it was distinguishable only by a mound of earth. Close by, the grave of the soldiers of the 32nd who had fallen in the struggle, was marked by a stone cross, erected by their surviving comrades in the regiment. I have preserved as a sad relic, a model of this simple monument, executed in a portion of the woodwork of the demolished "slaughter house," given me by the worthy chaplain of the station, the Rev. Mr. Moore, at the time of my last visit; also a model of a barrack made from a portion of that in which Wheeler and the devoted garrison held out so bravely. Both were made in Mr. Moore's compound, under his superintendence, and there can be no doubt of the material being taken from those places.

At Cawnpore at this time I met several men who had come up from Calcutta in order to purchase *loot* at Lucknow. One or two of them, I afterwards heard, made some advantageous purchases, but others were sadly "sold." I was quite prepared to hear of the latter state of things; for a friend of mine who was in the city immediately after the siege, showed me several shawls, sold to him for real Cashmere, which turned out to be nothing but the English imitation of that manufacture, and also some rows of pearls of immense size, which proved to be worth about threepence a row in the Burlington Arcade. Considering his purchases as genuine he had paid little enough for them; considering them as spurious he had given a preposterous price. It was an ingenious native who practised thus upon his credulity.

After a few days stay in Cawnpore, which impressed me more than ever as the most melancholy station I

know in India, I proceeded by dāk to Agra. Here there was a picture of desolation almost as great, but having the advantage of being connected with less melancholy associations. There had been much loss of property in Agra, and some loss of life, but there had been no murders or peculiar atrocities. The inhabitants of the station had sought timely shelter in the fort; and their bungalows, being abandoned, had all been punctually burnt down—at any rate as far as the roofs and the other combustible portions of them were concerned. These had now been in some cases restored and made habitable; but the majority were still but burnt shells, and large numbers of the residents had not left their quarters in the fort. Here you may be sure there was great fighting of old battles whenever people gathered together at *chota hazree*, or the more ceremonious evening banquet. It was interesting at first, but rapidly developed into a nuisance—the oft-told tale how one man in authority lost his head, how another man in authority never had any head to lose; how a third whose duties lay at his desk could not be kept from fighting, and how a fourth whose profession was the sword placed his principal reliance on the pen; how the cart was put before the horse and the horse put behind the cart, and the vehicle of the state somehow got stuck in the mud, and was only set moving by resolute men who had no right to the reins but who put their shoulders to the wheel. Well, well, it was a sad story, but cheerful after all in its result, and I must declare my belief that every man did the best that in him lie. There was some weakness, some incapacity even, but every man is not born to breast extraordinary difficulties, and the Agra people had to endure such as would have puzzled the wisest heads. Among all the stories that I heard there were

none that impugned the honour or courage of any man ; and I am certain that all desired to do their duty whatever differences of opinion may have arisen as to how it should be done. When once in the fort, to which it was only an act of common prudence to retire, everybody took a manly share in the work that was for the general good, and nothing could have been better and more complete than the organization which endured for months after the first few days of confusion. The garrison, too, besides being constant behind walls, showed determined courage in the open, upon the only occasion when it was found necessary to send out a force ; and the battle of Sussia, though not attended with the most perfect success, brought out some of the best qualities of our countrymen who were engaged in it—the Volunteers being in no wise behind the Regulars in the race for the honours of the day.

Agra in 1858 was certainly not the pleasantest place that could be selected for a residence. I was fortunate enough to have a house with a roof to it, a new roof which had been added to the stubborn walls which would not burn ; but the comforts inside were rude and scarce. The original furniture had been last seen in the middle of the road, in company with the windows and doors, it which society it had been smashed beyond all redemption. Its place had been supplied with a few articles purchased in the bazaar, of a camp character both as to quality and quantity. The few tumble down articles which could be procured, however, cost as much as elegant furniture in ordinary times ; and not a few officers and others who were obliged to support domestic establishments, contented themselves with upholstery ingeniously constructed of straw, which gave a rustic appearance to their dwellings strongly suggestive of Robinson Crusoe.

The greater portion of the furniture belonging to the station had been destroyed, as I have said; but the smashing even of an enemy's property involves some degree of trouble, and the *budmashes* appear to have got tired of their work after a time. Thus it was that a considerable number of articles were afterwards found lying about the roads, and were reclaimed by their right or their wrong owners, that is to say, by those to whom they did belong, and those to whom they did not, as the case might be. The latter assertion may seem scandalous, but there is no doubt about the fact, that among the first hardy spirits who ventured out of the fort, were a few persons who, though poor, were not particularly honest, and who made excursions with a view of picking up such unconsidered trifles as the *budmashes* might have neglected to destroy. These enterprising bands were composed, I was told, principally of Eurasians, but a few Britishers who cultivated "cuteness" *avant tout*, did not disdain to be included in the number. Facts of this kind are sad no doubt; but, even members of "illustrious garrisons," have been known to prey upon one another while under the enemy's fire. At Lucknow, for instance, I was told by one of the ladies who escaped, that some rascals, with white faces and red jackets, extorted from her and her friends, from time to time, a large proportion of their jewellery, not it must be said, for the sake of the ornaments themselves, but because they represented rum. The British soldier was at that time at so high a premium in the defence market, that ladies did not dare to refuse him little attentions of the kind. I am glad to be able to add, however, that the black sheep who so disgraced themselves were few in number, and by no means represented the general conduct of their comrades.

At Agra, at the time of which I write, English supplies were at preposterous prices, and every article of consumption among Europeans had risen to an immense extent in the market. Ordinary household expenses were doubled and trebled; while such things as wine, beer, &c., fetched whatever the dealers liked to ask for them, when they could be had at all. At the hotel at Allahabad, a bottle of bad sherry cost twelve shillings, and a bottle of by no means the best beer half that amount. In Agra the prices, by the dozen, were something less, but not very much, and these endured until by degrees supplies were received from Calcutta or Bombay. The majority of persons, who could get at them, usually addicted themselves to the commissariat stores of rum and beer; but both of these articles require a considerable training on the part of the general drinker before they are found palatable. The beer in particular can seldom be faced except in the disguised form of "cup."

On revisiting the fort, I was much surprised to find the complete state of defence in which it had been placed, a state most satisfactory for any probable requirements, though the place would still have no chance against a regular siege. As may be supposed, the regulations were very stringent as regards ingress or egress after nightfall, and like a great many others, I found myself in a dilemma now and then through having forgotten, or neglected to inquire the *parole*. One night I owed my arrival home, after dining with some friends in the garrison, entirely to the ready wit of a private soldier, who by the way was *not* an Irishman, as ready witted soldiers are usually supposed to be. On walking leisurely towards the gate I was stopped by the sentry, with the customary question, "Who goes there?" "A

friend," was of course the answer. "Advance friend, and give the parole." This was just what I was unable to do; and after a long parley, which did not seem likely to effect the object, a soldier who was lying on a charpoy close at hand came to my relief. "It's a very bad word to-night, sir," he said. "I am very sorry to hear it, my man," I answered, "but I should still like to know how bad it is." "It's wosser nor bad, sir, this time," he rejoined with great gravity. I was aware that the "run" of the pass-words for the last ten days had been upon the names of Indian stations, so I had no difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. "Wusseerabad," I answered promptly, and passed on, to the great relief of the sentry as well as myself.

The "run" upon pass-words, by the way, is sometimes carried on to an amusing extent. In the same year of disorganization, 1858, there was a brigadier at one of the north-west stations, who was supposed to have been blighted in his affections, and who invariably fixed upon *female* names for the *parole*. After going the whole round of proper names denoting the female kind, even to the Clementinas and Wilhelminas, and such tortuous varieties, he would begin over again at compounds, as "Mary-Anne," "Amelia-Jane," "Anna-Maria," and so forth. In this manner he always kept himself and the garrison under the softening influence of feminine associations.

I heard a story *apropos* of pass-words, about the same time, which I think has not found its way into print. A certain noble lord and distinguished cavalry officer, was proceeding on the "grand round" one night, having the pass-words for the different posts all ready written on a slip of paper in his pocket. On being required by a sentry to give the parole, he referred to his memo-

random, and gave the wrong one. "Exeter" would not do; he was equally unsuccessful with "Plymouth;" at last, after reading another name or two, he growled with characteristic impatience: "Devenport, and be —— to you." "Pass Devenport, and be —— to you," replied the sentry, happy in the glory of having sworn at the great man without the possibility of reproof.

One hot morning, shortly after my arrival at Agra, we were all startled by the sudden irruption of the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, with his prime minister Dunkur Rao, and a small escort. The Maharajah had been attacked by the rebels and forced to fly. I believe he was very sulky as it was his wont to be, and not disposed to be content under the sacrifice which he had made for his adherence to British rule; but Dunkur Rao, a sagacious and loyal man, exerted himself to calm his master's mind, and give a right direction to his ideas. Of course it was the business of the authorities to set the Rajah up again as soon as possible; so all the available troops were despatched at once from Agra, and the object was accomplished in a very short time. Gwalior is not much more than seventy miles from Agra, so that we had continual accounts of the progress of operations, and were not a little relieved on hearing of the retaking of the place.

It was shortly before the outbreak at Gwalior that I paid a visit to Bhurtpore, some five and thirty miles from Agra. Captain (now Major) Nixon, of the Bombay Army, was then officiating as Political Agent there. It was a difficult position; but, after having been once routed out of the place by the rebellious spirit of the troops, he returned with great gallantry to his post, where he re-established himself by the exercise of rare sagacity and firmness, and at the time to which I refer was the

practical ruler of the country, the Maharajah, who was only eight or ten years of age, being of course unfit to take the direction of affairs. The young Maharajah, however, was a very intelligent boy, and was being very judiciously educated under the advice of the Political Agent, and promises to make a very enlightened governor. He held a durbār for my reception, an honour which I, being a private individual, must consider as to my host, rather than to myself. It was followed by a similar reception, which "we," as in duty bound, returned to His Highness. Captain Nixon at this time lived in one of the palaces, where I also took up my quarters. It was a right regal residence, furnished in that mixture of Oriental and French taste such as may be seen all over the East—beginning at the Pacha's palace at Alexandria. Captain Nixon appeared to be wonderfully popular, so much so that it was found difficult, when we drove out in the evenings, to get away from the populace, who insisted on surrounding the carriage and following it far out of the city with loud cries of "Salaam, Sahib!" and various expressions of homage and devotion.

A slight difficulty arose upon the occasion of my first visit, as to the possibility of getting back again. The rebels from Jhansee were scouring about, and it was difficult to say which way they would go. They were as likely to make a dash upon Bhurtpore as not, and as I was only a looker on there, it was not considered desirable that I should wait to receive them. Bhurtpore being a native state there was of course no dāk laid for travellers by our companies. All the arrangements for my proceeding thither had been made by my hospitable friend the Political Agent, who sent an open carriage and four, with an escort of sowars into Agra, for my accommodation. It

was by the same conveyance that I now returned, the escort being doubled to guard against contingencies. I thus made the journey in royal state, but could not refrain, every time we stopped to change horses, counting the chances for and against my escort cutting my throat. That they did not do so I consider a high tribute to the character of the Political Agent, and the potency of the British power. The rebels, it was afterwards found, went to Calpee, and treated Bhurtpore and myself with silent contempt.

Later in the season, when things were quieter, I went once more to Bhurtpore, with a friend; and this time we had some shikaring in true native style—beating up the deer, and hunting them with cheeturs, a sport which is well worth seeing, if only for once. We also went to Deeg, and passed a couple of days in the palace there, taking leave at last of our hospitable friend Captain Nixon, whose diplomatic abilities, I am glad to see, have since procured for him a higher post.

In this hurried sketch I have no time to give an account of the many objects of interest in this portion of Rajpootana; but before taking leave of the youthful Maharajah, I may notice the fact that he was married in the following year (1859) to the daughter of the Maharajah of Puttiala, one of the most devoted of our allies. I received an invitation to be present at the festivities, which were held at Puttiala—a wonderful document, written in Persian, the paper being sprinkled with gold stars. It was contained in a paper wrapper, over which was a white muslin bag, and the whole was enclosed in a bag of red and yellow *kimkhab*, or brocade, to which was appended, by the string which tied up the end, the Maharajah's seal, the impression of which upon the wax, was somewhat smaller than an Abernethy biscuit. This

illustrious looking document was forwarded by Major Bouverie, who had just succeeded Captain Nixon as Political Agent. It was a great matter of regret to me that I was unable to avail myself of this opportunity to behold a scene seldom witnessed by Europeans. The bride was two or three years younger than the youthful Maharajah; the marriage was therefore merely nominal, and will remain so for some years longer; but this circumstance did not prevent the festivities from being conducted upon a very magnificent scale.

A trip to the Mussoorie, in the Himalayas, was my next change from dear dull Agra. It was a very welcome one, for Agra in August is apt to be hot, hot, hot. The declining sun one evening saw a dâk gharree getting out of the station as fast as the horse could take it, and with all the air of defiance that could be conveyed by the coachman's horn, which that functionary blew with an energy worthy of a better cause. The occupants of the vehicle were myself and military friend who was just ill enough to get sick leave, and just well enough to be able to enjoy it. We were both in high spirits, and determined to make the most of the glorious prospect before us—of getting nearer and nearer to cold weather at every stage.

We made our progress to the hills without any adventure; but I noticed in travelling by dâk, above as well as below Agra, that a sowar or two always rode near the carriage by way of escort. These men are mounted police, detachments of whom are kept at the thannahs to keep the road clear, and for the protection of travellers. After the road became impracticable for wheels and we had to take to dhoolies, this precaution was dispensed with, just when it was more necessary than ever, as it appeared to me.

The season at Mussoorie was a most auspicious one as regards society. It was made doubly pleasant to me by the cordial hospitality of Mr. Keene, the superintendent and magistrate of Dehra Doon, a distinguished ornament of the Civil Service, and well known for his literary tastes and abilities. Life in the hills is now tolerably familiar to the English readers, so I will not attempt a detail of the proceedings of the few weeks that I enjoyed at Mussoorie among scenery scarcely surpassed in beauty by any in the world, and in a climate which is as healthy as that of England, for Englishmen, and ten times more agreeable. All things must have an end, and in October I again took a downward course, resting at several stations on my way, with friends with whom I had made engagements to spend a few days.

Soon after my arrival at Agra a great event occurred—the proclamation of Her Majesty's accession to the direct government of the empire, *vice* the East India Company. The change had been anticipated for some time past, and was looked forward to with feelings of doubt and dread, hope and exultation, according to prejudice or opinion. That it was generally received with satisfaction by the natives there can be no doubt, they believed then as they believe now, that it was a measure intended for their welfare—a kind of Magna Charta to which they can always appeal against local injustice. That the change was a natural consequence of the mutiny is now generally admitted; and that the reforms which have followed are natural consequences of the change, is equally certain. The reading of the proclamation at Agra was not a very imposing sight—that is to say, in comparison with any field day when the troops were all out. Mr. Reade, the senior civil

officer of the station, read the document from his saddle in a feeling and impressive manner; but very few, naturally, could hear; and a native official read the same in Hindustanee for the benefit of the native troops. There was great cheering of course, and the firing of a salute added to the general excitement; after which there was something like an illumination in the evening. In this manner Her Majesty took possession of her own in Agra.

It was in the following month that I left the station once more, and proceeded downwards on my way to Allahabad. The journey this time was not destined to be accomplished without an adventure, which I will briefly narrate.

I had left Agra in the evening, as most travellers do, and had passed through Mynpoorie early in the morning. I had made a very short stay at a bungalow for breakfast, and intended to go straight through until I arrived at Cawnpore. I have always thought that in the cold weather, with tolerably good horses, and nothing particular on one's mind, there is a great deal of enjoyment to be derived from a dāk journey. I do not pretend to have any experience of the "old coaching days" in England, and the pleasure of riding behind "four spanking tits," but I can fancy, that whether outside or inside, the constrained position must have been very irksome, and that it could be accompanied by rest only in the latter case; when close confinement, with five other passengers, could not have been very pleasant. As for railway travelling, one is at one's ease certainly and has plenty of room; but the discipline is very hard to endure; you are not a free agent: you must make yourself part and parcel of the conveyance at the risk of inconvenience almost incalculable. Now dāk travelling is open to neither of

these objections. You have the carriage all to yourself, or may share it with a friend if you like. You may stop when you please and go on when you please, and when you are in progress you are stretched at your ease, without any necessary regard to conventionalities of costume, and with all your little world of conveniences about you—your books to read, your cheroots to smoke; any refreshments, liquid or solid, that you like to bring with you; your arms for your defence if need be, or for sport if it so please you, and an opportunity presents itself; the driver devoted to you, everybody at the staying places your most obedient servants; no general convenience to consider, nothing to consider, in fact, except your own pleasure and comfort. A dāk journey has all these recommendations; and if there be not a great demand for horses on the road, so that they have proper rest, and your gharree be not too heavily loaded, very little annoyance need be apprehended to counterbalance them.

Upon the occasion in question I was journeying under all these favourable circumstances, and the month being December, the weather was as cool as need be. I had just partaken of a pleasing lunch, and was enjoying a book and a cheroot, while proceeding at a rapid rate towards Cawnpore, when on a sudden the gharree was pulled up with a jerk, and looking out from the doorway I saw a couple of natives holding the horse's head. I leapt out immediately, as you may suppose, having taken care that my revolver was safe at my waist, though not too ostentatiously displayed, and rushed into a torrent of remonstrances at being detained, giving orders to the coachman to proceed immediately. A very short explanation, however, was sufficient to convince me of the propriety of the summary stoppage

of my carriage. The men who had taken upon themselves to detain me I saw at once belonged to the police, and from them I learned that "the rebels" were only a mile or so ahead of me, in large force, at a ghât called Goorsaigunj. They were commanded by Feroze Shah, a Delhi chief of considerable renown, who had crossed the Ganges from Oude, at an unguarded place, on the previous night. They were advancing upwards, and unless I changed my course I should be in the midst of them before many minutes had elapsed. There were a party of travellers farther on, I learned, at a place called Meerun ka Serai, who had been shut up since early morning, not daring to show until the danger was past. There was no time to think twice; so I bade the coachman once more mount the box, and prepared for ignominious flight. It so happened that the horse that was in the shafts was the only one that had given any trouble during the day's journey; he had evinced a strong tendency to go no farther than he was made to go; but when once his head was turned he went like the wind. I have often heard the remark made, by the way, by fugitives, that their horses have generally felt the excitement of flight, and have been ready to go twice the distance at twice the speed that they could have been induced to achieve upon ordinary occasions. Whether riding or driving there is something in the earnestness of the rider or driver which is sure to communicate itself to the inferior animal.

It is certain that we made our way back again towards Mynpoorie a great deal quicker than we came, and it must have been a "flying column" indeed that could have overtaken us. One horse after another seemed to take the infection, and we had accomplished thirty miles—the larger half of the distance—in what

seemed to me an incredibly short space of time. Occasionally I looked out to the rear to see if there were any signs of a possible enemy, but all was clear in that direction. I had just settled myself down again to my book after one of these *reconnaissances*, when once more the gharree was pulled up with a jerk, and the coachman, in a voice of terror, called out that the enemy's Cavalry were coming upon us from the front.

You may be sure that I looked to the front with some anxiety, when on the road, sure enough, was plainly to be seen a native *ressaleh*, advancing at the trot. It really seemed this time as if my hour was come. Resistance to a force of the kind would be rather absurd; but we are none of us disposed to part with our lives upon easier terms than we can help; so I mechanically looked to my revolver, regretting I had but one (having been induced to part with my other at Agra, where those weapons were scarce) forgetting that *one* was all I could possibly have a chance of using. The six barrels were all loaded, the caps in their places, and the instrument of course cocked. I had besides the "kind of a dirk" which I had lent to Mrs. —, the intrepid lady whom I had escorted to Benares; and also a long native tulwar which had been taken from some of the *suspects* at Agra, and which was not likely to be of the slightest use to me if I had to come to close quarters in the gharree. A few minutes of breathless expectation passed, during which the regular trot of the troops ahead became painfully monotonous. At last they came quite close to the gharree, which was all the time drawn up at the side of the road. I did not hear the order, but they were on a sudden brought to a halt, and then looking out to face the worst, I had the indescribable satisfaction of seeing that the officers were *white*! The

force proved to be a detachment of Alexander's Horse, and the commanding officer (Captain Alexander himself) now informed me that they had left Mynpoorie early in the morning to look after the rebels, and would like to know where they were. I told him, and he was very glad to hear that they were so near. Our conference was brief, as there was no time to spare, and with hasty adieu we parted. I would willingly have retraced my route, and seen what followed: but my gharree would have been decidedly in the way, and my traps moreover were on the top of it, and these I had no desire to lose. Accordingly I made no apology for leaving those whose business it was to look after the enemy, and devoting my main care to looking after myself.

It was about sunset when I arrived at Mynpoorie. Here I was immediately surrounded by an anxious crowd of persons, civil and military, eager to hear the news, and to afford me every possible accommodation as a forlorn fugitive. I soon found myself in the hospitable quarters of Captain Dickson, second in command of the Levy, where several of us dined and passed the evening in that state of cheerful anxiety which is a common condition of military life on active service. I slept that night in his bungalow; but next day, finding an old Agra friend, Dr. Watson, who was civil surgeon of the station, I inflicted myself upon his hospitality for the rest of my stay. This was extended to ten days, during which time it was impossible to proceed with any rational idea of safety. Indeed the chances appeared to be that we should be shut up in the place, and transformed into an "illustrious garrison and a band of heroes," whether we liked it or not. The rebels abandoned the trunk road, it seems, upon the approach of Alexander's Horse, and Colonel Percy Herbert made a

successful onslaught upon them from Cawnpore. That they would pay us a visit seemed a matter of certainty ; and the little fort was, with timely forethought, provisioned to stand a siege. But the rebels went to Etawah instead, a place about thirty miles off, where we heard to our great joy, that they had been beaten by Mr. Allan Hume, the magistrate of the place, and a band of Volunteers. It was an admirably conducted repulse, and *one* of the several acts of good service for which Hume gained his well deserved C. B.-ship. After this we had nothing to do but to send medical assistance to the wounded at Etawah, and an enthusiastic Irishman was accordingly despatched, very late one night, but as soon as possible after the demand had been made, to do his professional all on their behalf. I have no doubt of the doctor being a very skilful man ; but I must confess that I had some doubts of his being able to render much assistance to the wounded when I saw him go off on his journey. It was the dead of night. He was just out from England, and could not speak a word of the native language. He refused to take any change of dress with him, but went off on the top of a camel, with his case of instruments under his arm, declaring that "he was an Irishman, and would die for his country." As the great object of his country, represented just then by Etawah, was to get him to live for it, the offer, handsome though it was, could scarcely be said to meet the requirements of the case. However, he did arrive safely, as I was afterwards rejoiced to hear, and according to all accounts the wounded were very glad to see him.

It was a strange time, the ten days that we passed waiting to know what were the "intentions" of Feroze Shah. A portion of Her Majesty's 64th regiment were quartered at the place, and these were all the European

troops upon whom we had, and *all* the troops probably upon whom we could rely. The native Levy was considered decidedly doubtful. The officers of the 64th messed with the civilians and station staff; and there being a tolerably large party, you may be sure that no gloomy anticipations interfered with the general enjoyment. Dinner was usually the occasion of a general gathering; and after dinner there were sometimes cards, and even such pastimes as comic songs were not unknown. There is one cheerful composition of this kind called "The Nobby Head of Hair," which was particularly popular during that anxious period. It has long since passed away from the fashions of vocal facetiousness in London; so I may mention for the benefit of some of my readers, that it turns upon the miseries which may befall a gentleman through being endowed with hirsute adornments of too attractive a kind. It is a simple song, with a chorus, and is principally intended to excite the risible emotions; but were I to live a hundred years I should never cease to associate that song with the idea of a rebel force being on the march against Mynpoorie, and the not improbable contingency of our throats all being cut before morning.

At last the roads were declared safe, and I declared for departure; so taking a warm farewell of my friend the doctor, and the rest of the "good men and true" by whom my stay had been enlivened in no ordinary degree, I once more had the horse put to (the same horse, who had enjoyed a holiday all the time) and made the best of my way to Cawnpore, proceeding thence to my destination at Allahabad.

Before concluding these rough notes of my impressions of the Upper Provinces immediately after the breaking of what was familiarly called "the neck of the

revolt," it may not be out of place to refer briefly to the causes by which that revolt was brought about. I believe the man to whom, of all others, we owe the disasters of 1857-58, was the Nana Sahib. Whether he be alive or dead is still a doubtful question; but in either case that man may be considered the immediate agent in the mutinies, and the perpetrator of the greatest of all the atrocities that marked the reign of terror of 1857. It is as the murderer of Cawnpore that he is best known to the public at home. Yet the part that he took in the outbreak is no less clearly ascertained. Most of our metropolitan readers remember a certain "Indian Prince" who was the lion of the London season of 1856. In conspicuous public places, in exclusive private society, the magnificence of his appearance and the "peculiar charm of his manner" attracted all eyes, and it is whispered not a few hearts. This man was one Azimoolah Khan, the agent of the Nana, despatched to London to prosecute a claim made by his master upon the British government, as the adopted heir of the Peishwa of the Maharattas, which claim had been refused by the Indian authorities. He was not a prince at all, only a menial servant originally; but London society is not always discriminating where "distinguished foreigners" are concerned, and Azimoolah carried everything his own way. Not quite, however, for he did not carry back with him the admission, by the home authorities, of the Nana's claim. The Nana, upon receiving a refusal, became a bitter enemy of the power which he had formerly flattered, of the people whose representatives he had been for years proud to entertain, in intimate social relations, at his palace in Bithoor. Opportunity was not long wanting for vengeance. Oude was then in a

state of disaffection, caused by annexation, in which there was some want of good faith, and a succeeding state of things in which there was a great want of popular government. Our administration of the province, though conducted by able men, actuated by the best motives, had made itself disliked. The lower class, though better off than before, did not appreciate what we are accustomed to call the blessings of British rule; everybody else was sadly interfered with, and missed the glorious laxity and congenial corruption of an Oriental court. We had so few European troops in the province that it seems now something like insanity to have attempted the annexation at the time. Throughout India there had been a drain of the same defence, caused by the Crimean war. That war had so weakened us at home, Azimoolah told his master, that we could not spare another man whatever might happen. Could there ever be a better opportunity, the Nana said to his friends, for overthrowing the British power? The native princes of India were thoroughly scared by the successive annexations of Lord Dalhousie, and the crowning appropriation of Oude was more than the common safety could endure. Then came the affair of the greased cartridges. The objection to this ammunition, introduced for the Enfield rifle, was doubtless unprompted in the first place. Still it would have blown over but for the intrigues of the Nana and his friends, who worked upon the susceptibilities of the Hindoo sepoys, and inspired them with the idea of a conspiracy to destroy their caste. The mock court of Delhi was of course ready with every aid; the followers of the deposed King of Oude did not scruple to lend secret support. An understanding was established between the disaffected everywhere, and, mainly by Mahomedan in-

trigues, corruption was sown among the Hindoo soldiery in nearly all the regiments of the native army. As for the Mahomedan soldiery, the political object, already not unfamiliar to them, and the prospect of plunder, were quite sufficient inducements to join in the revolt. So well planned were all the arrangements that our overthrow must have been the result but for the affair of the 3rd Cavalry, which occasioned the premature outbreak at Meerut on that terrible Sunday night in May. The colonel of the 3rd has been blamed for the strong measure which he resorted to by placing some eighty mutineers of that regiment in irons, and so provoking the rising of the rest; but a milder policy would probably have been productive of worse consequences, and the act was certainly justifiable by military law. But for the rising of the 3rd, in fact, the plans of the conspirators would have had time to ripen, and it is highly improbable that we should at the present moment be forming new Councils and new Courts, selling land in fee simple, and preparing for the extension of Perpetual Settlements in our Indian empire.

For what did happen as well as for what might have happened, we have equally to thank the Nana, whose guilt is so certain that his trial, should he ever be captured, will be little more than a formality. His agent, Azimoolah, has already perished; and some of his admirers in London may be interested in the alleged fact that he has left behind him some records of his success in the fashionable world in the shape of a packet of correspondence, which was captured as spoil by a private soldier, in whose possession it remained not very long ago, when he refused to give it up.

III.

AN INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER AT THE ANDAMANS.

THERE is a current conventionalism which always describes a foreigner as intelligent. He may be a fool at home, and probably is, but directly he finds himself or loses himself in another country, the character assigned to him is that of a shrewd observer, from whom people have to learn home-truths.

An intelligent foreigner has been to the Andaman Islands, and has told us more about that country than we ever knew before. His name is Doodnath Tewarry, of whom it may be said, in the accepted biographical style, that he commenced his career in the military service of the Hon. the East India Company, and after the struggle for independence in 1857, was sent at the expense of government to Port Blair. Shortly after the date of his arrival at that settlement, we find the subject of this memoir running away ; and it was when he came back again, of his own accord, after a year and twenty-four days' absence in the Andaman Jungle, that he communicated the interesting results of his experience, which have been arranged for publication by that most obliging of men, Dr. Walker, before he had enough of it in the proud position which he would not keep at

any price—and have been published to the world by a paternal government.

Doodnath Tewarry's statement is in a literary point of view, well worthy of a protégé of so accomplished an amateur of elegant English as Lord Canning. In other respects it is both useful and entertaining, and clearly stamps the author as being of the "intelligent class." He tells us that he escaped, with twenty others, to the main land of the Andamans, in hopes of obtaining military service with the Raja of Burmah. Upon arriving they were joined by another party of congenial convicts, and their force thus became increased in number to one hundred and thirty. Instead of obtaining service they were nearly starved, and after fourteen days of wandering, were "surrounded," a hundred and thirty of them, by a hundred of the aborigines, whom they tried to "conciliate" (a policy learned in Calcutta) but who did not spare them, (a policy learned probably in the North West.) Some of the convicts were killed, others fled, and others seemed to have been reduced to both extremities. Doodnath got arrows through his body, and all sorts of unpleasantness, and was ultimately dragged out of some bushes in which he had attempted to hide himself, by the leg. The aborigines after this "took a kindly interest" in him, and took him besides to an adjacent island—that of Turmooglee, about eight miles distant from the south-west coast of the great Andaman Island. Since that time he had been wandering about with his captors from island to island, and to the main land. He lived with the aborigines, and "comforted himself with them after their fashion." The principal characteristics of this comforting were wearing no clothes, keeping his head shaved, subsisting upon his captors' fare, &c., which last especially

must have somewhat scandalized his caste—that of a Brahmin. They did not, however, expect service of him, though they long regarded him with suspicion, and would not trust him with arms—not even with a bow and arrows, which he sometimes wished to assume upon sportive pretexts. Wives, however, were less dangerous, so they gave him two. One of them was aged twenty, and was named Leepa, and the other, about sixteen, rejoiced in the cognomen of Jigra. The former, he tells us gravely, was about to produce him a pledge of their mutual affection, when he deserted her and her tribe in order to give information of an intended attack upon the convict station of Aberdeen, which loyal impulse it was—mingled perhaps with a slight desire to get away from his wife—which occasioned his giving to the authorities the renewed pleasure of his society.

Our intelligent foreigner's description of the country and the people is very minutely given, and with that patronizing air usually assumed by the literary traveller. He considers that there were plenty of inhabitants, as he could not have seen less than fifteen thousand of them, men, women, and children. The whole population, he says, is migratory, rarely residing many days in one locality. They are particularly partial to the sea coast for the sake of the fish, but occasionally migrate to the interior for pigs and fruit, the former of which they hunt. They are usually divided into groups, varying in strength from two to three hundred individuals. They all seem to belong to the same tribe. There appeared to be about the same proportion between the sexes as in Hindustan. He saw no signs of infanticide being practised; the deaths seemed to be less numerous than the births, and he is therefore of opinion that the population is increasing. He has no reason to suppose

that the aborigines emigrate to distant places. He considers the aborigines uncivilized, does our intelligent friend ; but they are certainly not cannibals in any way, for they neither devour human bodies nor raw meat in any form. He considers them "wild," and savage generally to strangers (with one complimentary exception, it appears) and particularly kind to one another. "They do not seem to have any idea of a Supreme Being, go about naked, have little or no shame, and hardly know what fear is ; they have very few wants, and these are generally obtained [the wants?] on the spot ; they know nothing whatever of cultivation, subsisting by hunting and fishing, aided by wild fruits and roots, which are cooked in the simplest manner."

A man, we are further informed, has with rare exceptions, only one wife or mate—a fact which shows that giving him two was a delicate attention of no ordinary kind. But, he adds, he does not see why they should so restrict themselves, as neither married men nor unmarried women are at all particular in their amatory arrangements. The only persons subject to restrictions, in fact, are the widows, and they never re-marry, and are always models of propriety. The marriage ceremony is very simple. "The parties" are brought together without, it is believed, the lady being in any way consulted. There is only one other person, an "elder," present at the ceremony, not that others are forbidden, but nobody else seems to care about the proceeding. "Towards evening the bride, having painted her body in stripes, with her fingers, smeared with red earth moistened with turtle oil, sits on leaves spread over the ground, by way of carpet or bed ; the bridegroom who is similarly painted, squats on his carpet of leaves at a distance of ten or twelve paces off. They thus sit in

silence for about an hour, after which the individual who has to join them comes from his hut, takes the bridegroom by the hand, and leads him to where the bride is, and having seated him, without saying a word, presents him with five or six headed arrows, and returns to his hut, leaving the married couple alone ; and they sit alongside of each other in perfect silence for several hours, that is, until it be quite dark. Next day they converse with one another as usual." In the case of our intelligent friend there was but little ceremony observed, he tells us. He was led up to the ladies and told to seat himself between them, the "elder" [i.e. the elderly gentleman] merely pronouncing the mystic, but apparently encouraging words, "*jiree jog*," which completed the formalities.

The women, according to this account, take upon themselves much the same duties that belong to women in most parts of the world. They do not share in the pig-sticking and other boisterous propensities of their husbands, but incline themselves to cooking and household concerns, though they will catch shell-fish on the rocks, and make themselves otherwise agreeable. "The aborigines," our friend further informs us, "do not allow a particle of hair to remain on their bodies, and it is the women who act as barbers, to the men, women, and children, and shave them quickly and cleanly with small chips of bottle glass of the size of a small bean, but not thicker than the blade of a pen-knife. To make suitable chips some art is required : the piece of glass is struck sharply on the very edge, with a hard stone found on the beach." The women also transact surgical operations with the same pieces of glass—the great remedy for all hurts being applications

of red earth and turtle oil, with local bleeding. All the aborigines are tattooed, all over the body with the exception of the neck, the head also being spared. On the march the women carry the children, and build the huts, when they encamp, of boughs and leaves. The women are described as "strongly built, stout, and hardworking," and generally somewhat less in stature than the men, who seem to be short, for our intelligent friend says that he never met with anybody so tall as himself, and he is five feet nine and a half. With regard to beauty, he tells us that both men and women would be considered ugly in Hindustan, but perhaps he is difficult to please, and had his taste somewhat severely tried by his two wives.

Our traveller tells it, as a remarkable circumstance, that "Andamanee parents manifest the same fondness for their offspring as is manifested by parents in Hindustan, and children exhibit the usual affection and respect for their parents." This is a very gratifying fact, which seems to have made an impression upon the mutineer mind. Moreover, he tells us, "children play among themselves much in the same way that they do in Hindustan; the girls are very fond of playing with the sand on the beach, raising it in a circle or square around them, and calling the interior their house (bood,) and imitating the manners and customs of grown up people." This playing with sand is a very near approach to the mud pie of British childhood, the manufacture of which seems to be one of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin, though our traveller does not exactly say so.

Upon the whole our intelligent foreigner has acquitted himself most creditably. His statement, of

which I have presented the pith to the reader, would be pronounced by any impartial critic who was not sensitive about jog-trot phraseology, "a valuable contribution to geographical literature;" and if the author could only manage to get a ticket of leave, he might become the lion of next season in London, and Chapman and Hall would be certain to offer him handsome terms for a book.

IV.

MEN AND THEIR MONKEYS.

ONE of the Bombay papers not long ago complained of a piece of unequal justice which has been enacted on board a ship in the harbour. A Midshipman, while bathing, was nearly being carried away by a dangerous current, and must have been drowned had not two men jumped overboard and saved him. The recompense which they received for their gallantry was having their grog stopped for a week. A few days previously the Captain's monkey fell overboard, and one of the men knowing him to be a favourite, jumped after him, and brought him safely on board. This sailor was not only not deprived of his rum for taking to the water, but was for this important service, promoted to the rank of signal quartermaster.

I mention this story not because it is likely to occasion the slightest surprise, or to prevent other Captains from making similar distinctions between Midshipmen and monkeys whenever they feel inclined ; but because it points a moral which may be of practical use to many of my readers.

The two men who rescued the Midshipman should have remembered, before taking the leap which I fear

will be fatal to their prospects in the service, that Talleyrand advises all persons in public employment never to display zeal ; or if they never read the sayings of that benevolent man, some philanthropist should have quoted it to them. Professionally a Midshipman cannot be of much importance, and if they merely acted on the ground of common humanity, they were acting upon a principle, which, if consistently carried out, would be incompatible with discipline and the interests of the service. Moreover they should have perceived that the Captain in drawing any distinction between a Midshipman and a monkey, paid the former a delicate compliment, not always accorded by society, which is too apt to confound the two, and even to call one by the name of the other. It would clearly therefore have been more prudent and considerate on their part, had they contented themselves with watching the struggles of the young officer, whose fate they might afterwards have lamented comfortably over their grog.

A far more wise policy was that of the seaman who saved the monkey. By so doing he rendered a personal service which was not likely to be without its reward. The loss of the monkey would probably have deprived the captain of his most congenial associate, whose place it would have been difficult to supply, whereas another Midshipman could be had for the asking, and his loss be felt by nobody except perhaps by a stray mother and sister, or a chance schoolfellow whom he might have once saved from a licking. The amount of gratitude in the two cases could not of course be the same, and the result is nothing more than might have been expected.

The signal quartermaster *with* his allowance of grog, has probably learnt a lesson for life ; and if he properly appreciates it his professional fortune is made. He is,

we will lay any wager, in his own sphere, one of the most rising men of the day. But the lesson is one by which not only he may profit. It is applicable to all men who have anything to gain in the way of promotion from superior authority. Every great man has his monkey. It may not be a hopping, skipping, chattering creature, with a ring tail and engaging manners, but it is a monkey of some kind. One man's monkey is his monkey in the literal sense of that of the Captain. Another man's monkey may be his horses. A third man's monkey may be his wife. A fourth man's monkey may be his good looks. Musical abilities, and powers of conversation, are also favorite monkeys with many men, and some have professional vanity for a monkey—especially when they happen to have nothing to be vain about on that score. • The great object of the aspirant for favour should therefore be to discover what is the *particular* monkey of his superior, and then to save it as often as it gets into danger. Whether it be a veritable baboon, or his patron's horses, wife, good looks, musical abilities, powers of conversation, professional abilities—that monkey must always be praised and paid every attention to, and promptly leapt after should it ever fall overboard in the estimation of society. It is of no use to mind a little wetting now and then, or even dry remarks which the subject will suggest. The aspirant must be above all such influences ; he must stand by his man, and in the end he is certain to get his reward. I should like to have a hundredth part of the rewards that have been conferred upon this heroic principle.

V.

MILITARY COLONIZATION IN INDIA—CLIMATE.

THE subject of Military Colonization in India has been discussed from time to time in that country, and the idea has found favour even among those who maintain the "Gorgeous East" to be unfitted for the permanent settlement of Europeans. In that Golden Age known as "before the mutinies," it was the opinion of some of the ablest writers in India, including the late Sir Henry Lawrence, that it would be both politic and practicable to establish colonies upon the slopes of the Himalayas, where soldiers, upon retiring, either through age or the expiration of their period of enlistment, might be induced to settle down in peaceful pursuits. The policy of the arrangement was unquestionable. It would cause a large class of Europeans to take root in the country, and encourage the growth of some more useful institutions than the empty beer-bottles which the old sarcasm declares would be the only remains of British rule if we were turned out of India to-morrow. It would be a source of strength, too, in a possible hour of need; and who, after the experience of 1857, shall say when that hour may not be at hand? As a compact mass of men trained in the use of arms, the aid of the

colonists as volunteers would be of much value. But a better use might be made of them even than this. Upon the condition of receiving a grant of land, or perhaps some small pecuniary aid, these men might be rendered available for military service, upon a footing similar to the Militia or Yeomanry at home, and so form a permanent reserve force, to be employed in enriching the country whenever not called upon to defend it.

At present a large number of men upon obtaining their discharge, remain in India instead of returning to England. But a soldier who has been accustomed to be looked after all his life, is a helpless being when he has to look after himself. He is as much out of his element as a sailor on shore, and too frequently falls a victim to his own passions, and the sharks who prey upon his class. He is like an old charger, who wants the trumpet and the word of command, and does not understand kicking up his heels by himself; with the rest of his troop he will go through his work with credit, but once alone he falls into bad paces, and discovers weaknesses of which he never dreamed. An organization of the kind suggested would be free from any of the objections made by the most sensitive official to the presence of the British "adventurer" in India. Instead of that exciting career of liberty, which is too apt to end in *delirium tremens*, the soldier would find a future before him imposing but few restraints beyond those of order and decency, and offering a prospect equally calculated to serve both his inclinations and his interests. If he happened to have a trade he could practise it. If he had no trade, and wished to learn one, nothing could be more easy. If he had a little capital, he could speculate with it. If he had none, he could, probably, get some land and employ himself in its

cultivation. He might have a pension to help him on, but in any case there could be no doubt of his being helped on in some manner, and finding out that there are worse trades than soldiering, when the soldier has the good fortune to be sent to India.

With regard to the practicability of the scheme, the main objection offered to European settlement in India is the climate. This objection has been much exaggerated, principally from political motives; but whatever the force of the opposing arguments as regards the general question, they can have no application to the present case. Nobody would think of establishing Military Colonies in the plains. Regiments on service must be quartered there for the sake of the position, and of these the sick have frequently to be sent to the Sanatoria in the Himalayas. The part of the country best adapted for Military Colonies would be on the slopes of those mountains, or hills as they are irreverently designated in India, where the climate is healthy and bracing, the soil rich, and admirably fitted for many kinds of cultivation, that of tea being already pursued in several parts with signal success. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any spot in the world could supply a more pleasant retreat for the old soldier than the Himalayas and their slopes.

The advocates of Military Colonization, whose voices were hushed by the din of war, are once more making themselves heard in India. The organization which they propose, always admitted to be desirable, has now the additional claim of being urgent. If ever there was a time for it, it is the present, when the local European army has been amalgamated with that of the line, and placed upon a new footing. That European army, as our readers are aware, was enlisted exclusively

for Indian service. Few of the men composing the old regiments, when they embarked in the transport, ever thought to set foot in England again. They belonged to some extent to the same class of men as form Her Majesty's army proper. Drunkenness or destitution may have led them in many cases to take the shilling, without any care whether the recruiting sergeant was a "Queen's" or "Company's" man. But a considerable portion of them were persons of a higher stamp. They were men of good family, who had lost fortune, caste, or it may be even character. They sought service in India as a country where they would be unknown, and as a land of adventure, in which they might hope to retrieve their position. That they were not wrong in their calculations is proved by the fact, that at the present time, there are many men in high position in India, who have gone out to that country in the ranks of the army, and the proportion of those who have been granted commissions is far greater than in the line. Among the gunners of the Artillery, the favourite branch for such adventurers, I once heard of a baronet, and scions of noble houses have been far from unfrequent. Of the "Company's Europeans" a large portion took their discharge after the "white mutiny" of 1859, in which the new regiments were mainly concerned; but most of the remainder have accepted the amalgamation of the armies, and are now available for general service. Their condition, however, is certainly less favourable than the old; and these men would, when their period for retirement arrives, eagerly accept any prospect, such as that afforded by the scheme proposed for settling down in the land of their adoption. Moreover, it is highly desirable to popularize the Indian service with the troops of the line. One of the great evils of the

amalgamation measure, is the absorption which it effects of a body of men trained for special service in India, who have become acclimatised and accustomed to intercourse with the natives, whose language they learn, and whom they generally treat with kindness. How much good might be effected could the soldiers of the line feel that they might have a similar tie to the country, must be at once apparent. The knowledge that they had an opportunity of settling therein when their period of service expired, would exercise a most beneficial effect upon their conduct and habits, besides preventing that frightful waste of life and strength which, without some provision of the kind, cannot fail to be entailed by the maintenance of 70,000 European troops in India. It does not appear that the local government is taking any steps in reference to this object; it is, therefore, the more desirable that the attention of the home government should be directed towards it.

There is no need in India, in the hills or elsewhere, for the settlement of mere vagabonds and outcasts, though such men usually settle themselves, in a different sense of the term, before they have had time to do much mischief in the country. The cashiered officer who, on the strength of having once been a gentleman, takes a high rank in low society, and whose life is passed in the irrigation of his grievance with brandy and water; the ex-bandmaster, who is such a musical genius that he has never been able to keep either a band or a salary when he has had the opportunity; the dismissed kerannee, whose hatred of the tyranny of his superiors has caused a defalcation in his accounts; the promiscuous European, who came nobody knows whence, and is going nobody can guess whither, and who has tried his hand at everything with only the result of "putting

his foot in it ;”—the classes of which these men are representatives, are nowhere considered useful members of the state, any more than they are agreeable members of society. In India they are simply public enemies and private pests. Yet it is among such men that persons having useful employment to bestow are usually compelled to bestow it ; and even in the public departments, especially such as the Electric Telegraph and the Post-Office, as well as in connexion with the Railway, it is frequently found necessary to fall back upon the assistance of men whose characters will not bear the closest investigation, such is the want of respectable European agency in the subordinate class experienced by all employers in India. It appears plain, then, that it should be the object of a wise government to render both the state and private speculators independent of such disreputable and mischievous material, the growth of which is moreover increased by the impression, too prevalent, that any European is of so high a value in India that he is certain to be able to earn his living, whatever may happen. Let but a respectable and sober humble class be established, and the drunken vagabonds will have no chance ; and drunken vagabondism itself will soon diminish when this fact is made fully apparent. Towards this object nothing can be better adapted than the encouragement, in every possible manner, of European soldiers to settle in the hills. They are ten times more likely to succeed than men going out straight from England, an arrangement open to objection, and hazardous in many respects. They are accustomed to the country, and cannot have an insuperable dislike for it, or they would prefer to go home. They must know something of the language, notwithstanding that the gentlemen consulted upon the subject have somewhat

gratuitously assumed that they know nothing at all. And with regard to their supposed dislike of the natives, it should be remembered that a soldier living in barracks, and a citizen engaged in industrial occupations, are very different persons; and that to live among and mingle with the people of the country, is the way of all others to remove old prejudices and promote good feeling. If the object cannot be accomplished in this manner, it can certainly be accomplished in no other. It may also be safely assumed that the settlers would belong to the better class of British soldiers, and that they would therefore be susceptible of better influences than the majority of their comrades.

With regard to the facilities for employment, I am aware that the range is not very extensive. If a man has capital, the matter is easy enough. Whether large or small, it can easily be turned to account, either in European goods, or commodities of the country—among which, as Mr. Dunlop points out in his interesting work, “Hunting in the Himalaya,” the common wool growing upon nearly every animal in the hills, has been strangely neglected. But even without capital to cultivate tea or purchase commodities on his own account, surely the settler has a fair chance in the employment of others, or even in that of the government itself; for, as Mr. Cust observes, in a report upon the subject, European soldiers might be employed as jail daroghas, thanadars, road surveyors, &c., in the hill tracts, with great advantage. Even granting that the success of the experiment is questionable, surely that is a matter for the settler himself to determine, and one that will soon arrange itself. If any number of men make the attempt and fail, it may be safely assumed that they will have no followers, and the authorities will be

relieved from all further anxiety on the subject. It can scarcely be supposed, that the Indian government will continue to have any morbid dread of the increase of the lower interloper class, who, however, it must be admitted, give so much trouble to the district officials, that we can scarcely wonder at these gentlemen, if consulted on the subject, thinking that they would do better in some other part of the world. But if the government really cling to their old prejudice against the most difficult class with which it has to deal, such prejudice should surely lead it to encourage men of a better stamp, who, as we have said, would to a great extent supersede their less reputable brethren, and drive them from the field. The days have long since gone by when the natives of India entertained the idea that every Englishman was a *Sahib*; and they can now behold the vagaries of the vagabond, without confounding him in any way with the more respectable classes of his countrymen. We are not, therefore, afraid of any evil being produced in this respect. It is upon other grounds that the British blackguard is a nuisance; and the only way of absorbing him is by a strong infusion of respectability.

I have already touched upon the subject of climate. It is so intimately connected with that of European settlement as to deserve special consideration.

The Indian climate has never borne a good character in this country. In the best of times it is supposed to have a bad effect upon the liver, to say nothing of the complexion and the morals, of those long exposed to its influence. And in the present day there are many who expect to find in the Anglo-Indian all his traditional peculiarities. They are astonished, in fact, if he is not yellow as to appearance, peppery as to temper, and cor-

rupt and extortionate as to his dealings with the world. But never has the Indian climate been in less favour than of late. So fatal have been its effects upon public servants, that candidates for places have been frightened away, and even high appointments are said to have been going a-begging for want of men to fill them. I allude, of course, to the right men; the wrong men are charmingly accessible, and are always ready in any number to go to any climate, on any service, and on any salary.

But the mere adventurer, though useful enough in India, when left to his own resources, is not precisely the sort of person to send out in an office either of trust or of dignity. And if no other men are to be found willing to seek a career in that country, what is to become of it? True it is that we have still the members of the regular Civil Service, who, from having an opportunity of becoming acclimatised when young, enjoy, of course, greater advantages. But it is only for a portion of the work of administration that these gentlemen are henceforth to be employed, and if the present dread of the climate becomes a settled conviction in the public mind, it follows that not only may the supply from this source be diminished but its quality deteriorated.

But before finally condemning the Indian climate upon the evidence advanced against it, let us try what a little cross-examination will do. I will suppose myself counsel for the defendant, for the nonce, and see whether the testimony be not capable of refutation. The prosecution brings its dead men in terrible array in support of the indictment. There they are:—Commanders in Chief and Governor Generals, Members of Council and Officers on the Staff; not only men in high

place, but women of high rank, without counting persons of inferior note, who had their spurs to win, all cut down by the same remorseless hand. The dead tell a terrible tale; but let us appeal from the dead to the living. Among these we find men who have faced the climate for thirty or forty years, and who maintain it to be the healthiest in the world. The old Indian in these days is no longer the yellow old gentleman that we are acquainted with in novels and on the stage. His inward man has changed as well as his outward man. He is not only of good heart, but of good liver; his pugnacity has disappeared with his pigtail, and neither his face nor his pantaloons are of the nankeen hue. He moves in the mass like other men, in town and country, and no passing observer would dream that his constitution had been tempered to the tropics. Take a younger man, home on furlough, who has still five-and-twenty years more in him that will "count as service." That man, in nine cases out of ten, is as hale and hearty as if he had lived all his life in Leicestershire, with nothing to do except in the hunting season. As for the Indian invalid—home on a holiday varying in duration from nine months to three years, for the benefit of his health—his appearance is simply insulting to men in the hard-worked West, who, if they have to make their way in a profession, think themselves fortunate if they can secure a month's run on the Continent, in the long vacation, without being tripped up by the electric telegraph, and sent for on one pretext or another back to the old weary grind. To such men it is perfectly disgusting to see the Indian invalid courting about Europe, with no other care than to keep up his credit with his agent; the picture of health and ease, with months and perhaps

years before him ere he be recalled to duty, and enjoying life with the freshness of a boy from school. But even this comparison is inadequate to convey a sense of the contentment of this creature ; for boys generally do not like returning to school, while the Indian invalid is delighted at the prospect when the time comes. Indeed, if he has ever been a bore to his friends during his home and continental career, it is when he has indulged in glorification of the luxurious langour of Calcutta, the frenzied exhilaration of Simla, the glorious excitement of tiger hunting in the Terai, or of pig sticking in the Mofussil anywhere. It is some satisfaction to his friends at home to think that, although his pay be fabulously large, yet he is cut off in a great measure from the civilization of Europe. But when he tells them how near an approach to a good dinner may be got at the Bengal Club ; how the Madras Club has no parallel on the face of the earth for curries and companionship ; how the Himalaya Club is associated with every enjoyment that can be derived from fresh air, good health, billiards, and balls, with first-rate racing in the season on the prettiest course in the world down in the Doon—then it is that the jaded “man about Europe” gets seriously annoyed with him, and feels more envy than he cares to express. It is certain, indeed, that most persons who have lived in India praise the country and recommend it to their friends, and many make it their home for life, not only from necessity but choice.

Dropping the position of the advocate, I will take a judicial view of the *pros* and *cons* of the case. Granted that there is a great deal of heat and ennui to be encountered, it seems clear that there are many compensating advantages ; that the climate is not unfriendly to

all Europeans, and that the *camaraderie* spirit in society must have a certain charm. The real state of the case I believe to be this: that the Indian climate is not suited to some persons at all—it simply kills them off; that to an equal proportion, perhaps, it is particularly well suited—they thrive in it better than they would in England; that as far as the rest are concerned, they need be under no fear if they take proper precautions. And these proper precautions are, after all, only such as prudent persons take in Europe. They consist only in economising strength as much as possible; in keeping early hours; in taking invigorating but not fatiguing exercise; in abstaining from heavy dining and convivial excess; in not being exposed too much to the heat of the sun; keeping the mental system at the same time under similar discipline by not over-tasking it, as men are too apt to do in India, owing to the long hours during the day, in which at certain seasons they are confined to the house. I believe that, under such conditions, all medical men of experience agree that life in India is not quite so much like the brink of a precipice as people are inclined to suppose. And this may surely be taken for granted, that however bad the climate may be, it is no worse than it was, while it is certainly much better understood and guarded against.

All favourable circumstances being admitted, the question remains—what is the reason for the alarm which has of late seized upon our countrymen? I believe it to be caused by the simple fact that conspicuous men have been carried off instead of obscure men. The latter die and nobody notices them. That which is only a choleric thing in the climate when it kills a subaltern, is, when it kills a General, rank devastation. Yet, among the well-to-do Europeans in India, the

chances of life or death are tolerably equal. The lamented Lady Canning was not able to command better protection against bad air in her journey from the hills than could the wife of a junior Ensign under similar circumstances; and if, in place of the wife of the Governor-general, the obituary had announced, "the wife of Ensign —, —th Regiment, N.I.," who except her immediate friends would have bestowed on her a second thought? It was well remarked the other day, *à propos* of the proposed removal of the seat of government from Calcutta, upon the ground that the climate is not suited to men in high places, that, after all, only one Governor-General has died in India during a hundred years, and he was worn out when he went back. Surely this fact should have some effect in dissipating the popular delusion. Moreover, it is certain, as was pointed out by the same writer, that Calcutta, the place dreaded of all others, is undergoing a sanatorial regeneration through a system of drainage which has already been commenced, and promises to be one of the healthiest cities in India. As regards the climate of the North-West, there are few dangers even alleged; and in the Presidencies the means of escape to the hills are being so facilitated that no rational man, with a knowledge of the chances in his favour, need for the future fear committing himself to a career in the East.

VI.

PARIS*—A BALL AT THE BARRIERS.

THE visitor to Paris who has only seen the lions, has seen nothing. Though he hunt them with the avidity of Mr. Gordon Cumming, it is with this difference, that he kills nothing but time. For all the knowledge he gains of his own species, he might as well remain by his own fireside, cramming Murray's Guide for his facts, and cultivating his French accent by means of a pronouncing dictionary. Let him who would gain a knowledge of national characteristics, seek it—not in the English hotels—not even at the "best houses" in private society; for, in the first, he will find himself in only a transplanted Piccadilly; and in the second, as among the better classes of all European nations, he will observe no very perceptible difference of manners and customs. Indeed, these places are in what the author of "Eöthen" would call a state of "utter civilization;" the knives, for instance, are positively fit for use, and even salt-spoons are not absolutely unknown. Let the student of character betake himself, then, to the haunts of the "common people," with whom, if it be in the Quartier Latin, the students are usually associated. Here, in the

* The following sketches relating to Paris were written some few years ago, and refer to many things—including a Republic—which have no longer any existence.

quarter in question, the aborigines unite with a few civilized customs the charm and simplicity of savage life. The contaminating influence of railroads and steamboats, and the diffusion of knowledge, have been scarcely felt. The people talk, walk, and—shall we say?—dress, as if they had never heard of the Champs Elysées, or even of the Palais Royal. The conventional is unrespected or unknown. Human nature falls back upon itself; lives in seventh stories; keeps its hands in its pockets; spurns pomade; and addicts itself to short pipes. The general characteristics of the neighbourhood, in short, are those of an Arcadia, with gas-lights and a dash of slang.

The mention of Arcadia, is suggestive of the pastoral amusement of dancing; and dancing, by an association of ideas inevitable in the Quartier Latin, leads us direct to the outside of one of the Barriers, whence, leaving the last taint of the city behind, we emerge into a paradise of rustic simplicity and cheap wine. Of these two attractions, by the way, it must be confessed that the latter has the greatest number of votaries in the quarter: certain it is, that while deriving equal benefit from the *ordinaire* wine and *extraordinaire* simplicity of the locality, the visitor generally brings home with him a larger amount of the one than of the other.

Let us suppose the particular paradise to be the *Barrière du Mont Parnasse*, and the particular occasion a ball-night. The inevitable impression of the Englishman who passes through what he conceives to be a turnpike turned into a barrack, is that Greenwich Fair is not abolished, and that he is in the midst of that festivity. To be sure, there are neither booths nor beer (in an English sense,) and the majority of the persons are not intoxicated. But there are the same

sweet scents of oil, sawdust, and tobacco; the same streaming coloured lamps; the same vendors of curious condiments for the temptation of the appetite; and the same opportunity for the purchase of everything that one doesn't want, at ruinously low charges to the buyer. The rival bands of musicians, too, are as energetic in their performance of opposing galops as the most devoted Greenwichite could desire.

In one respect, however, there is no resemblance whatever, and this is one in which the barrier has decidedly the advantage. While there is as much noise and confusion as would satisfy the most medical and musical of students, there is scarcely any quarrelling, and, perhaps, no fighting whatever. This is easily accounted for. The swaggering and ostentatiously defiant demeanour so popular in London—and, moreover, that verbal raillery which meets with such a ready exchange there among all classes—are entirely unknown in Paris. This is, of course, a severe annoyance to the fast Englishman, to whom habit is so dear, and leads him to believe that the French have no sense of humour.

Having made these useful observations, the wise visitor will now leave reflection for after the ball; lounging for the Champs Elysées; and *ennui* for that distinguished London society in which he doubtless moves; and plunge at once *in medias res*—that is to say, into either “Grado’s” or the “*Mille Colonnes*”—prepared to be natural and good humoured, though Baker Street should frown, and Bloomsbury shed tears of respectable despair.

Suppose him to choose the “*Mille Colonnes*.” He will see before him a large hotel, with a dancing-room on the first floor; windows everywhere brilliantly lighted up, through which he will behold the dancers

vigorously at work, though it is scarcely seven o'clock. Some very pretty costumes may be observed (if it be carnival time) on the large stone balcony overlooking the garden—cooling themselves after the last quadrille, and exchanging perhaps some eccentric-comedy dialogue with their friends below.

The visitor, if he be an errant philosopher, a true, observant, metaphysical, vagabond—which is of course to be desired—will not be surprized if, while making these observations, he finds himself forcibly seized by two men, whose blouses and moustaches give them the appearance of butchers about to enter a dragoon regiment; nor will he be seriously alarmed when he finds his feet firmly planted upon a little wooden bench; although it must be confessed that under the circumstances it is excusable if one's thoughts wander towards the Inquisition; and not altogether imbecile to apprehend some diabolical species of torture. The fact is, however, that instead of suffering the punishment of the boot, you find your own pair superbly polished; and that the application of the "screw" is extremely mild; extracting from you nothing beyond a few sous to the shoeblack.

This polishing process is one that it would be a signal breach of barrier decorum to omit, even though the visitor be equipped in the most spotless of patent leathers, to black which is suggestive only of painting the lily, or putting slang into a burlesque.

The philosopher in question, unless he be too rapt in the contemplation of his faultless feet, will now see before him a couple of wide staircases, extending on either side, and united by the first-floor landing, where, guarded by *sergents de ville*—who guard everything, down to

the pewter spoons—he arrives at last at the entrance to the ballroom.

Here, the first objects that a dull person expects to see, and the last that the philosopher dreams of beholding, are the “*Mille Colonnes*,” which is the playful name, plagiarised from a famous *café*, and given to some thirty iron pillars supporting the ceiling, and dividing the promenade at the sides from the dancing-ground in the middle of the room. Across this important boundary are placed narrow tables devoted to refreshment, and above these, countless candelabra branch forth from the “*Mille* [in this instance, French for thirty] *Colonnes*.” The tables are occupied by various articles belonging to the dancers—their bonnets, mantles, mammas and papas, &c. ; the two first-mentioned articles being piled up promiscuously in the midst of bowls of wine, rich with slices of lemon, of which the latter are partaking. There is a greater proportion, too, of children in arms, than one usually observes at balls in London society ; and these infants seem to enjoy themselves as much as the grown-up people, to judge by the wine which they drink, and the noise which they diffuse.

Regarding the dancers themselves, it must be confessed that the men are of extremely plebeian appearance, and present as great a contrast to the female portion as can well be. The latter, though seldom handsome in face, and never so in attire, are nearly always graceful and attractive. If nature has been niggard in its gifts of actual beauty, it has been most bountiful in its bestowal of the neatest of figures, the smallest of feet and hands, and a good taste that does more for the toilet than all the milliners of Bond Street and the Boulevards. Fancy costumes, too, of a kind

not very costly, but always pretty and effective, are very numerous on *fête* days and extra occasions; and many of these would do no discredit to the Opera ball itself. One would scarcely believe that these young girls, with their little airs and graces, their ease and self-possession, are nearly all gaining their own livelihood by the work of their own pretty little fingers. Some are employed by the milliners and artificial flower-makers; some of the best class, perhaps, assist behind counters; and a very large number are merely laundresses, with a sprinkling of professors of the higher branches of clear-starching: all are industrious, all independent, and all poor.

Except in rare cases, these young girls are accompanied to the ball by their parents or relatives, to whom, after dancing, they immediately demand to be restored. As may be supposed, an introduction is quite unnecessary as a preliminary to obtaining a partner; but it must not, therefore, be supposed that a partner is always obtainable: some are too exclusive to dance with strangers at all, and many are savagely monopolized by their friends and admirers. The great opportunity of the stranger is when, towards the close of the evening, the friends of a young lady have become tired of repeating the five sous which it is necessary to pay for every dance. Then it is that the more opulent aspirant may be seen leading off the beauty in triumph, to the mortification of her *prétendu*, and the satisfaction of her family.

The dances most in vogue at the "*Mille Colonnes*," are scarcely remarkable for novelty or variation. The first dance is invariably a quadrille—so is the second—so is the third—so is the fourth—so is the fifth—and so probably would be the hundred and fifth, if some

energetic persons did not, about three times in the evening, call out vigorously for a polka or a waltz. These figures, do not, however, flourish at the *Barrière*. Many will not attempt them; many who do, should not; and the consequence is, that after an occasional change, the quadrille resumes its supremacy, more popular than ever. The style of dancing is nearly always quiet and orderly; and as for the exaggerated and grotesque movements for which the French have so wide a reputation, they are here almost unknown. The only deviation from the usual order of things, is when you see a *Cavalier seul*, in the midst of *Pastorale*, performing frantic gestures while searching in his pockets for the inevitable five sous (which the Master of the Ceremonies will not apply for until the middle of the dance,) or another, pursued through the *Chaine des Dames* by his remorseless creditor.

Should those "social wants that sin against the strength of youth," prevent any youth so sinned against from dancing, he usually consoles himself with a cigarette. This annoys the nearest *sergent de ville*, who requests that it may be extinguished. The usual custom in such a case is to put the cigarette in your pocket, say something about ignorance of the customs of the place, and pass on—commencing again, and repeating the same ceremony at every interruption by every *sergent de ville*. The fact that it is *défendu de fumer* being announced conspicuously on every wall, and even that you are known to be the oldest of offenders, does not at all interfere with the success of this plan.

Except on state occasions, the balls conclude invariably at twelve o'clock, when everybody goes home, except perhaps some of the choice spirits among the men, who linger in the later wine-shops, drinking

bad *ordinaire* or worse brandy, and eating interminable hard eggs ; or playing for glasses of *liqueur* with all sorts of rolling and revolving contrivances. Meantime the fathers of families take their elder children by the hands, and drag themselves, heartily weary, towards their dwellings ; the mother following behind with the inevitable baby, who, having of course had too much wine, has been long since fast asleep.

In half an hour all the lights are extinguished ; the conjurers, fruit and sweet-meat vendors, and vagabonds of every description, including the philosophic one already alluded to, have all past away ; the last lingering customer has been stealthily let out from the latest of the closed wine-shops ; and all is profoundly still—or would be so, but for some occasional student (who has probably fraternised with a hideous-looking ruffian in a blouse) giving vocal expression of his intention to *mourir* for his *patrie* (I am writing of days when that composition was the *môde*)—which very handsome offer seems to be received with the deepest ingratitude by sundry nightcaps at the windows, who intimate that his country would feel it an additional obligation if he carried out his views before the song rather than after ; or, at any rate, that his exit would be more effective with the accompaniment of the softest possible music.

Such is the usual course of an ordinary ball. The *fêtes* are principally remarkable for the presence of a greater number of persons, and a multiplication of the same kind of amusements. Many of these extra festivities are held in honour of particular classes. Those of the *blanchisseuses*, which occur several times in the year, are perhaps the most extensive. Then it is that for four-and-twenty hours some twenty thousand per-

sons are supremely happy, and for a week afterwards there is scarcely a clean shirt seen in Paris !

The Barriers at all times are the favourite resorts of the humbler classes, and especially of the students, to whom untaxed wine, at five or six sous the litre, (cheaper than the cheapest of London beer,) is an irresistible temptation. Every day the hotels where the balls are held are thronged with diners and drinkers ; and wedding-parties, especially, muster here in great force. In every *café* may be heard the familiar click of the billiard ball ; and personages, with strange beards and strange attire, who would make their fortunes at the Adelphi as cut-throats, may be seen wasting their sweetness—that is to say, their ferocity—upon the desert dominos, from morning till night. Whether, in fact, it be to dissipate *ennui* or display merriment, to find a wife, or to keep a wedding, to celebrate good fortune or to forget bad, it is to this land of the very free that the populace of Paris betake themselves. And, truly, nowhere can they be seen to greater advantage, because nowhere are they more at their ease.

VII.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

THE first impression of the Student of Students in Paris is one of curiosity. "When do the students find time to study?" is the natural inquiry. The next impression solves the mystery, by leading to the satisfactory conclusion, that the students do *not* find time to study. To be sure, eminent physicians, great painters, and acute lawyers, do occasionally throw sufficient light upon society to render its intellectual darkness visible. And the probabilities are that these physicians are not born with diplomas, as children are, occasionally, with caul; nor the painters sent into the world with their pencils at their fingers' ends; nor the lawyers launched into existence sitting upon innate woolsacks. The inference, then, is, that education has done something towards their advancement, and that they, necessarily, have done something towards their education.

But the lives of great men are the lives of individuals, not of masses. And with these I have nothing now to do. It is possible that the Quartier Latin contains at the present moment more than one "mute inglorious" Moliere, or Eugene Sue, guiltless, as yet, of his readers' demoralization. Many a young man who now

astonishes the Hôtel Corneille, less by his brains than his billiards, may one day work hard at a barricade, and harder still, subsequently, at the galleys! But how are we to know that these young fellows, with their long legs, short coats, and faces patched over with undecided beards, are geniuses, unless, as our excellent friend, the English plebeian, has it, they "behave as such?" Let us hope, at any rate, that, like glow-worms, they appear mean and contemptible in the glare of society, only to exhibit their shining qualities in the gloom of their working hours.

It is only, then, with the outward life of the students that I have to deal. With this, one may become acquainted without a very long residence in the Quartier Latin—that happy quarter where everything is subservient to the student's taste, and accommodated to the student's pocket—where amusement is even cheaper than knowledge—where braces are unrespected, and blushes unknown—where gloves are not enforced, and respectability has no representative.

If the student be opulent—that is to say, if he have two hundred francs a month (a magnificent sum in the quarter) he lives where he pleases—probably in the Hôtel Corneille; if he be poor, and is compelled to vegetate, as many are, upon little more than a quarter of that amount, he lives where he can—no one knows where, and very few know how. It is principally from among this class, who are generally the sons of peasants or *ouvriers*, that France derives her great painters, lawyers, and physicians. They study more than their richer comrades; not only because they have no money to spend upon amusement, but because they have, commonly, greater energy and higher talents. Indeed, without these qualities they would not have been able

to emancipate themselves from the ignoble occupations to which they were probably born; unlike the other class of students, with whom the choice of a profession is guided by very different considerations.

It is a curious sight to a man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge to observe the poorer class of these students sunning themselves, at mid-day, in the gardens of the Luxembourg—with their sallow, bearded faces, bright eyes, and long hooded cloaks, which, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, “circumstances” have not yet enabled them to discard. Without stopping to inquire whether there really be anything “new under the sun,” it may be certainly assumed that the garments in question could not be included in the category. If, however, they are heavy, their owners’ hearts are light, and their laughter merry enough—even to their last pipe of tobacco. After the last pipe of tobacco, but not till then, comes despair.

The more opulent students resemble their poorer brethren in one respect:—they are early risers. Some breakfast as early as seven o’clock; others betake themselves by six to their *ateliers*, or lectures—or pretend to do so—returning, in two or three hours, to a later meal. This is of a substantial character, consisting of two or three courses, with the eternal *vin ordinaire*. When living in a *hôtel*, the student breakfasts in the midst of those congenial delights;—the buzz of conversation, the fumes of tobacco, and the click of the billiard-balls. By means of these amusements, and sundry *demi tasses* and *petits verres*, he contrives to kill the first two or three hours after breakfast. Cards and dominoes are also in great request from an early hour, and present to an Englishman a curious contrast with his own national customs. In England, he is accus-

tomed to find card-playing in the morning patronised only by the most reckless ; in France it is the commonest thing in the world to see a pair of gentlemen with grey hairs and every attribute of respectability, employed at nine o'clock upon a game of *écarté*, enlivened by little glasses of brandy and the never-failing pipe. If a young Englishman in London, instead of an old Frenchman in Paris, was to addict himself to such untimely recreations, he would probably be cut off with a shilling.

When the heat and smoke of the *café* become too much even for French students, they drop off by twos and threes, and seek the fresh air. The Luxembourg gardens are close by, and here they principally congregate. Amusing figures they look, too, in their present style of costume, which is a burlesque upon that of the Champs Elysées, which is a burlesque upon that of Hyde Park. The favourite covering for the head is a very large white hat, with very long nap ; which I believe it is proper to brush the wrong way. The coat is of the *paletôt* description, perfectly straight, without shape or make, and reaching as little below the hips as the wearer can persuade himself is not utterly absurd. The remainder of the costume is of various shades of eccentricity, according to the degree of madness employed upon its manufacture. As for the beard and moustaches, their arrangement is quite a matter of fancy : there are not two persons alike in this respect in the whole quarter : it may be remarked, however, that shaving is decidedly on the increase.

The Luxembourg garden is principally remarkable for its statues without fingers, almond trees without almonds, and *grisettes* without number. Its groves of horse-chesnuts would be very beautiful if, in their cropped condition, they did not remind the unprejudiced

observer—who is, of course, English—of the poodle dogs, who in their turn are cropped, it would seem, to imitate the trees. The queens of France, too, who look down upon you from pedestals at every turn, were evidently the work of some secret republican ; and the lions that flank the terraces on either side are apparently intended as a satire upon Britain. However, if one could wish these animals somewhat less sweet and smiling, one could scarcely wish the surrounding scene more so than it is, with its blooming shrubs and scarcely less blooming damsels, gaily decorated parterres and gaily attired loungers, the occasional crash of a military band, and the continual recurrence of military manoeuvres.

Just outside the gates, near the Boulevard leading to the Barrière d'Enfer, there is always something "going on"—more soldiers, of course, whom it is impossible to avoid in Paris, besides various public exhibitions, all cheap, and some gratuitous. On one side, you are attracted by that most irresistible of attractions—a crowd. Edging your way through it, as a late arrival always does, you find yourself, with the body of students whom you followed from the hôtel, "assisting" at the exhibition of a wonderful dog, who is doing nothing, under the direction of his master, in general a most repulsive-looking rascal, bearded and bloused as if hot for a barricade. The dog, by doing nothing, is not obeying orders ;—on the contrary, he is proving himself a most sagacious animal by having his own way in defiance of all authority. This the master attributes, not to the stupidity of the dog, but to the absence of contributions from the spectators. A few sous are showered down upon this hint ; which proceeding, perhaps, brings out the dog's talents to a slight

extent; that is to say, he is induced to lie down and pretend to be asleep; but it is doubtful, at the same time, whether his compliance is attributable to the coppers of his audience, or the kicks of his spirited proprietor. This is probably the only performance of the wonderful animal; for it is remarkable that whatever the sum thrown into the circle, it is never sufficient, according to the exhibitor, to induce him to show off his grand tricks, so high a value does he place upon his own talents.

Who, among a different class of the animal creation, does not know what is called a "genius," who sets even a higher value upon his talents, who is equally capricious, and who certainly has never yet been persuaded to show off his "grand trick?"

You are probably next attracted by a crowd at a short distance, surrounding an exhibition, dear to every English heart—that of "Punch." The same familiar sentry-box, hung with the same green baize, hides the same mysteries which are known to everybody. But the part of "Hamlet"—that is to say, "Punch"—though not exactly omitted, is certainly not "first business." His hunch has lost its fulness; his nose its rubicundity; and his profligacy its point. He is a feeble wag when translated into French, and has a successful rival in the person of one Nicolet—who, by the way, gives its name to the theatre—and who is chiefly remarkable for a wonderful white hat, and a head wooden enough, even for a low comedian.

Nicolet is supposed to be a fast man. His enemies are not policemen and magistrates, as in the case of "Punch," but husbands—for the reason that his friends are among the wives. This seems to be the "leading idea" of the drama of Nicolet, in common, indeed, with

that of every other French piece on record. If it were not considered impertinent in the present day to draw morals, I might suggest that something more than amusement is to be gained by contemplating the young children among the crowd, who enjoy the delinquencies of this *Faublas* for the million, with most precocious sagacity. It is delightful, in fact, to see the gusto with which they anticipate inuendos and meet improprieties half way, with all the well-bred composure of the most fashionable audience.

It is not customary amongst the students to wait for the end of Nicolet's performances. The fashionable hour for departure varies; but it is generally about the period when the manager's wife begins to take round the hat.

Any one who accompanies a party of students in their morning rambles, will most probably find himself, before long, in the "Closerie des Lilacs," which is close by the same spot. The "Closerie" is associated in name with lilacs, probably from the fact that it contains fewer flowers of that description than any other place in the neighbourhood. It is a garden resembling the now vanished Vauxhall; and at dusk there is an attempt made at lighting it up, especially on certain evenings in the week which are devoted to balls. These balls do not vary materially from any other tenpenny dances, either in London or Paris; but as a morning lounge, the place is not without attractions. One of them, is the fact that there is no charge for admission, the proprietor merely expecting his guests to consume something—a regulation which is generally obeyed without much objection.

Throughout the whole day may here be seen numerous specimens of the two great classes of the quarter—

students and grisettes; some smoking, and drinking beer and brandy in pretty little bosquets, others disporting themselves on a very high swing, which would seem to have been expressly constructed for the purpose of breaking somebody's neck, and to have failed in its object, somehow, like many other great inventions. *Ecarté* is also very popular; but the fact that its practice requires some little exertion of the intelligence, so very inconvenient to some persons, will always prevent it from attaining entire supremacy in a place so polite as Paris. To meet this objection, however, some ingenious person has invented an entirely different style of game; an alteration for which the Parisians appear deeply grateful. A small toad, constructed of bronze, is placed upon a stand, and into its open mouth the player throws little leaden dumps, with the privilege of scoring some high number if he succeeds, and of hitting the legs of the spectators if he fails. At this exciting game a party of embryo doctors and lawyers will amuse themselves at the Closerie for hours, and moreover exhibit indications of a most lively interest. The great recommendation of the amusement, I believe, is, that the players *might* be doing something worse; a philosophical system of reasoning which will apply to most diversions, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

A few hours of this amusement is scarcely necessary to give the student that sometimes inconvenient instinct—an appetite. Accordingly, at about five, he begins to think about dining; or rather, he begins to perform that operation, for he has been thinking about it for some time.

Dining, in the weak imagination of conventional persons, usually induces visions of Vefour, and is suggestive of Provençal fraternity. But the student of the Quartier Latin, if he indulges in any such visions, or is

visited by any such suggestions, finds their end about as substantial as their beginning. His dreamy dinners have, alas! no possibility of realization. Truffles to him are tasteless, and his "trifles" are literally "light as air." Provence provides him, unfortunately, with more songs than suppers, and the fraternal associations with which he is best acquainted are those of the Cuisiniers in the Rue Racine or Rue des Mathurins.

It is, very probably, with one of these "*Associations Fraternelles des Cuisiniers*" that the student, unless he lives at an hôtel with a *table d'hôte*, proceeds to dine. These societies, which are fast multiplying in every quarter of Paris, are patronised principally by Republicans who are red, and by Monarchists who are poor. The former are attracted by sympathy, the latter are driven by necessity. Indeed, a *plat* at six sous, which is the usual price at these establishments, is a very appropriate reward for the one, or refuge for the other. At these establishments—which had no existence before the last revolution—everybody is equal; there are no masters, and there are no servants. The *garçons* who wait upon the guests are the proprietors, and the guests themselves are not recognized as having any superior social position. The guest who addresses the waiter as "*garçon*" is very probably insulted, and the *garçon* who addresses a guest as "*monsieur*" is liable to be expelled from the society. In each case, "*citoyen*" is the current form of courtesy, and any person who objects to the term is free to dine elsewhere. Even the dishes have a republican savour. "*Macaroni à la République*," "*Fricandeau à la Robespierre*," or "*Filet à la Charrier*," are as dear to republican hearts as they are cheap to republican pockets.

A dinner of this kind costs the student little more

than a franc. If he is more ostentatious, or epicurean, he dines at Risbec's, in the Place de l'Odeon. Here, for one franc, sixty centimes, he has an entertainment consisting of four courses and a dessert, inclusive of half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. If he is a sensible man, he prefers even this doubtful dinner to that of the Associated Cooks, who it must be confessed, even by republicans of taste, are not quite what might be expected, considering the advancing principles they profess.

After dinner, the student, if the Prado or some equally congenial establishment be not open, usually addicts himself to the theatre. His favourite resort is, not the Odeon, as might be supposed, from its superior importance and equal cheapness, but the "Theatre du Luxembourg," familiarly called by its frequenters—why, is a mystery—"Bobino's." Here the student is in his element. He talks to his acquaintance across the house; indulges in comic demonstrations of ecstasy whenever Mademoiselle Hermance (it was Hermance in my time at least) appears on the scene, and, in short, makes himself as ridiculous and contented as can be. The popular actress for the time being, it is necessary to add, is the goddess of the quarter, and has nightly no end of worshippers. The theatre itself is everything that could be desired by any gentleman of advanced principles, who spurns propriety, and inclines himself towards oranges.

After the theatre the student probably goes home, and there I will leave him safely. My object has been merely to indicate the general characteristics of his ordinary life, from which he seldom deviates, unless tempted by an unexpected remittance to indulge in more costly recreations, afforded by the Bal Mabile or the Chateau Rouge.

VIII.

THE TRUE BOHEMIANS OF PARIS.

THE present Bohemians of Paris are not the Bohemians of Victor Hugo, or of Borrow; nor are they the clever scamps of the modern melo-dramatist. They do not number among their order, fascinating damsels who perform necromancies with goats and gilded horns, and turn the heads of an ardent public, from Captains of the Guard and Archdeacons, down to bell-ringers. They no longer swallow swords, balance coach-wheels on their chins, play at catch-ball with the rapidity of fireworks, or dance hornpipes on dessert plates. They are innocent of thimble-rig; and, being only dexterous enough with the cards to play at picquet, cannot predict the future, or pronounce on the fate of a lover by turning up the ace of hearts, or cutting the queen of diamonds. They have ceased to steal fowls, change children, (after the manner of their Egyptian brethren,) or to tell fortunes: for *their* hands are seldom crossed with silver. The true modern Bohemian is not the wild, wandering, adroit, unprincipled, picturesque vagabond, who has been the delight of the poet, the novelist, and the painter, for ages; because, being an artist himself, he does not see his own excellencies as a model for art;

yet he presents many points of resemblance to the Bohemians who have been immortalised by Hugo, Borrow, and at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. Although neither a gipsy nor a mountebank, he is wild and wandering; occasionally mysterious, often picturesque, and not seldom, I am afraid, unprincipled. He does not beg; he merely borrows: he never robs; but his skill in creating debts, and his powers of "owing," are transcendent. The shopkeeper shuns him, but the loungee loves him. He is the terror of the counter, but the delight of the *café*.

In a word, the Parisian Bohemians of to-day are a tribe of unfortunate artists of all kinds—poets, painters, musicians, and dramatists—who haunt obscure *cafés* in all parts of Paris, but more especially in the Quartier Latin. They have been unsuccessful in their professions, and many deservedly so—aspiration being too often the substitute for inspiration, and inspiration not unfrequently wasted or misused. They are, in some respects, what our "Grub Street" authors were in the last century.

The *café* where the Bohemians most do congregate is a quiet, pleasant place enough, when these distinguished persons are not present to make it noisy and disagreeable. It is distinguished from fashionable *cafés* by the scarcity of chance-comers, and the various signs, not difficult to observe, of its being mainly supported by regular frequenters. Call in on any evening, and you may always see the same hats on the same pegs, and the same pipes—which have hung all the morning in little numbered niches against the wall—in the mouths of their respective owners, who take great pride in smoking them until they have become as black as negroes, and nearly as valuable to dealers and con-

noisseurs. The owners of these hats and pipes are, for the most part, Bohemians. They congregate in an inner room by themselves, removed as far as possible from the shopkeeper, with his moderate opinions and white cravat; for they hold him in supreme contempt. They form what, in time-honoured phrase, is known as a "motley group"—so diversified are their toilettes, so strange and unconventional are their beards and their bearing. Some of them are playing at billiards in the middle of the room; others are consoling themselves with cards in the corners. All are talking, and with a volubility of tongue known only to Frenchmen and Mr. Charles Mathews. But their conversation has no reference to the games in which they are engaged; these they seem to conduct mechanically. Listen to them, and you will gain, perhaps, some useful ideas on the subject of Grecian art, mixed up with comments on the *Charivari's* last caricature of M. Thiers; the merits of the early Christian painters, as compared with a friend who has just made his *debut* as a posturer; how far the eminent young Bohemian Jules—who has just been caught revoking at *écarté*—falls short of Raffaele; and how the same Jules owes a duty to himself and the public, to give his genius fair play, and to surpass that master. The literary discussions—which range with great impartiality between the heights of transcendentalism in poetry and philosophy, and the depths of some feeble *bon mot* in some feeble satirical journal—are conducted in much the same manner. That thoughtful-looking young man, with the bright eye and the blonde moustache, is the author of a tragedy, in five acts, in verse—and unhappily still in manuscript—which accounts for the gloomy state of affairs at the Odéon, where it was refused. Adolphe appeared for the first

time in print only yesterday, and now stands responsible for an "Epitaphe Anticipée" upon a popular journalist in the "Tintamarre." He is occupied in playing at billiards, and holding forth upon the respective merits of the Classical and Romantic schools, with regard to which he does not seem to have any very settled opinions: it is probable that his tragedy belongs to some new school of his own discovery. He covers his cue with chalk while covering a Classicist with confusion; makes a cannon—and leaves a Romanticist no head to stand upon. In the same manner will embryo Handels and Mozarts hold forth upon the great masters of their particular art; but you may observe that nobody gives specimens of his own compositions, literary or musical: it is a strict rule in the order, that its members are neither to be *read to* nor *sung to*; such assaults being directed only against the common enemy, society in general; except at certain solemn *séances* of the Bohemians themselves, when every man has an allotted period of the evening for the gratification of his own idiosyncrasy.

As for politics, you will scarcely hear them touched upon among the Bohemians—certainly never unless suggested by a subject of art. "Art before all," is their creed; morality and the virtues they hold in high estimation—as elements without which poetry could not exist; and they have the greatest reverence for what is sacred—as furnishing inspiration to the painter. They bend themselves—it is to Dante; they adore—it is before Raffaele.

So much for the aims and aspirations of the Bohemians. For the rest, you may listen sometimes to no inconsiderable amount of their conversation without being very much edified. Their muse is associated with

something like mockery, and their transcendentalism has a dash of slang. They speak, in fact, in a style of literary metaphor, which is somewhat puzzling to the uninitiated. But this is a habit common to all thorough *artists*—using the word in its general sense—who live isolated from general society—surrounded by nothing but art and its associations—until one might almost believe, from outward appearances, that familiarity had produced its proverbial effect.

Listen to that group in the corner of the *café*. That young man with the Vandyke beard, who sits under the peg which holds the broad-leaved felt hat, is evidently a painter. He is telling his friends the life and adventures of the grand historical picture on which he has now been engaged for several years. The picture originally represented the "Passage of the Red Sea," under which title it was duly refused admission into the Exhibition. The artist, however, unwilling to have lost his time entirely, altered some of the details without changing the general composition, and called it the "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, we are told, ill disguised under the mantle of Cæsar, was recognised on the following year, and summarily repulsed. The third year came, and with it came the picture, once more a candidate for exhibition. This time greater changes were made—in the Egyptian especially, who now appeared in the uniform of the Imperial Guard. This time the piece was called the "Passage of the Bérézina." The committee, however, not only saw through the artist's design, but through his colours also. The work was, accordingly, again returned upon his hands. "Never mind," said the artist, in recounting this last mishap—"next year I shall call it the '*Passage des Panoramas*.'"—Next to the artist is a

personage, a little older and more careworn. He is beginning to compromise, to some extent, with his ambition, and condescend to task-work. He has recently produced a *vaudeville* at the *Variétés*—that is to say, he has written the dialogue, under the direction of two established authors, one of whom has furnished the “idea” of the piece, while the other has sketched out and arranged the scenes, and given the principal “points.” The names of the two established authors have appeared in large letters in the playbills; that of the Bohemian follows in small typography; and, as may be supposed, his share of the spoils has been proportionate. This division of employment is almost universal in French dramatic writing, and the least important author, who figures last, in *small caps.*, is usually a Bohemian. Perhaps the successful authors, who now reap all the honours, have passed through the ordeal in their time, and the subordinate will have his day. Perhaps fortune will do no more for him, and he is able to do no more for himself. In the latter case, supposing that nothing worse happens to him, he sinks into the traditional “literary hack,” and will write anything for which he can obtain the most miserable remuneration—from a History of the Universe, to an epitaph or a tradesman’s puff.

But while the young ambition which spurns the lower walks of art, is not likely to be at once recognized and at once successful, the less aspiring or more experienced—who condescend to plod along wherever a finger-post points in the direction of a dinner—are not always certain to secure that refreshment at the end of their journey. If on the one road the fruits hang too high—on the other, where they are more accessible, there are too many gatherers. Accordingly, the path of the

Bohemians is nearly always one of hardship and difficulty. To be assured of this fact, it is not necessary to penetrate into their cheerless chambers, and watch their struggles—for struggles they very frequently are—for existence. Sufficient is it to meet them in their moments of relaxation at the *café*, where the general complaint of the proprietor is, that they do not “consume” enough. That is not their fault, they answer, but simply the fault of the infamous ready-money system upon which the house is conducted. Here you will learn how a celebrated musician (celebrated in the Bohemian sense) was, on the previous day, obliged to sponge upon somebody for a breakfast; and how a great painter, of transcendental tendencies, spent the morning in intriguing for a dinner—with much matter of the same suggestive kind. The subject of borrowing—its uses and abuses—is frequently brought under grave consideration. Among the Bohemians, it is said, there are some who have reduced the practice to a science. They keep an alphabetical list of their acquaintances, with the days on which they are known to receive money, and the sums which may be expected from each, according to his means. These they tick off from the list as they are used up one by one. They are a deadly class to meet with, whatever be your clime or condition; for it is reported that they know how to request the loan of five francs in every language under the sun.

But throughout all this battle for existence the Bohemians never lose their gaiety, nor their steady fidelity to Art; which communicates its influence to all around them. Such an effect, indeed, has their mingled facetiæ and transcendentalism had upon the unprepared mind of a waiter at the *café* which they frequent, that I hear he has become an idiot in the flower of his youth.

Another *garçon*, under the same corrupting influence, has been detected writing amatory verses to the barmaid.

If the Bohemian never loses his gaiety in the darkest days of his distresses, the effect of an occasional gleam of sunshine, in the shape of a remittance, can scarcely be conceived. A member of the fraternity will appear one morning among his brothers with a five hundred franc bill in his hand. Perhaps it is the fruit of some lucky speculation; or, perhaps, he is an *amateur* Bohemian, whose parents are wealthy. Of this class, it should be observed, there are many: with means at their command to live in respectable competence, they prefer the life of the Bohemian from love and sympathy, and are quite contented to take their chance of its pains and pleasures. However that may be, there are the five hundred francs, to be devoted to the public good, or the public detriment; and, as long as the money lasts, there is no end to the most frantic festivities. The last penny expended, the Bohemians settle down into their former state of hazardous enjoyment and contented care.

It may be asked what is the ultimate destination of the majority? Do they ever emancipate themselves from the fatal fascination of this mode of life? Certainly, they do; that is to say, most of them who have any real claims to distinction, attain it in the end. These are no days of "mute inglorious Miltons," especially in France, where talent must eventually make its way. The Bohemians are continually losing old, and as continually gaining new, members. One of the tribe will suddenly disappear from the old familiar scenes, and will be given up as lost. A few months elapse, and his companions find themselves invited to a banquet in a fashionable quarter. Here they find their

old associate emerged from his chrysalis condition, and winging his way among the fruits and flowers of high life. He has in the meantime been thinking and working; has made a success, and has become a popular author, with an audience of his own—a constituency that elect him to a permanent seat among the honoured of the land. From his proud position he looks back to his Bohemian days as perhaps the most happy, and certainly not the least useful portion of his experience. For the rest, there are many to whom such honours are but idle dreams; they live on in the old way, unnoticed, unknown, and, worse still, unprinted. They abuse “the world” in their own little coteries, and imagine themselves martyrs. Instead of being great lights of the age, they flicker futilely, or burn themselves prematurely out by over-excitement. In the meantime, it is not the public that is to blame—and scarcely they themselves—poor fellows: it is their misfortune that they have not discovered their true vocation in the beginning, or taken warning in time; that they have not condescended to clerkships, or apprenticed themselves to respectable cheesemongers.

“There is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know;” there is also a pleasure in authorship which one need not be successful to experience. The struggle to ascend Parnassus has its fascination, futile though it be. One taste of the waters of Castaly is too intoxicating for many; yet who, at its fountain, would wish to be a moderate drinker? Perhaps, then, some of my readers, who may have had a drop too much of that celebrated beverage, will make some allowances for the poor, blind, flattered, and fascinated Bohemian.

IX.

PAINTING THE LILY.

ALL the world—that is to say, myself and about fifty of my acquaintances—were in Paris. It was Easter, and a great gathering of the idleness of all nations was making an exhibition of itself in the *Champs Elysées*, assisting at the *fête* of Longchamps. This festivity—it is as well to say, for the benefit of the “general reader,” who is never supposed to know anything—is an assemblage of the *élite* of society, or of anybody, in fact, who can make a show of belonging to that favoured class—at which the fashions for the ensuing summer are understood to be settled and arranged. Feeble-minded persons never dream of giving orders to their tailors or milliners until Longchamps has passed. Those who are more bold appear, during these glorious three days, in the style which they believe to be most unexceptionable, according to the prevailing taste of the most distinguished of their acquaintance. These, tested by a yet higher standard, very often find themselves miserably deceived; and, as may be supposed, an immense amount of admiration, envy, disappointment, and general disgust, is given and exchanged. The only persons who really seem to enjoy Longchamps (with the exception of

the satirist, who, for obvious reasons, is in his element) are the common people, who, at a respectful distance from the principal promenade, divert themselves with shows, billiards, and congenial buffoonery, with a degree of indifference to public opinion almost dignified.

I was "assisting," then, at the *fête* of Longchamps, having become tired of student life, and, changing my lodgings with my taste, taken up my residence in a more civilized quarter. Having also bestowed two hours of time and two years of anxiety, that morning, making as unimpressive a toilette as possible, I felt a secret pride in my appearance. In order to appear the more careless and indifferent, I took possession of the dirtiest and most weather-beaten of those little chairs which are such friends to flirtation and such foes to costume; and prepared, not to make a voyage round the world, but to let the world make a voyage round me.

The first half-hour of the Englishman at Longchamps is inevitably employed in wondering what would be thought of the French equipages in Hyde Park—where the French gentlemen get all their broken-kneed nags—and why, while adopting the costume of the celebrated Mr. Chifney, they do not now and then emulate his horsemanship. I had disposed of all these speculations, and had been further amused by the contemplation of some more than usually absurd imitations of English attire among the men, when my eye fell upon a young Frenchman whom, I thought, I had met before. As he was dressed like an English groom, I knew him to belong to the most fashionable classes; he was, besides, indulging in a very unequivocal yawn (Frenchmen do yawn now and then;) and, further, evinced sufficient

good taste to be tired of his own society. Our eyes met; we recognised one another, and he seated himself by my side. I had known him well in London, where he had been attached to the French Embassy, and had not seen him for more than a year; having myself, during that time, been figuring among the blest in what, according to Mr. Emerson, is a "Paradise of Fools"—in other words, I had been travelling.

My friend having inquired after my health, in which he took no interest, and I after his family, whom I had never seen—having, in short, achieved the remainder of the amiable untruths necessary upon such occasions, we fell back upon nature, and by becoming mutually egotistical, contrived to throw some earnestness into the conversation. Amongst other things of which my friend (whom I will designate only by his baptismal name of Auguste) was anxious to tell me, was an adventure that happened to him immediately after my departure from London, and which had nearly made him a married man.

Interested in any event that could have led to so serious a catastrophe, I pressed him to tell me "all about it," being additionally desirous to hear when he informed me that his story would occupy but a very short time. Moreover, Auguste did not, like many story-telling Frenchmen, talk like a newspaper *feuilleton*; indeed he was half an Englishman in language and turn of thought.

"It was not two days after you left London," he commenced, "that I first made the acquaintance of the celebrated English beauty, Miss Walsingham, whom I remember you had been vainly attempting to meet for some two or three months. As a general rule, one is of course disappointed with celebrated beauties; but this

one surprised the other way. She had every grace that the fairest of complexions, the bluest of eyes, and above all, the most golden of all golden hair, could bestow. Her hair, in fact, was her great attraction, as much from its peculiarity, as from its extreme beauty. There were more verses written about this same hair in the course of a fortnight, than the magazines could publish in a twelvemonth—even if they had all editors as insane as —'s; and more, therefore, than the concentrated blockheadism of a century could be persuaded to read. Our acquaintance was commenced at a ball, and the mutual impression seemed favourable. Isabel was most grateful that I did not talk about even the weather, the opera, or the hippopotamus; and, above all, that I did not flatter—mark the last, for it has a fatal significance. I certainly did not flatter, not being addicted to painting lilies, or perfuming violets. Half-an-hour's conversation made me her friend—a quadrille, her admirer—a polka, her adorer—and a waltz, her slave.

“Obtaining permission to call the next day was an easy matter; and I found it not very difficult to gain a satisfactory response to my first whispered wishes. When, however, these wishes passed beyond that sacred boundary, and openly assumed the form of ‘intentions,’ our course of love assumed its proverbial aspect: from a bowling-green it became a race-course, and from a race-course, a steeple-chase, with the church almost invisible. It was necessary, in the first place, to persuade my father-in-law elect, that all Frenchmen are not of necessity either beggars or swindlers; and these facts were not established, as far as my own case was concerned, without the production of certain satisfactory title-deeds, and the sacrifice of a no less satisfactory

moustache. Nor were these arrangements facilitated by the circumstances that my notary was innocent of English, and that the French language had apparently been given to Mr. Walsingham (to pervert the saying of Talleyrand) for the purpose of concealing his thoughts.

"These difficulties, however, were at length overcome; and everything was settled with as much certainty as is possible in a case where a young lady has yet a chance of changing her mind. In an affair of the heart a sensible man would of course be ashamed of behaving otherwise than as an idiot; and accordingly, for the next six weeks, I indulged in every ecstatic absurdity demanded by my situation; I made myself as ridiculous, in short, as could be desired by the most exacting of *fiancées*, or the most satirical of friends.

"Matters were thus proceeding pleasantly for all parties, when an unfortunate accident—that is to say, a maiden aunt of my Isabel's—came to interrupt our felicity. Miss Diana Walsingham, the lady in question, was ill-tempered, and seventy—therefore she was disliked; but Miss Diana was rich and rheumatic—therefore she was caressed. Miss Diana was going to Paris—nobody knew why, probably not herself. Miss Diana felt, naturally, the responsibility of travelling alone, and was looking about her for a companion. She appeared to be literally running up and down stairs in search of one, and as fate would have it, fastened like a vulture upon Isabel, who was reading Tennyson in the back drawing-room. Isabel must be her travelling companion. There should be no excuse. The marriage could easily (easily!) be postponed for a few weeks. If it *was* inconvenient for Isabel, surely she might be amiable enough to yield *sometimes* to her aunt, who had never asked her a favour before; and especially as

Isabel had reason to be especially grateful in that quarter, as the lawyer, who had recently drawn up a certain will, could testify—and a great deal more to the same effect. In the end, then, despite my remonstrances and Isabel's tears, and our joint surrender of all expectations—which we devoutly wished at the bottom of the sea—it was agreed by the unanimous prudence of the remainder of the family, that the despotic old lady should be obeyed. At this point, rather than be taken by storm, we wisely resolved to surrender, and my next endeavour was to find an excuse for proceeding to Paris myself. Accordingly, I gently insinuated my wishes to our secretary, who breathed them in a mild whisper to his principal, by whom the proposition was received in a spirit of as profound disapprobation as a diplomatist can venture to indulge in. What could Monsieur be dreaming of? and what attention had he been bestowing upon the political events of the last few weeks? At a period when a hostile fleet was in the *Ægean*, when Athens was in a state of blockade, and notes couched in the most hostile terms of diplomatic courtesy were being daily exchanged between the agents of the two powerful European courts, the withdrawal of Monsieur from the scene of his official labours could admit of but one interpretation, and might lead to most disastrous results—no less than lighting the flame of war from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, &c.

“Now, I entertained a private opinion, that the official labours in question might, possibly, be conducted without my assistance, considering that I never performed any duties much more arduous than being civil to female diplomatists, and waltzing with the twenty-second cousins of persons who were acquainted with others who were supposed to be likely, some day, to

attain political influence. Nevertheless, I had had too much experience of official life to have an opinion of my own, and yielded the point accordingly.

“Everything must have an end—even a young lady’s preparations for a journey. Accordingly, after a trance of about ten days, I was aroused to consciousness by a rough voice observing that ‘if that party didn’t make haste and land, he would be carried across.’ It seems I was at Dover, bidding a last adieu to my Isabel on board the boat, which was a few minutes after cutting its way into deep water, leaving me disconsolate on the pier, forgetful in my grief of friends, home, religion, or the Foreign Office—forgetful even that I had been called a ‘party’—an insult which, under other circumstances, would be alone sufficient to drive me to despair.

“I now waited—I need not say impatiently—for the announcement of her safe arrival—for the sweet little illegible note that was to convey such glad tidings. To my astonishment, I received not a line, not an intimation. In vain did I write to an address in Paris which had been left me—I received no reply. The Walsingham family were all out of town—had gone I knew not whither—so I could gain no information in that quarter. It happened, however, that political events—as you may remember—took a certain turn which removed the restriction hitherto imposed upon me, and left me a free man. I need not say that I availed myself immediately of my freedom, and hurried over to Paris. The very first persons whom I met in the *Champs Elysées* (without counting some ten thousand strangers) on the day of my arrival, were the very ladies I sought. They were sitting very composedly in an open carriage, and, close by the little refreshment house up there, looked

me full in the face. I ran towards them—that is to say, I hastened my steps a little more than is considered correct in the *Champs Elysées*—expecting the carriage to stop. What was my surprise to see them pass on without honouring me with the slightest look or gesture of recognition! I must have looked somewhat absurd for a few seconds—standing with my hat in my hand, gazing at Isabel's golden hair, as it set, like a sun, behind a cloud of vehicles. I thought at the time that Isabel looked somewhat agitated, but I have since remembered that ladies *can* be sullen, and that the carriage had a pink lining.

“What did I do then? you ask. I did not scamper after the carriage and throw myself under the wheels; such proceedings belong only to the rites of Juggernaut, and the writings of fashionable novelists. I did what most sensible men, who entertain any respect for their pantaloons and social position, would have done. I ate an ice, and wondered what the deuce it all meant. Returning home, however, I addressed a letter—full of point and passion—to Isabel, demanding the cause of her conduct to me in the morning. The next day I received a ‘correctly cold’ epistle from the elder lady, informing me, that, ‘as it was impossible to mistake my very mischievous pleasantry for anything short of an intentional insult, it was the wish of Miss Walsingham to cease any further correspondence,’ &c. Mystery upon mystery. I wrote again, and this time—and the next, and the next—received no reply.

“In despair—that is to say, very much puzzled and annoyed—I quitted Paris, and took up my quarters in a pretty little village a few miles off, for the double purpose of indulging my grief and allowing my moustache to grow again. While lingering over a late

breakfast one morning, I took up a number of 'Galignani,' and my eye at once fell upon a paragraph in which I could not doubt myself to be interested.

"The writer set forth in an impertinent sort of style, which he doubtless considered very lively and clever, that 'considerable amusement had been created in high circles, both in London and Paris, by the eccentricity of a young Frenchman, not very remotely connected with the Embassy of the Republic in London;' that this gentleman was betrothed to a young English lady, who, having occasion to visit France, was, on landing in that country, discovered to have no resemblance to the person described in her passport (which was a special document from the French Embassy in London, intended to secure the bearer every respect and attention;) that, in consequence of this fact, and the unsettled state of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, the lady had been arrested, under suspicions of a nature to which it was unnecessary (in the opinion of the writer) more particularly to allude, and was released only after considerable delay, and the establishment of her identity through the mediation of the English Ambassador.

"But the most amusing part of the whole affair, according to 'Galignani,' was the personal description which had been the cause of the *contre-temps*. The eyes of the lady, upon paper, were '*bleus comme le ciel*'—upon her face, they were a very ordinary grey. The written authority gave her a Grecian nose—the authorities of the Custom-house were inclined to think it *retroussé*. In the one case her mouth was '*très petite*'—in the other it was generally considered a moderate size. Nor would the matter-of-fact *gendarme* be persuaded that the neat little figure of the lady was a '*taille*

superbe ;’ and as for her hair being ‘*dorés comme celui d’un ange,*’ he pronounced it, at once, to be a clear and unmistakable red.

“The mystery was revealed, and I never felt so ridiculous in all my life. I need scarcely tell you that in my enthusiasm I had taken upon myself the subordinate office of filling up the passport ; and there is even less reason to add that I had better have left that department to the clerk. The fact is, that a lover does not—nor is it desirable that he should—see with the same eyes as a Custom-house official.”

Auguste concluded with this wise reflection.

“If you had told me in the beginning,” said I, “that the young lady’s hair was red, I might have given you an interesting piece of information long ago—that she is again in Paris, and will probably drive past us in a few minutes. A dozen men have been telling me this morning of an amazing English beauty, with most delightful scarlet locks, who must be identical with your heroine. See, she is coming now.”

As I spoke, an open carriage and pair rattled past us. It contained a lady and gentleman—the former all smiles, the latter all admiration.

“’Tis she,” cried Auguste, “but not *quite* so handsome, I think, as I once believed her. But who is that hideous-looking person by her side?”

“I should have told you,” I answered, “that Miss Walsingham is just married to the richest and ugliest Englishman in Paris. He is forty-five, and—never flatters !”

X.

MY AUNT IN PARIS.

It was not long after Longchamps that I found myself taking considerable interest in Mademoiselle Delphine, the only daughter of the dirty little tailor who officiated as the *portier* at my lodgings. Mademoiselle Delphine was not in the literal meaning of the term beautiful; but she compensated, better even than most Frenchwomen, for its absence, by insensible charms and graces, that defy equally criticism or classification. I was sallying forth one morning as usual to *transact*—if I may be allowed the expression—my idleness, when, after several fruitless calls upon the *cordon*, I entered the *Loge du Concierge*. I found Delphine “desolated,” as she informed me, and in tears, as I could see for myself. I was not long in eliciting the secret of her sorrow, which was communicated to me in the strictest confidence. She had a lover, which is not unusual in other countries besides France; and this lover was a soldier, which in France is particularly usual. Like many other gallant young fellows, this soldier had a soul above five sous a-day, and lived as much above that moderate income as kindness and credit would permit. His regiment had been lately ordered into the provinces, and pre-

viously to his departure, Delphine, it seems, had administered to some pressing requirement by a timely loan. He was to return on the morrow, and Delphine did not know how to meet him, because—because—she at last said, reluctantly—because she had been compelled to borrow the money in question upon the security of her only valuable possession—a bracelet—the love-gift of the soldier himself. To meet him without wearing his gift, and in silence, would be impossible; to confess that she had parted with it, although it had been devoted to his use, would seem mean and mercenary; or, what was immeasurably less to be endured, common-place. She had no other means of redeeming the gift or accounting for its loss, and was *desolée* accordingly.

This dismal tale called, of course, for consolation. That the kind of consolation I administered was speedy and effectual, may be gathered from the immediate disappearance of all traces of desolation. Delphine was *enchantée*, and expressed herself in the superlatives which only a Frenchwoman can muster on the shortest notice. I had roused her from desolation to ecstasy. She was enchanted and enraptured. I was noble and generous; my bounty would be forgotten never!

“But,” I asked, “where am I to find this bracelet, which is so necessary for the preservation of tranquillity between you and your *fiancé*?”

“It is at my Aunt’s,” was the reply.

“Your Aunt! Mercenary old lady! Surely she does not take security when she helps lovers and relations out of their little distresses?”

Delphine smiled, and enlightened my innocence by some explanations, which I will here enlarge upon for the benefit of the reader.

My Aunt, it appears, belongs to a very large family in Paris—a family, in fact, as large as the entire population of that city, and increasing year by year with the census returns. Her relatives are of every grade; from the Montmorencies—who are at the present moment glowing again under ancestral titles of at least six weeks' standing, down to Monsieur Gougon, the chiffonnier, condemned to "pick up a livelihood," with no other title than his prescriptive title—to whatever he can find. It must not be supposed, however, that all of this numerous family are on the same degree of intimacy with the respected lady: the Montmorencies are a little too high, and the Gougons scarcely high enough, to take much notice of her. She is principally cultivated by classes, ranging somewhere between the two extremes—a medium, certainly, but one which can scarcely be described as the golden. To say that they have "expectations" from the old lady, would be saying little enough, considering the uncertain nature of human hopes; but the fact is, there is no occasion to say anything of the kind. My Aunt, though she has a very large capital at her command, is certainly not generous. She was never known to leave anybody anything in her will, nor to ask them down into the country on a visit, nor out to dinner on a Sunday, nor to behave handsomely at Christmas-time—like 'the amiable aunts of most persons. All she will do for her relatives is, to lend them money; and then she takes very good care to be the gainer by the transaction, for she lends only on the very best security—the deposit of some article, of four times the value of the sum advanced. In a word, My Aunt in Paris is the very faithful and appropriate spouse of My Uncle in London. Like My Uncle, she is visited by her relatives only when

they want money; and, like My Uncle, she contrives to make a very good living by lending it to them. There is this difference, however, in what we may call the "constitution" of this worthy couple. My Uncle, in England, speculates on his own account, and flourishes or fails, as the case may be, without responsibility to anybody but himself. My Aunt, in France, on the other hand, is set up by the Government, who takes upon itself the risk of the speculation.

While noting the fact of My Uncle holding an analogous position to the lady in question, it is as well to state that My Aunt is no fanciful designation, induced by that circumstance. It is not a mere piece of pleasantry on the part of Delphine alone. Ask the student of the Quartier Latin—who has just accomplished the popular feat of spending his month's allowance in ten days—as he marches gaily along towards the Mont de Piété; his watch ticking its *adieux* in his waistcoat pocket—"Where are you going?" "To my Aunt's!" will be the inevitable reply, delivered instinctively, and without any determined intention to be humorous. Cross the path of the *grisette*—who stitches ten hours a-day for a franc, and who every now and then finds herself, like her betters, living beyond her means—as she trips composedly (for no Frenchwoman, under any circumstances, was ever known to be embarrassed), and address her with a similar question: "*Chez Ma Tante!*" she will answer, with a slight shrug of the shoulder, and twinkle of the eye—in recognition of the playful nature of the designation, but with no idea of being understood literally.

Ma Tante, in fact, is the great popular impersonation of this most popular institution. Her origin, as

an impersonation, is equally uncertain with that of My Uncle. It is not improbable, to be sure, that the two illustrious personages were the creation of some "mad wag" of the Medici family—some needy cadet whose relations kindly lent him money at fifty per cent. The designations, considered as facetiæ, have decidedly a mediæval look; and, as a joke, My Uncle, at any rate, is most certainly middle-aged.

I had engaged to procure the bracelet for Delphine; and half-an-hour after our conversation found me on my way to our mutual relative. I had been duly supplied with the necessary authorisation—a large official form, printed upon yellow paper—not unlike a passport, but rather more important in appearance, and guaranteed authentic by one of those imposing signatures which none but Frenchmen can execute, and not all, even of Frenchmen, can read. The address indicated upon this portentous document was that of a branch office, where I speedily presented myself. It was not a shop, but strictly an office, having very much the appearance of a bank—that is to say, of a French bank. Behind a screen of wire-work, which separated the public from the private portion of the room, were seated the officials, grave, dignified, military-looking men, writing at their desks, and apparently in no hurry to attend to the wants of several persons who were patiently waiting to transact business with them. These last were principally women, old and young; some with mysterious bundles and anxious looks; others of a better (or perhaps worse) class, selecting rings from their jewelled fingers, carelessly humming snatches from vaudevilles, and quite at their ease.

After taking a brief survey of the group, I, by good

chance, caught the eye of one of the clerks, or field-marshals, or whatever they may happen to be, who advanced with a military step across the room. Six words on either side settled the business. Monsieur could have the article he desired on the morrow, by application at the office. The morrow! if Delphine was already *désolée*, the morrow would find her *désespérée*! But why could not the bracelet be reclaimed on the spot? Because every article deposited was sent to the central office, and could not be reclaimed without certain formalities; but if Monsieur liked to go to the central office himself, the business could be arranged in a few hours. In that case, Monsieur would certainly go.

The most important formality required, was the payment of the sum of money originally advanced, in return for which, and my original yellow document, I received another official form, even more imposing and portentous than the last—combining the solemnity of a will with the importance of a passport. This was signed, countersigned, and pushed towards me through the little gate in the wire-work, with an air which impressed me with a terrible sense of responsibility. I had not, indeed, quite recovered my self-possession, when I turned suddenly round, to find a musket, with fixed bayonet, presented at me. I started back. Had I done something wrong? Oh no! The assailant, innocent of any sort of attack upon me, was a woman. She marched into the place I had left, and placing her finger on the trigger, demanded of the official, in a gruff, your-money-or-your-life tone of voice —“Ten francs!”

I thought the official decidedly prudent, when he at once acquiesced in the demand. The Amazon instantly

surrendered her arms at discretion, and the money was paid over to her, after she had duly satisfied the official that her husband was simply a gunsmith, and was not a soldier pawning the property of the State.

Leaving both sides satisfied with this honourable capitulation, I made the best of my way towards the central office, situated in a cross street somewhere between the Rue de Seine and the Rue du Bac. I had no difficulty in finding it. The first person I addressed, directed me to a conspicuous building guarded by two sentries, surmounted by a tri-colour ensign, and blazoned with the famous inscription—“*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*,”—which has since been shown to mean so very much. Over the Mont de Piété they had a certain suggestiveness, of the benefit of which the philosophic borrower in these days is most tyrannically deprived.

French sentries, unlike English ones, *do* know something about the buildings they mount guard over; and are not too sulky to communicate their knowledge. Accordingly, I was not surprised, when, in answer to my inquiry, one of the sentinels directed me across the court-yard to the left, where a large door stands hospitably open. All who enter here leave, not necessarily hope, but certainly comfort behind. The staircase is of rough timber, inconvenient, precipitous; dirty and crazy, from constant use. Above stairs there is a slight change for the worse. A suite of rooms all opening into one another, all dirty, all close, and all crowded.

In the first room two men are peering through two pigeon-holes in the wall, like those of the money-takers at the theatres; and to prevent the confusion which would be caused by the rush of the miscellaneous mob, a space is barriered off, just sufficient to allow one person to pass at a time—an arrangement similar to that at

the pit of the London Opera on a crowded night, and such as is in use at the entrance to nearly all the French theatres.

Notwithstanding this wise regulation, there is a great deal of confusion, caused by the efforts of everybody (everybody includes, perhaps, a couple of hundred) to be first. Yellow gloves are clutching convulsively, to check the ambition of blouses; rags and tatters, in their turn, are asserting the principle of equality, which has here—and scarcely anywhere else, except at the Morgue—a real practical existence. But, although there is confusion enough, there is no quarrelling; everybody is good-humoured, and, if he cannot force his way, is contented to bide his time. Many a bloused and bearded operative may be seen pausing, perhaps, in his hot endeavours, and with a courtly bow, worthy of the old Court of Louis the Fifteenth, making way for “a lady.” If these fine courtesies are really the “cheap defence of nations,” France should be impregnable.

For myself—not having the hardihood, in the first instance, to thrust myself into the mass—I waited patiently, thinking to let the crowd become thinned, and to transact my business at my leisure. But, after half-an-hour’s pursuance of this policy, the idea began to dawn upon me—as I watched the new comers, increasing in numbers and diminishing in patience—that, at this rate, I stood a chance of desolating Delphine four-and-twenty hours more. Seized with a sudden impulse, I made a dash for it; dislodged several free and independent citizens, with most determined and exasperating courtesy; and, finally, gained a place inside the barriers. Here I scrutinised those before me, in their negotiations with the officials; saw them stop at the first pigeon-hole, and exchange the grand yellow docu-

ment for another of smaller dimensions, after the former had undergone a careful examination; then I followed their movements to the second pigeon-hole, where an exchange of the second paper for a piece of card, bearing a number, was effected, each transaction being conducted with military precision, and by a person assuming all the grandeur of a General of Division, and the administrative dignity of a Lord Chief Justice.

Having gone through these formalities—which included the payment of a certain small sum (at the first pigeon-hole), as interest on the loan—I was once more free of the barrier. The number on my ticket was the number of the article which I had to reclaim; but, before presenting it in the room devoted to the jewellery department, I pause to observe the proceedings in that dedicated to habiliments and miscellaneous articles.

In the latter apartment, behind a counter, stands a person, who calls aloud various numbers in rotation, as the corresponding articles were brought up to him from some mysterious place at the back. "*Quarante-cinq!*" he shouts, at the top of his voice. The person representing forty-five steps modestly forward. She is a young girl—a *grisette*, wearing a little cap. She approaches the counter; on presenting her ticket, she receives some article tied up in a handkerchief, having all the appearance of a bonnet. To-morrow is Sunday. She is probably going to some *fête*, or to the theatre, and is about to commit the hazardous impropriety of appearing like a grand lady, in a bonnet—an offence which a grand lady never forgives in a *grisette*; and for which all *grisettes* who cannot get bonnets will become her enemies for life.

"*Quarante-six!*" cries the official, calling the next person so suddenly as to cause forty-five to drop her

bundle, with its precious contents. Forty-six comes tottering up; has nearly trodden forty-five's bonnet into a misshapen pancake; but, though an old man, steps adroitly aside, and blunders against the counter to receive a pair of boots. Poor fellow! will he ever wear them out? As quarante-six moves off, quarante-sept takes his place, almost before he is summoned; a lively young gentleman, most probably a student, who does not whistle, as an Englishman would, but hums the *stretta* of Bellini's Chorus of Priests; he receives a paletôt, which he carefully removes from its wrapper, and puts on, amidst the admiring smiles of the spectators. He is followed by a middle-aged woman, who "retires" a warming-pan—the aspect of which domestic utensil draws fresh smiles from the bystanders. More persons follow—men and women, of all ages, of all degrees of poverty and of every scale of pretension; the careworn and the timid, the reckless and the profligate; reclaiming articles of every possible description, of wearing apparel or household use; varying in value from some very minute number of francs up to a hundred, beyond which latter sum My Aunt has no dealings.

Meantime the expectants—careless, eager, anxious, hopeless, according to the respective numbers which they hold, and their consequent chances of satisfaction, speedy or remote—are awaiting their turns; some sitting tranquilly on the benches round the walls of the several rooms, others talking in groups; some few, strangers evidently to the place, and perhaps to the necessities which led them there, shunning observation in shy corners, or moodily pacing the corridors. In the next room, that devoted to jewellery, and that which more particularly concerns myself, there are fewer persons, and those are, for the most part, of a better class.

There is no jostling ; no calling aloud of the numbers : the persons present transact their business whenever the opportunity arises, decorously, without haste and without noise. Ladies of elegant carriage and gesture—contrasted with stained and worn apparel—may be seen, closely veiled, as if shrinking from notice or recognition, claiming some trinket of a fashion long since out of date : heirlooms, perhaps, and marriage gifts, and pledges of friendship ; records of past scenes and sensations, feelings flown, and givers dead. There is an old man with white hair. His great-coat has fallen open and revealed the cordon of the Legion of Honour. He has just concluded his negotiation with the official at the counter, and bears away with him a little locket, with a ribbon attached.

A young lady, clad in deep mourning, comes next. She steps hesitatingly up to the counter. Her eyes are fixed on the ground, and she turns her face from the general gaze. I can scarcely catch a glimpse of her features, and her figure is concealed in heavy and disguising garments. But her motions are full of grace, and even her voice excites at once the respectful attention of the man to whom she addresses herself. I do not hear the few words which are exchanged between them ; but I observe that she receives a small morocco case, and, as she opens it for an instant, that it contains a cross, set with diamonds, the cross of some foreign order.

How vulgar, compared to the manner of this young lady, is the demeanour of the flippant fashionable who follows her ! The ring which she reclaims, set dazingly with diamonds, she places on her finger with a triumphant air, as so much added to her decorations.

Meantime I am forgetting all about Delphine's deso-

lation, and the bracelet which is to be its cure. Musing and moralising, most unjustifiably, I twist and tear my ticket. Never mind, it is still legible, and the official is disengaged. I assume a business air, and step up to the counter. Two minutes more, and my mission is accomplished. I pocket the bracelet, and descend into the street.

Musing on my way home upon things in general, including bracelets, and soldiers, and desolated porters' daughters, I came to the conclusion that I might have passed my morning less profitably than in paying a visit to My Aunt.

My visit, however, had not altogether satisfied my curiosity respecting the old lady. Mademoiselle Delphine had told me something of her characteristics, and I had learned something more on my own account. Mademoiselle Delphine had a general notion that our mutual relative was a very convenient person to borrow money from, and—*voilà tout!* She judged of her simply as an individual, and from personal experience. And Delphine was in the right. She very properly considered that she was not called upon to interest herself in any matter of mere public utility, especially when her so doing involved the comprehension of anything so distressing as statistics;—that her mission upon earth was merely to look pretty and to be amiable.

“To what good uses can we put
The wild weed-flower that simply blows ;
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose ?”

—except, indeed, as Mr. Tennyson goes on to say, such a moral as people may find out for themselves, according to their minds and moods.

For myself, however, not being so anxious as Delphine to preserve my bloom, and to keep off crows-feet, I did not scruple to inform myself as to some facts concerning the working of the system established by My Aunt.

In the first place, I learned what I should certainly have had no chance of learning from Delphine—that the profits arising from the transactions of the Mont de Piété are devoted to the aid of the public hospitals of Paris, which realise no inconsiderable sum from this source. During the financial year of 1850, the amount was four hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred francs; being an increase of nearly sixty-two thousand nine hundred francs over the preceding year.

The profits of the two years, 1849 and 1850, amounted to eight hundred and seventy-four thousand francs; a sum which constitutes a new fact in the annals of the institution—there being no previous instance of the profits of two *consecutive* years amounting respectively to four hundred thousand francs. Indeed, during a long period this amount has been attained only three times, in 1823, 1829, and 1841. Since the re-organization of the Mont de Piété, in 1806, the year 1850 had, after making every compensation, yielded the largest amount towards the benevolent objects to which its profits are devoted.

The capital necessary for the maintenance of the institution is raised on debentures, bearing a small rate of interest. It appears that this capital had become considerably reduced in consequence of the death of several of the largest holders, whose heirs were not willing to continue the investment. To repair this deficiency, it was found necessary to raise the rate of interest paid to the holders, successively from three to

three-and-a-half, and subsequently to four per cent. This arrangement has been found successful.

Loans from the Mont de Piété may be effected, either directly at the central office, at the *succursale*, a sort of addition to the central office, established to meet the requirements of an overflowing *clientelle*—a “Pawn-brokers of Ease,” in fact—or at the auxiliary offices. The business may be negotiated personally, the most prevalent custom, or through the agency of *commissionnaires*. During the period under review, the number of articles deposited were eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand four hundred and thirty; upon which, sums were advanced exceeding thirteen millions six hundred thousand francs. Including renewals, however, the number of transactions were upwards of one million one hundred, which increased the sum total to twenty millions and a half of francs.

This last amount exceeds by nearly a million and a half of francs the products of the preceding year; and this increase of original transactions is accompanied by a proportionate decrease in the number of renewals. Both of these facts are considered cheering signs by French political economists. From the increase of original transactions, they infer that the great bulk of the population are in possession of a larger amount of personal and available property; and, from the decrease in renewals, that they have better means at their command for the redemption of their pledges. There is, certainly, no reason to argue from an increase in the number of loans an increase in the necessities of the people; for, anybody who knows anything of the habits of the more humble classes of the Parisians, will easily believe that in, perhaps, the majority of cases, the loans are obtained merely for purposes of luxury and

amusement; that an *ouvrier* who should find himself without any effects available as pledges, would not, in all probability, be deprived of anything so serious as his dinner; but of his wine, perhaps, his fête, or his theatre. It is fair, therefore, to assume that these classes possess more property than hitherto. With regard to the decrease of renewals, the fact speaks for itself. The average amount of the separate sums lent, taking in the renewals, was seventeen francs thirty-three centimes—a slight increase over the average of the preceding year.

My Aunt's balance sheet exhibits encouraging results, and these are attributed to the favourable terms on which the directors, during the last ten months, have been able to maintain their capital. The rate of interest which they have paid to the holders of their securities during that period has not been more than three per cent.—a fact which they consider signally indicative of the degree of public confidence enjoyed by the institution.

The amount lent upon goods deposited is thus regulated, in proportion to their value:—for goods that can be preserved, two-thirds of their estimated value are advanced; on gold and silver articles, four-fifths. In making the estimate, however, in the latter case, workmanship is not taken into consideration; the positive weight of the metal being the sole guide. Articles not redeemed within the year are sold, subject, however, as in England, to a claim for restoration of the surplus, if made within three years.

My Aunt's constitution partakes more of a benevolent nature than that of My Uncle. My Uncle sets up in business for his own benefit. My Aunt is set up for the purpose of benefiting her borrowers; out of whose

necessities she, nevertheless contrives to make no inconsiderable sum, which, we are bound to say, she does not spend upon herself. How far My Uncle would find it practicable or expedient to follow her example, is a question open to discussion. It is certain that in Ireland an institution after the model of that of My Aunt has not been attended with unmixed success.

XI.

THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL

I WAS lingering listlessly over a cup of coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens, in June. I had not been under the influence of an idea for two days, and was drooping like the roses of yesterday—very like, as you may imagine. I sat simply conscious of the cool air, the blue sky, the white houses, the lights, and the lions, which combine to render that universally pleasant period known as “after dinner,” so peculiarly pleasant in Paris.

In this mood my eyes fell upon a pair of orbs fixed intently upon me. Whether the process was effected by the eyes, or the agency of fingers, simply, I cannot say; but, at the same moment, a rose was insinuated into my button-hole, a gentle voice addressed me, and I beheld, in connexion with the eyes, the fingers, and the voice, a girl. She carried on her arm a basket of flowers, and was, literally, nothing more nor less than one of the *Bouquetières* who fly along the Boulevards like butterflies, with the difference that they turn their favourite flowers to a more practical account.

Following the example of some other distracted *décorés*, who I found were sharing my honours, I placed

a piece of money—I believe, in my case, it was silver—in the hand of the girl; and, receiving a handsome acknowledgemnt, in the shape of a smile and a “*Merci bien, Monsieur!*” was again left alone—(“desolate,” a Frenchman would have said)—on the crowded and carousing Boulevard.

To meet a perambulating and persuasive *Bouquetière*, who places a flower in your coat and waits for a pecuniary recompense, is scarcely a rare adventure in Paris; but I was interested—unaccountably so—in this young girl: her whole manner and bearing was so different and distinct from all others of her calling. Without any of that appearance which, in England, we are accustomed to call “theatrical,” she was such a being as we can scarcely believe in out of a ballet. Not, however, that her attire departed—except, perhaps, in a certain coquettish simplicity—from the conventional mode: its only decorations seemed to be ribbons, which also gave a character to the little cap that perched itself with such apparent insecurity upon her head. Living a life that seemed one long summer’s day—one floral *fête*—with a means of existence so frail and immaterial—she conveyed an impression of *unreality*. She might be likened to a Nymph, or a Naiad, but for the certain something that brought you back to the theatre, intoxicating the senses, at once, with the strange, indescribable fascinations of hot chandeliers—close and perfumed air—foot-lights, and fiddlers.

Evening after evening I saw the same girl—generally at the same place—and, it may be readily imagined, became one of the most constant of her *clientèle*. I learned, too, as many facts relating to her as could be learned where most was mystery. Her peculiar and persuasive mode of disposing of her flowers (a mode

which has since become worse than vulgarised by bad imitators) was originally her own graceful instinct—or whim, if you will. It was something new and natural, and amused many, while it displeased none. The sternest of stockbrokers, even, could not choose but be decorated. Accordingly, this new Nydia of Thessaly went out with her basket one day, awoke next morning, and found herself famous.

Meantime there was much discussion, and more mystification, as to who this Queen of Flowers could be—where she lived—and with whom. Nothing was known of her except her name—Hermance. More than one adventurous student—you may guess I am stating the number within bounds—traced her steps for hour after hour, till night set in—in vain. Her flowers disposed of, she was generally joined by an old man, respectably clad, whose arm she took with a certain confidence that sufficiently marked him as a parent or protector; and the two always contrived sooner or later, in some mysterious manner, to disappear.

After all stratagems have failed, it generally occurs to people to ask a direct question. But this in the present case was impossible. Hermance was never seen except in very public places—often in crowds—and to exchange twenty consecutive words with her, was considered a most fortunate feat. Notwithstanding, too, her strange, wild way of gaining her livelihood, there was a certain dignity in her manner which sufficed to cool the too curious.

As for the directors of the theatres, they exhibited a most appropriate amount of madness on her account; and I believe that at several of these establishments, Hermance might have commanded her own terms. But only one of these miserable men succeeded in making a tangible

in that object, to bring upon him odium and disrepute. These gentlemen, belonging to the exclusive civil service, found the interloper threatening to compete with them for a share in the loaves and fishes of the state; or if not actuated by any such object—of which, it must be said, he was generally independent,—he yet contrived to make himself particularly disagreeable by his bad habits of observation and inquiry; peering into things that went wrong, and even being impertinent enough occasionally to attempt to set them right. Accordingly the traditional policy of “war with the interloper” found no lack of support among the great majority of the servants of government; and it became the custom by degrees to blame the one class for every difficulty experienced by the other, more especially if it happened to be caused entirely by the fault of the latter.

The strife became worse as the number of non-official Europeans increased. The “British born subject,” protected by the Supreme Court in the presidencies, and amenable in the provinces to the authority of the company’s servants only in so far as cases of misdemeanour or small monetary transactions were concerned, naturally became somewhat unmanageable, and was not regarded with particular favour by the local authorities. It was from time to time attempted by the government to place him under their jurisdiction by the amalgamation of the Supreme Court with the head Court of Appeal—a court very unfavourably known to Anglo-Indians as “the Sudder;” and one Thomas Babington Macaulay was set to work to construct a code which should deal forth equal justice to every class in the country. But years passed, and the code, though sat upon and reported upon, and revised and improved, was never found to meet the difficulty; and the last attempt to introduce

the "Black Acts" as they were called, at the beginning of 1857, resulted in such a storm of opposition from the non-official population that the measure was indefinitely postponed; and the Court of Directors, taking alarm at the outbreak which almost immediately afterwards took place, sent out an order that no act affecting the position of Europeans in India should be passed by the local government without a previous reference home. But for the outbreak the Black Acts would surely have been passed; for much of the ancient jealousy between the Supreme Court and the Indian government had been removed by the admission of the judges of that court to seats in the Legislative Council; and upon this occasion the measure of the government found supporters among their number. Upon the one side it was declared that the interloper could not be kept in proper order in the provinces without additional authority; that even in cases of murder the expense of sending him to the presidencies for trial was greater than should be properly incurred by the state, and that after all the expense, to say nothing of the trouble, a jury of his countrymen were very apt—if the offence was committed against a native—to defeat the ends of justice and allow him to escape. On the other hand the interloper and his friends said: "We have no objection to be made amenable to the provincial courts if you will allow us the same protection which the law of England allows us at the presidencies. But we decidedly object to be tried by a native, who in nine cases out of ten is notoriously corrupt; to have the proceedings conducted against us in a language which we cannot understand; and to forfeit the protection of a jury of our own countrymen which, although not much consolation to a gentleman about to be hanged, will at any rate afford him the

satisfaction of not being hanged without good cause. If you reform your courts we have no objection to be made amenable to them, and we think your best policy would be to raise those courts to the English standard instead of degrading Englishmen to their level." To this was returned, by the more conciliatory class of Black Act-ers, a rejoinder which was intended to be delusive, but which somehow failed to delude: "My good friends, there is no fear of an Englishman not receiving justice. It is his birthright, and he will find it wherever the British flag waves. Let but a single Englishman receive an injury from the provincial courts, and there will be such an uproar that their reformation must inevitably follow." But this argument seemed so like that of the injudicious barrister who attempted to console his remonstrating client by the assurance, "Let them hang you my boy and I'll make them repent it," that the British-born subject failed to appreciate its wisdom, preferring the more prudential arrangement of having the courts cleaned out before entrusting himself to their atmosphere, rather than to take his chance of sanatory measures being adopted towards them after they had, possibly, killed him with their ill-odour.

I may here observe, by the way, that the interloper enjoyed whatever satisfaction may be derived from being oppressed by his own countrymen, during the progress of the rebellion, when he was included in the Arms Act, which it was found necessary to impose upon the natives, and in the Press Act, which placed English newspapers under government control, because native newspapers published sedition. He had also the satisfaction of seeing the native judges, under whose jurisdiction he had objected to be placed, turn against

the government, in many cases, and shew their gratitude for the confidence placed in them, by being guilty of some of the worst crimes committed during that year of horrors, 1857.

What the interloper asked for, and what he has been asking for up to the present time, is that he shall have the privilege of living in India upon the same terms as in any other of the British possessions. That he shall, in any part of the country, enjoy the protection of the British law. That the "Company's" (I use the exploded term for want of another) magistrates and judges shall be trained in law, instead of being mere officials moved about from one employment to the other and that they shall be independent of the government under the same conditions as in England. Further, that he shall have the privilege of purchasing land, where land is purchasable, in fee simple; and—in especial reference to the case of planters—it is also urged that there shall be a new law of contracts, so as to secure from the Cultivator the performance of work for which he has received payment in advance.

A considerable instalment of these demands has been granted by the measures of Indian Reform passed last session; and the avowed policy of the government now is to encourage the interloper by every possible means. Difficulties political, however, as well as difficulties social, still exist; and it is to be feared that much remains to be done before the new policy will bear fruit.

The great enemies of the settlers, as I have observed, are generally considered to be the members of the civil service—the exclusive "covenanted" service which so long ruled in India—the nominees of the directors, from the families of whom they were for the most part

selected. It is not unnatural that these gentlemen should be somewhat disgusted at the ruthless manner in which their privileges have been invaded of late years, more especially by the introduction of the competitive system. But they have for the most part accepted the change in a liberal spirit, and welcomed the new men among them with all frankness and good will; and in the same manner they have for years past reconciled themselves to the presence of their non-official countrymen, everywhere except in and near Calcutta, where the interloper, and certain of the authorities, are as hostile as ever. In Bombay and Madras there is of course some little jealousy existing between the two classes—as is indicated by many of the social peculiarities noticed in the proceeding pages—which may be observed, more or less, in the three presidencies. But whatever feeling exists in those parts is very seldom strongly manifested; and the same remark will apply to the North-West Provinces of Bengal, the Punjaub, and Oude, where the civilians have from the first been trained in a better school than that of Bengal, and do justice to their training. In all these places the non-officials get on very well with the authorities, and whenever there is anything like parity of social rank, mingle with them on friendly terms. Even in Bengal there has been a great deal of good fellowship between the planters and the officials; and the latter are certainly not all of the same stamp as the opponents of the former in the “indigo dispute,” about which we have heard so much for the last year and a half. There are as liberal men among them as in the North-West, or elsewhere; but somehow, not a hundred miles from Calcutta, I am afraid there are some of the body who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the days of John

C mpany and the supremacy of the exclusive civil service. They have the same old dislike of the inter-loper, and spare no pains, since they can no longer turn him out of the country, in making him as miserable as possible in it. The indigo dispute, although it has figured a great deal in the newspapers, is not so generally understood as it should be. Yet the facts are simple enough. The planters, in compliance with a custom of the country from time immemorial, made advances of money to the native cultivators for the growth of indigo, and the native cultivators, not being particularly industrious, were in many cases somewhat deeply in their debt. This would not have much mattered. The planters charged no interest, and were content to go on advancing, if necessary, so that they got the work done. But happening to offend a certain magistrate (scandal says, for some private reasons which I need not particularize), the certain magistrate took advantage of a certain minute issued by the chief authority, and issued a certain proclamation informing the cultivators that they would not be compelled to work out the advances which they had received, unless it so pleased them. Of course it did not so please them. What class of men is there who would have been so pleased? I should be sorry to try even that meritorious person the British workman by so severe a test. The cultivators, one and all, repudiated their engagements, and having jumped to the not unnatural conclusion that the government was hostile to the planters, and wished to drive them out of the country, they determined to do their best to gratify the government in the matter. Hence the deplorable state of Lower Bengal for some time past; outrages against the planters; resistance to even government authority;

and refusal, eventually, to pay rent. The late Mr. Wilson passed an Act through the Legislative Council, making breach of contract between master and workman a misdemeanour. The law worked wonderfully well, and ceased to be beneficial only when it ceased to exist, in six months, after which the home government prohibited its renewal.

In the meantime, the charges of violence, etc., against the planters, had been examined by a commission appointed for the purpose, and were found to be utterly baseless: not one of them was sustained. And what is more, they were all old stories, which had been refuted again and again, some of them so far back as fifty years ago. No doubt the planters have, from time to time, taken the law into their own hands; but it has been generally for their own protection that they have done so, and in the absence of the protection which the government should have supplied. It is not denied, by their warmest supporters—that is to say, themselves—that there have been black sheep among them, and that their manners have not always had that repose which stamps the caste of the *Vere de Veres* of the civil service. They may have bullied, and even beaten a native, now and then; but conduct of the kind is rare in the present day; and it is the merest affectation and hypocrisy to pretend that any one class of Englishmen in India offends more in this respect than another. You may meet with members of the civil service who do not scruple to cuff or kick their servants when displeased with them, and military officers are certainly not free from a similar reproach. Of the non-official class, no larger proportion ill-treat their domestics, or the natives generally, than of any other class. But as regards our countrymen generally,

the tales told of their cruelty to the natives have been generally brought away from India by chance travellers, who very seldom speak from personal experience, and who are liable to be imposed upon by wicked wags, who seek to mystify them as the cabman did Mr. Pickwick, upon the sight of the immortal note-book. Across any mess-table in India, may be heard stories of how Slyman of the civil service, "sold" a distinguished traveller in 1858, by pretending to sign death warrants without reading them, merely scrawling his initials, and throwing them over his shoulder, to the extent of a hundred and fifty in half an hour or so. Also, how Rampant, of the Irregulars, told another distinguished traveller that wonderful story of the ensign picketing his syce by the heels in the place of the horse, and then and there administering a thrashing which would have been too severe for that quadruped, and which nearly killed the syce. This incident had no existence except in the inventive brain of the narrator, but it has gone forth to the world as truth, and has assisted not a little in spreading a very mischievous delusion. Of course the fault in such a case mainly lies with the person who commits the deception, which is one of those funny ideas that may be carried a great deal too far. But still it must be admitted that some travellers have been a little too eager to receive stories of the kind, and natives are very apt to tell a *burra sahib* that which they consider he wishes to hear.

The indigo planters, it may be easily supposed, have received more than their share of the abuse which has been so liberally bestowed upon our countrymen in general for their alleged brutality to the natives; and this has been owing not only to official prejudice and

official misrepresentation, but to the enmity of the native zemindars (or landholders) who find in their European neighbours formidable rivals, owing to their superior skill and industry, and whom it is their object therefore to drive out of the field. It is through the depredations of these men upon their property, indeed, that the Europeans have been betrayed from time to time into those acts of violence which have given a colouring to the accusations against them. These native zemindars are themselves really the oppressors that they represent the Europeans to be. Their violence and extortion are beyond all bounds, and the fairness and moderation of their neighbours in money matters spoils the market for them, as they make a point themselves of exacting ruinous interest for their loans, and "selling up" without mercy the unfortunate ryot who is unable to pay.

It is this unhappy state of things, and the bitter hostility which has been the consequence, between the non-official Europeans on the one side, and the natives and certain official authorities on the other, in Bengal, that are at present retarding the progress of European settlement throughout India; and this at a time when the failing cotton supply from America has created the necessity for a new field for this important branch of our commerce, and when India has been declared by the most competent authorities to be the best field for the purpose. If that branch of our commerce could now be transferred to India, the misfortunes of our cousins across the Atlantic might indeed be turned to account, and the ill-wind in America might be made to blow incalculable good, not only to this country but throughout our Empire in the East.

In no quarter is this fact more fully appreciated than in those high places where the policy of the nation goes

through a process of manufacture from the raw material of public opinion, and is issued thence in as inoffensive thunderbolts as may be. In the Olympus of office, in fact, it is the declared policy that Europeans shall be encouraged in every practicable manner to turn their attention to India, with a view of settling in that country. The Home government and the Indian government are united upon the point. Both fully see the folly of maintaining the country merely as a camp which may be set in a blaze whenever a sentry happens to fall asleep; and out of which the English might be turned at any time, as the popular sarcasm says, without leaving any more useful remains of their rule than their empty beer bottles!

The events of 1857 sufficed to remove most of the cobwebs of prejudice, even from old gentlemen whose minds had been "laid down" for a long time—say "since classic Canning died"—in inaction. But they left some bold spirits, who, even though convinced, would not confess the fact, and who are still fighting manfully—and as openly as they dare to do—in the old cause of exclusion, of secrecy, of sham. The natives, when left to themselves, always get on wonderfully well with the non-official class of Europeans, and wherever these are settled, there the natives are most prosperous and most content. The officials in the North-West, in certain reports which have been called for on the subject, declare the planters in those parts to be a real blessing to their several districts, through the employment that they create, and the security that they maintain. There is no reason why they should not be the same in Bengal, if they be only permitted. Before the present opposition to them was got up—through the acts of servants of government—the planters in Bengal were as popular

as could be desired. Had they been otherwise they would surely have been disposed of during the mutinies, when all authority was suspended over the greater part of the provinces, and they were left at the mercy of the native population. But instead of coming to any harm in those troublous times, they were undisturbed in many cases, and in others managed to hold their own, and keep their districts in order, even after the authorities had fled; and there is no instance of a planter losing his life during the rebellion except when in arms fighting for the government. These facts cannot be controverted, and they are in themselves a conclusive proof of the falsehood of the aspersions which have been cast upon this class of our countrymen in Bengal. But the truth is that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written for a long time past about the "mild Hindoo," and the "civilized and enlightened Mussulman." Both classes have been described by enthusiasts, who I am afraid have not been actuated entirely by love, as wofully oppressed by the "independent Europeans," while the civil servants have professed to be their protectors, standing between them and the brutal violence of the dominant race. The civil service accused the independent body of wishing to govern "India for the English," and the opposition cry that they set up was "India for the Indians," which sounded fair enough, and was well calculated to find favour at home. But the independent body retorted with "India for the Civil Service," which they declared to be the real meaning of the "India for the Indians" cry; and I am afraid that the sarcasm was not quite unjust. It was certainly a great piece of policy on the part of the civilians to link their cause to that of the natives; especially as, owing to the amount of patronage in their hands, they were in so excellent a position to

induce the natives to back them up. The North-West men would not have taken the bait so easily, and there would have been still less chance with the natives of Oudh or the Punjaub. But the cringing servility of the Bengalee was just adapted to lend itself to the device. Ask a Bengalee how many miles it is to such and such a place, or what o'clock it is, and he is quite capable of answering that it is as many miles, or hours, as "the master" pleases. The master's "pleasure" is appealed to in cases quite as much beyond his control; accordingly the divinity that hedges any servant of government is immense, and if a man in high authority he is absolute master of the consciences of his native subordinates. His known dislike to any particular class of his countrymen would be quite sufficient to excite most active opposition to that class; and swearing through thick and thin against them, quite irrespective of the truth, is no difficult matter among a people who look upon perjury as a light and venial offence. The ingenious Mr. Codlin, in Mr. Dickens' tale, adopted the exact civil service policy when he desired to ingratiate himself with Little Nell. "Codlin's the friend, not Short," say the civilians; and the natives, believing it their interest to echo the cry, echo it accordingly. And so it is that Short, having had quite enough to do in looking after his own affairs, has always been misrepresented, and continues to be misrepresented up to the present time.

Yet it will be found that it was only through the intercourse of independent Englishmen with India, and the attention which they drew to them, that the great abuses of our administration have been corrected. In the hey-day of the Company's rule, suttee and infanticide were "manners and customs of the natives" that it was not considered necessary to repress, until Indian travel-

lers had aroused public indignation by exposing the impunity with which those horrible rites were practised. The employment of torture for the collection of the revenue—which has always been part of the native system, and has been resorted to habitually by the native subordinates of the government—was exposed and denounced by independent Europeans before the government consented to recognize a fact of which they must have been cognisant if they had any official eyes and ears. How long India would have been without those material improvements which are now being urged on with such alacrity, but for the employment of a similar pressure, one can scarcely venture to surmise. But if the old system had been left to itself, it may safely be supposed that not a single railway would at the present time be even projected in any part of the country; that there would be no irrigation except such as is supplied by nature; and that even such primitive improvements as roads would not have been developed as they are. Independent Europeans have surely, then, done something in the way of good for India; and what ground there is for supposing that they would do harm in larger numbers I really cannot conceive. Yet it is plain that the prejudice against them has not been conquered by the home government, notwithstanding the strong opinion expressed in their favour by Lord Canning, who, whatever his past errors, has of late displayed most of the qualities of an enlightened ruler. His lordship, like all unprejudiced men before him, has seen through the absurdity of the theory that the climate is a prohibition to European settlement. Were such the case it is obvious that the question would settle itself, and that there would be no occasion for any opposition in the matter. The climate is a difficulty certainly, but one

which it does not require a covenant to overcome. If one man can live in it another man can live in it, under similar conditions. Nobody pretends that India can be treated exactly like a colony, and that labouring men can emigrate thereto with any chance of competing with the native population, even if such competition were desirable. But whenever a man can obtain a position in which he can use his head to direct the labour of native hands, he may settle in the country not only for his own, but the country's good. India teems with resources which only require development to render her the richest country on earth. She has a population amply sufficient to develope them; but a large portion of her labouring classes are either in part or wholly unemployed for want of a direction being given to their energies. Native capital and native skill are insufficient for the purpose; British enterprise and British industry are imperatively required. In the plains of India, and on the slopes of the Himalayas, there is land extending over an area larger than that of England, now in jungle, and requiring nothing but these aids to be brought under cultivation. The native population, so far from being insufficient for the purpose, is already too large, as I have said, to obtain employment; and thousands of labourers are now allowed to proceed to the West Indies, the Mauritius, and Ceylon, as the only alternative from starvation. And yet, even for the growth of the commonest necessities of life, the cultivation of this land would certainly *pay*; for the price of food all through the country was scarcely ever so high as it is at present.

A great impetus has been given of late years to the production of tea, for which the neighbourhood of the Himalayas is admirably adapted: and cotton might be

grown to an unlimited extent, were adequate encouragement given to the settler. Hitherto every Indian administration, with the exception of that of Lord William Bentick, has been against him. He has always been subject to deportation, black acts, arms acts, or the gagging of the press. As far as his political condition is concerned, it must be admitted that his troubles are likely to be few. The measures of Indian reform passed last session are as large a stride in the right direction as government can be expected to make at one time ; and their faults and requirements may be easily remedied and supplied. That his social condition will be improved under a better political system may be considered a natural consequence. The main reason why Anglo-Indians are misunderstood in this country is, as I have said, because by their jealousies and dissensions they have conveyed a false impression of themselves. And the cause of their jealousies and dissensions is that there has never been a sufficient variety of classes in India to form a properly balanced state of society. The Indian services have provided some of the greatest men of which our annals can boast ; but their greatness has been in spite of, and not a consequence of, the conditions under which they have lived. A mind of a high order will frequently develope all the more surely in solitude—whether that solitude be imposed by necessity or accepted by choice, as a refuge from dull and perhaps vulgar companionship. But on the other hand many minds of not inferior *calibre* will be lowered by such an ordeal, if they be not crushed altogether. As for that class of minds which depend upon circumstance and opportunity for their development, they are not likely to derive much benefit in the ordinary course of Indian affairs. Here and there may be found opportunities

for distinction in the civil service and on the staff; but these seldom occur except in troublous times, and it is to be hoped that troublous times are past, even though some ardent spirits should love their chance of distinction under a happier state of things. Nothing narrows a man's mind more than exclusive association with persons of his own pursuits. Everything is measured by a professional standard. The great objects of life too frequently become secondary in importance to such questions as, What is the proper allowance of an acting commissioner on leave? or, Who is to get the interpretship, for which nobody in the regiment can manage to pass? The effects of this monotonous state of existence would not unnaturally tend to the formation of profligates and prigs, and popular belief declares that both are largely represented in the Indian services. Popular belief is, as usual, too hasty in coming to this decision, for Indians as a body are neither more immoral nor more pedantic than any other class of men, while in many respects they are superior to most educated classes at home. There is an immense deal of warmth and cordiality in Indian society, and our countrymen in the East present a favourable contrast in point of hospitality to their brethren in the West. But it must be confessed that the amount of "shop" talked, even in the most refined circles, is frightfully depressing, not only to the "outsider" but to those who may be called members of "the firm." It is the limited world of intercourse to which the Anglo-Indian is usually restricted, and the low mental tone that it too frequently induces, which are at the bottom of the difficulties with which India has at present to contend. Independent settlers are still "strangers" in the country, and even lately have been officially so described by the Lieutenant Governor of

affair of dinner. Let us plant ourselves, that is to say, myself and two or three congenial associates, at one of the largest and most respectable. The place is the *Barrière Clichy*, and the time, Sunday, at six o'clock. The principal dining room, on the first floor, is spacious and lofty, with all the windows open to the air. Nearly all the long narrow tables, which look very white and well appointed, are occupied by satisfied or expectant guests. Yonder is a respectable shopkeeper at the head of his very respectable family. See with what well-bred politeness he places chairs for his wife and the elder girls; who hang up their bonnets, and adjust their already nicely adjusted hair in the mirror with perfect composure, not at all embarrassed by the presence of a couple of hundred persons whom they have never seen before. At the next table is a *grisette* dining with a young gentleman of rustic appearance, with red ears, who does not seem quite at his ease. Never mind, she does, that's very plain. They are waiting to order their dinner. The young lady stamps impatiently with her little foot upon the floor, and strikes a glass with a fork to attract the attention of a waiter, a practice that is considered underbred by fastidious persons; and which, to be sure, one does not observe at the *Trois Frères*. The *garçon* at length arrives, and the young lady pours into his ear a voluble order;—a flood of *Jullienne* soup and a bottle of anything but *ordinaire* wine, corking it down with a long array of solid matters to correspond. The young gentleman with the red ears, meantime, grins nervously; and indeed does little else during a very long dinner, making up, however, for the subordinate part he has hitherto played, by paying the bill. Round the room are scattered similar parties, arranged variously. Now a lady and gentleman, then a gentleman alone,

then a lady alone (who partakes of everything with great gravity and decorum;) then two ladies together, who exchange confidences with mysterious gestures, show one another little letters, and are somewhat lavish in the article of curaçoa; then two gentlemen together, who are talking about the two ladies, exchange a glance with one of them, and depart.

Such is a specimen of the society usually to be met with at a dinner outside the Barriers. If you wish to exchange a little for the worse, you will not find the process very difficult. In the *restaurants* of a lower class, there is a greater preponderance of cold veal and fried potatoes among the viands, and of blouses among the guests. The wine, too, is rougher, and what Englishmen call fruity. You will be amused, too, during dinner, by musical performers (who walk indiscriminately from the street,) conjurers, and other ingenious persons, some of whom whistle duets with imaginary birds, which they are supposed to carry in their pockets, and imitate the noises of various animals with a fidelity I have seldom known equalled.

The sun is setting as I stroll forth with my friends along the exterior Boulevards, rather dull, as becomes inhabitants of our beloved island, and anxious for "something to turn up" to amuse us. One proposes a visit to a suburban ball; another, an irruption into a select wedding party, which is making a great noise in a large house adjacent, where dancing may be seen through the open windows. The last proposition is negatived on the ground that we are not friends of the family, and might possibly be ejected with ignominy. I had myself, by the way, assisted at one of these entertainments a few days previously. It had been given by my laundress, on the occasion of the marriage

of one of her "young ladies" with a youth belonging to my hotel. On that occasion I had been bored, I must say; and, moreover, had found myself compelled to contribute, in the style of a *milord*, towards setting up the young pair in life, for which purpose a soup-plate was sent round among the guests. It was next proposed to inspect the manners of the lower orders. With great pleasure; but how, and where? Somebody had heard of a great establishment, which could not be far off, where "the million" were in the habit of congregating to an unlimited extent, on Sundays especially. We would stop the first intelligent plebeian we came across, and inquire for such a place. Here is a man in a blouse, with a pipe in his mouth: a circle is formed round him, and six questions are addressed to him at once. He is a plebeian, but not intelligent, so we let him pass. The next is our man: he looks contemptuously at us for our ignorance, and directs us to the *Barrière de Rochechouart—le Petit Ramponneau*, kept by the Père Nicolet, whom everybody (sarcastic emphasis on everybody) knows.

The *Barrière de Rochechouart* is not far off; and the Barrier once gained, the *Petit Ramponneau* is not difficult to find. A long passage, bordered by trees, leads into a spacious court-yard, bounded by gardens. Round the court-yard, taking the air pleasantly, hang the carcasses of sheep and oxen in great, in astonishing, in overwhelming numbers. Not a pleasant spectacle, truly, to a person of taste; but, viewed with an utilitarian eye, magnificent indeed. Mr. Pelham would find it simply disgusting: Mr. McCulloch would probably describe it as a grand and gratifying sight. Making our way across the court-yard, rather inclined to agree with Mr. Pelham, we pass through the most con-

spicuous door fronting us, and find ourselves at once in the kitchen, an immense hall, crowded with company, well lighted up, and redolent of

— “the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners.”

On the right hand, on entering, there is a bar, a pewter counter crowded with wooden wine measures, in the regular public-house style; but with something more of adornment in the way of flowers and mirrors. On the left, the actual *batterie de cuisine* is railed off, like the sacred portion of a banking-house. On the sacred side of the railing the prominent object is a copper of portentous dimensions; seething and hissing, and sending forth a fragrant steam, which, night and day, I believe, is never known to stop. Cooks, light and active, white-capped and jacketed, are flitting about, and receiving directions from the proprietor, the great and solemn Nicolet himself. To say that the Père was stout, would be, simply, to convey the idea of a man who has more than the ordinary amount of flesh upon his bones. To say that he was solemn and grand, would not be distinguishing him from the general notion of solemnity and grandeur, as associated with any heavy and stupid persons. Let it be understood then that he united all these qualities in their very best sense, and had, besides, a *bonhomie* and good humour that is not always found reconciled with them. As he stood there distributing his orders, and himself assisting continually in their execution, he looked like a monarch; and, probably, felt himself to be every inch a king.

Meantime, a crowd through which we had elbowed our way, are choking up the space between the counter and the sacred railing, all intent upon winning their

way to a little aperture, through which dishes of smoking and savoury ragout, or whatever the compound may be called, are being distributed to each comer in succession, as he thrusts in his arm. This great object gained, he passes on and finds a table where it pleases him. This, it should be observed, is no difficult matter. In the principal room itself long tables and benches are arranged on all sides; in the garden, in every direction, similar accommodation; up stairs, in several large rooms, extensive preparations are spread. Everywhere, up stairs, down stairs, throughout the garden, groups are engaged in the one great occupation. Conversation, here in whispers, there buzzing; now boisterous, anon roaring and unrestrained; on every side. Heartiness and hilarity predominant, and everybody at his ease. As we stroll through the place, our foreign, and, shall I add, distinguished appearance, so unusual at the *Petit Ramponneau*, attracts attention. I hear somebody stigmatize us as spies, but somebody else re-assures the suspecter by a description a nearer the mark—that we were only English—a little eccentric. It should not be forgotten by philosophic persons who like to intrude into strange scenes, that a good-humoured word to the roughest and most quarrelsome-looking fellow has always a good effect; and that nothing stops the democratic mouth so effectually as wine.

Having “inspected,” as the newspapers call it, the resources of the place, we planted ourselves down stairs to see what it could afford us by way of refreshment. Here the proprietor himself was at hand, all bows and blandishments and expressions of “distinguished consideration;” and, through him, we duly made the acquaintance of some of the other people of the house, who were taking their own dinner, or supper, now that

the labours of the day were at an end. One of these, a lively, bright-eyed young lady, who went about like a benevolent countess, a youthful Lady Bountiful, great in ministering charities, I understood to be the daughter of the proprietor. We had succeeded in accomplishing a very satisfactory fraternisation in that quarter by the time our wine arrived. The wine, I may observe, was some of the best Burgundy—at the price—I ever drank, and we gave it due honour accordingly, to the delight of the Père, who prided himself especially upon his cellar. We invited him to partake, and he immediately sat down and grew communicative. The conversation turned naturally upon himself; then upon his house. He had commenced on his present system, he told us, a poor man, without a penny to bless himself with. By the exercise of industry and economy, which, I have since learned, approached to something like heroism, he became what I saw him. As I saw him, he was simply a cook in a white cap and apron. But he was, in reality, something very different. His wealth, I have since learned, was immense, indeed, he had the reputation of being a millionaire. Yet, with all his prosperity, he never changed his old habits, nor made the slightest attempt to set himself up higher in the social scale, which men of a tenth part of his means are accomplishing successfully every day. He might have married his daughters to bankers even; but he gave them to men of his own rank, and was satisfied so that they were happy. As for the business, it had increased by degrees to its present extent; and even now it augmented day by day. Nor did he gain his wealth by any undue contribution upon the poor: on the contrary, the *Petit Ramponneau* was the greatest blessing that they could enjoy. A dinner there, he assured me to my

surprise, cost the visitor but five *sous*, exclusive of wine, which, however, could be enjoyed at a proportionately economical rate. If any testimonial was wanting to the excellence of the system, it could be found in the number of persons who availed themselves of it, sometimes from three to four and five thousand in the course of the day. Of these, the majority were of the very poorest class, as I could see for myself; but among them were many of an apparent respectability that made their presence there a matter of surprise. The number of persons of the better classes who were reduced by "circumstances" to dine there, was by no means inconsiderable. He himself, the Père, had often recognised faces that had been familiar to him in far different scenes. And he was convinced that the establishment which, by good management, was so large a source of profit to himself, was an inestimable benefit to the poorer classes of Paris.

I thought of the many thousands in London who starve more expensively than they could dine at the *Petit Ramponneau*, and entirely agreed with the worthy Père.

While we were talking, the guests had been gradually moving off; plates and dishes were being carried away in huge piles; the tables and benches were being cleared and re-arranged; the copper had ceased to hiss, and the furnace to roar. Everything denoted preparations for closing.

Presently half-a-dozen men began to roll some huge tubs, nearly as high as themselves, into the court-yard. I asked the meaning of this arrangement. "They are the wine-barrels that have supplied the consumption of to-day," was the reply.

I was fairly astonished, and by a matter of the merest

detail. It gave me the best idea I could have formed of the large number of the frequenters of the *Petit Ramponneau*. But so it always is. Statistics tell us very astonishing things in calculations and total results; but they suggest nothing definite to ordinary minds. The sight of these huge empty wine-barrels gave me a more distinct idea of the enormous consumption of wine in one day, than the most skilful grouping or tabulating of figures could possibly have done.

Here we took our leave of our new acquaintances, and made the best of our way into Paris. As for the *Petit Ramponneau*, it flourishes still, I believe; but I regret to learn that the worthy proprietor is among the things that were. Poor fellow! he died, I am told, true to the last to his simple unostentatious system; in his white cap and apron, by the side of the great copper and the roaring furnace.

XIV.

A VISIT TO ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I AM not about to describe savage life, or uninhabited islands: what I have to say relates to most civilised society, and to no island whatever. My object is simply to "request the pleasure" of the reader's company in a short excursion out of Paris: an arrangement which secures to him the advantage of visiting a place which is beneath the notice of the guide-books, and to myself the society of that most desirable of companions, one who allows me to engross the entire conversation.

Imagine, then, a party of Englishmen in Paris, rising one morning with the general desire to "do something to-day." Having done nothing for several weeks except amuse themselves, having been condemned to continual festivity, the necessity for some relaxation became imminent. We had been to see everything that we cared to see, and everybody who cared to see us, with a little over in both cases. We had filled "*avant scène*" boxes until the drama became a bore, and had reclined in *cafés* until their smoke became a nuisance. We had scoured the Boulevards by day, and the balls by night; "looked in" at the monuments with patronising airs, and at the shops with purchasing propensities. We

had experienced dinners both princely and penurious; fathomed mysterious *cartes* from end to end, and even with unparalleled hardihood had ventured into the regions of the *prix-fixe*. We had almost exhausted every sort of game, active and sedantry. At billiards, we had exploded every cannon, possible and impossible, and reposed upon every cushion, convenient and inconvenient. One desperate youth had even proposed that we should addict ourselves to dominos; but, we were not far enough gone for that; the suggestion was received on all sides with that sensation of horror which shipwrecked mariners manifest when one of the party proposes to dine off the cabin-boy. No: we must find materials of amusement less suggestive of tombstones, that was clear, even if we perished miserably without their assistance.

The fact was, that under the influence of the sunshine and flowers, the lustre and langour of the most bewildering of capitals, I was fast subsiding into a state of collapse. I felt a dash of the infatuation of the lotus-eater, in his

“— land that seemed always afternoon.”

Though in our case, for we were all alike, instead of afternoon we seemed to be in a perpetual state of “the morning after.” It was at length agreed that we should enter the first public conveyance we could find that was leaving Paris.

The conveyance destined to receive us was, in appearance, a cross between the English omnibus of domestic life and the French *diligence*, that has, alas! nearly disappeared; a fat, heavy vehicle, drawn by a couple of strong little hacks, with a driver who gave himself

diligence airs, and cracked his whip and smoked his pipe most ostentatiously.

The first thing we learned on taking our seats was, that we had better have gone by the railway; that is to say, if we intended only going as far as Sceaux, and were pressed for time. We replied, that we were going wherever the omnibus chose to take us, and time was no object. These observations were elicited by a good-humoured old man, with a clear, hale, weather-beaten face, which he had contrived to shave to a most miraculous point of perfection, though it was as wrinkled as the boots of any groom. His dress was poor and threadbare in the extreme; and in England he might have passed for a broken-down carpenter; but he, nevertheless, wore the cordon of the eternal Legion of Honour.

The omnibus, he said, went as far as Longjumeau, a place which we were all anxious to see, as being associated with a certain postilion, with big boots, and a wonderful wig, who sang a peculiar song with immense rapidity, accompanied by jingling bells, a crackling whip, and a perpetual post-horn. To our great regret, however, we learned that this distinguished individual was not likely to be seen at Longjumeau, the natives of which had probably never heard of his existence. It was too bad, however, to allow the illusion as to the existence of our old friend to be thus dispelled; so we easily succeeded in persuading ourselves that the popularity of the postilion doubtless kept him continually on the move, and that his native place was, after all, the place where, we should have remembered, it was least likely to find him.

We proceeded on our way in the most approved style of French omnibuses, with a great deal of clatter, a

great deal of confusion, and very little speed. The country, anywhere within a mile or two of Paris, is not very inviting: level wastes of barren ground, with occasionally an oasis in the shape of a brick-kiln, or something equally ornamental; dusty roads, planted with rows of little trees, and bounded by high walls, covered with quack advertisements. The passenger gazes out of the window about once every ten minutes, hoping for a little variety; but as far as the waste, the trees, the walls, and the quack advertisements are concerned, he might believe himself still in the same spot. Accordingly, the wise tourist generally seeks amusement inside the vehicle, as we did on the occasion in question, by encouraging the passengers to sing country songs, and contributing ourselves something of the kind towards the general hilarity.

At last, after an hour's jolting and stumbling, and hallooing, and cracking, on the part of omnibus, horses, driver, and whip, something like open country begins to make its appearance, with occasionally an attempt at foliage and cultivation. We have just time to congratulate ourselves upon the change—with a slight regret at the absence of hedges and green lanes—when the omnibus stops at an accumulation of rustic restaurants, schools for young ladies, billiard-rooms, tobacconists' shops, and one church, which we are told is Sceaux. Here we alight, after an exchange of affectionate flat-teries with our fellow passengers, who are bound to Longjumeau, and make our way, as a matter of course, to the park. But previously a bell at the railway station announces the arrival of a train from Paris, and we have an opportunity of observing the perfect working of this pretty little line, the serpentine course of which is, at first sight, calculated to strike horror into the

engineering mind ; and to see how the carriages perform impossible curves in perfect safety, and finally accomplish something very like a figure of eight at the terminus, without any relaxation of speed. The manner in which this is effected is principally by providing the engines with small oblique wheels, pressing against the rails, in addition to the usual vertical ones. The carriages, too, are so constructed, that both the fore and hind wheels may turn freely under them ; and each carriage is connected with its neighbour by a kind of hinge, which effectually prevents a separation, while it affords every facility for independent motion. Thus almost any curve can be accomplished, and it is next to impossible that the train can come off the rails. But for this contrivance, the railway, condemned to a straight line, would probably never pay, and all the pretty places where it has stations would lose half their visitors.

The great lion of Sceaux is its park, where the château, built by Colbert, and subsequently associated with persons of no less importance than the Duc du Maine and Madame de Montespan, was flourishing before the first revolution. Art has here been somewhat ungrateful to nature. The one has furnished the tallest of trees and the thickest of bosquets ; but the other has clipped them with more than her usual want of taste, and, through the latter, has cut avenues ingeniously imitative of railway tunnels, of which the pastoral effect may be imagined. On Sundays and Thursdays, during the summer, crowds flock from Paris to the balls which are held in this park, where there is also a tolerable gathering of rustic simplicity from the country round. Then it is that all the coloured lamps, which now by daylight look so dingy, are brilliantly lighted up ; the dirty stucco statues gleam like ala-

baster ; the seedy drapery becomes golden and gorgeous ; the grimy decorations are festive and fairy-like ; and the smoky-looking glass column in the centre glitters like an immense diamond, reflecting the surrounding scene with a thousand flattering and fantastic variations.

But what about Robinson Crusoe ? All in good time. Robinson is now something less than two miles off, if the information of our decorated friend may be relied upon ; and perhaps the sooner we join him the better. Accordingly, with Sceaux behind us, and the prospect of dinner before us, we proceed gaily on foot through roads as rustic in appearance as the inevitable brick walls and unavoidable quack advertisements will allow them to be, and arrive at last at our journey's end, without meeting on our way with any incident of travel more exciting than the sight of two countrymen and a windmill.

Here, then, we are, at last, at Robinson. Robinson, then, is a place, and not a person ? But what relation has this to De Foe's Robinson Crusoe ? Simply this ;—that the spot is the most romantic, the most picturesque, and *was* the most desolate within so short a distance of Paris ; and it has been called "Robinson," as a tribute at once to these united charms, and to the merits of a work which is as popular in France as in its native country. The surname "Crusoe" the French throw aside, as they do everything which they can either not pronounce, or not understand, refusing in particular to swallow anything like a name which does not become the mouth, on the wise principle which leads every animal but the donkey to reject thistles.

The fame of the place, however, has by degrees rendered its name inapplicable. Its romantic and picturesque qualities it still retains, but its desolation is no

more. It is Robinson Crusoe's island with the spell broken, the loneliness of thirty years profaned. It is Robinson Crusoe's island monopolised by common-place colonists, who have set up *cafés* and *restaurants*. It is Juan Fernandez captured by the savages, who appear there in the shape of the *bourgeoisie*, or as pert-looking young Frenchmen, in varnished boots, escorting transparent bonnets. It is Robinson Crusoe's island, in fact, with a dash of Greenwich.

In common with all those who land in any sort of island, civilised or savage, our first impulse was to secure dinner. For this purpose, we betook ourselves to the most imposing *restaurant* of the place. Gueusquin was the name, I think, of the Bois d'Aulnay. Here, in the midst of a rustic and not too French style of garden, laid out upon an eminence, stands a building which has all the aspect of the most primitive of farms. It is dedicated to Robinson Crusoe, as may be seen from the verses conspicuously painted up over the door:—

“Robinson ! nom cher à l'enfance,
Que, vieux, l'on se rappelle encore,
Dont le souvenir, doux trésor,
Nous reporte aux jours d'innocence.”

On entering, we see Robinson Crusoe on every side, that is to say, all the walls are devoted to his adventures. We see multiplied in every corner the well-known goat-skin costume, pointed cap, and umbrella. Here is Crusoe outside his hut, tending his flock; there he is shooting down the savages from behind a tree. In one panel he starts back at the sight of the foot-mark in the sands, in the attitude of the leading actor of the Gymnase, to express violent surprise at the important intelligence conveyed to his mind by that powerful

print. Over the window, he is feeding his goat ; close to the door, he notches his calendar, or, not inappropriately, cuts his stick. He welcomes to the lonely isle the astonished white men, beside the stove ; and once more steps on his native soil, just over the mantel-piece. Crusoe is everywhere. He is engraved on the spoons, painted on the plates, and figured on the coffee-cups. His effigy reclines upon the clock ; his portrait on the vases peers through the flowers. So completely do his adventures seem associated with the place, that we almost expect to see him in his own proper person, with his parrots and dogs about him ; discussing his goat's flesh at one of the rude tables, which might have been fashioned by his own hand ; or busy kindling a fire upon the tiled floor, which might also be of home manufacture.

We are interrupted in the midst of this inspection, by the question where we will dine ? Where ? Anywhere. This is the *salle à manger*, is it not ? Certainly ; but we can dine up a tree in the garden if we please. In that case we *do* please, by all means, provided the climbing is easy, and there are good strong branches to cling to. The *garçon* smiles, as he conducts us to the garden, and introduces us to the resources of the immense tree in the centre. Here we are instructed to ascend a staircase, winding round the massive trunk, and to choose our places, on the first, second, or third "story." This dining accommodation we now find to consist of a succession of platforms, securely fixed upon the vast spreading branches, surrounded by a rustic railing, and in some cases covered with a thatched umbrella, of the veritable Robinson Crusoe pattern. With the ardour of enthusiasts, who know no finality short of extremes, we spurn the immediate resting-

places, and ascend at once to the topmost branch. Here we find a couple of tables laid out, and seats for the accommodation of about a dozen persons. A jovial party of the savages before alluded to, in glazed boots, and transparent bonnets, are already in possession of one of the tables ; the other is at our disposal.

The soup now makes its appearance, not borne upwards by the waiters, but swung upwards in enormous baskets, by means of ropes and pulleys ; and we speedily bawl down, with stentorian voices, according to the most approved fashion of the *habitués*, our directions as to the succeeding courses, which are duly received through the same agency. Everybody now gets extremely convivial, and we, of course, fraternise with the savages, our neighbours. At this period of the proceedings, some of the boldest of our party venture upon obvious jokes relative to dining "up a tree," a phrase which, in England, is significant of a kind of out-of-the-way existence, associated with pecuniary embarrassment ; but, I need scarcely add, that these feeble attempts at pleasantry are promptly put down by the general good sense of the company. The Frenchmen, bolder still, now indulge in various feats of agility, which have the additional attraction of extreme peril, considering that we are some couple of hundred feet from the ground. The tendency of the Robinsonites, in general towards gymnastic exercises is very sufficiently indicated by the inscription, "*Défense de se balancer après les Paniers*," which is posted all over the tree. To my mind the injunction sounds very like forbidding one to break one's neck.

The dinner having been duly discussed, the united wisdom of our party arrived at the opinion that we should descend ; an operation proverbially less easy

than ascension, more especially after dinner. The feat, however, was satisfactorily accomplished, after a pathetic appeal on the part of two or three of my friends for another quarter of an hour to sentimentalise upon the magnificent view, rendered doubly magnificent in the declining sun, of distant Paris, with its domes and towers, and light bridges, and winding river; and the more immediate masses of well wooded plantations, and well-cultivated fields. I should have mentioned that we had to drag away the youngest of these sentimentalists by main force, which rendered our safe descent somewhat marvellous under the circumstances.

We had now to decide upon our mode of return to Paris, a work of time, owing to the numerous distracting facilities. A short walk was pronounced to be desirable, and a walk to Fontenay-aux-Roses delightful above all things. So we set forward accordingly, our way lying "all among the bearded barley," like the road to "many-towered Camelot." At Fontenay-aux-Roses, which, strangely enough, does justice to its name, lying in a huge nest of roses, of all degrees of deliciousness, we were fortunate enough to find that vehicular phenomenon, in the existence of which I had never before believed, the "last omnibus." This was promptly monopolised; and my next performance, I fancy, was to go to sleep; for, on being informed that we were again in Paris, I seemed to have some recollection of a recent dinner on the top of a tree, with Robinson Crusoe, who was appropriately decorated with a pink bonnet and a parasol.

XV.

FRENCH HORSE-RACING.

THE sky is very blue and very bright ; the air is crisp, clear, and invigorating. Objects, both distant and near, seem more clearly defined, more sharp and full of corners, than usual. It is very cold in the shade, and very warm in the sun. You feel a chilling blast upon one cheek, that is the wind ; and, upon the other, something red-hot, the sun. The wind is in an eccentric and changeable mood, and seems bent upon putting the weather-cocks out of temper. Everybody who has not brought out an over-coat, wishes that he had ; and everybody who has, wishes that he had not. Some people go closely buttoned up ; others carry their cravats in their pockets ; and nobody is certain which is best, so frequent and so sudden are the alternations from heat to cold. Wherever there are trees, heaps of fallen leaves, ankle-deep, knee-deep, are drifting before the breeze ; occasionally furnishing food for "bonfires," and filling the air with clear blue smoke, and that peculiar warm fragrance so suggestive of health and rusticity.

In short, it is October, and October in Paris ; Paris,

that is bidding adieu to *al-fresco fêtes*, and beginning to find the inside of *cafés* preferable to the outside. It is still, however, a city of sunshine, and there is at any rate no prospect of rain to spoil its out-of-door diversions. Such was the comforting conviction at which I arrived the other morning, when I prepared, with true English ardour, to "go to the races," the last of the season.

I had a vague notion that "going to the races" in France, was not a very dissimilar proceeding from taking a trip to "the Derby" in England. I had prepared myself for rising at some unearthly hour in the morning; for breakfasting in a state of trance caused by the fear of being too late, in the midst of anxieties relative to the packing of hampers, and fears that the livery-stable keeper might have mistaken his instructions, and be very punctual in bringing round the phaeton and four in time for—the Oaks; for ultimately setting forth, amidst the applause of small boys, provisioned for the day, and with perhaps the additional luxury of a pea-shooter and a post-horn, to which, had I belonged to a "crack-regiment," I might have added flour-bags and rotten eggs.

But, alas! going to the races in Paris is a very prosaic proceeding. I grieve to say that my friends called for me at my hotel, on foot, after keeping me waiting about seven hours. Not even a stage-coach was practicable. There are, to be sure, Hansom cabs in Paris (they are among the most recent signs of civilization,) but we agreed that to ride in a Hansom in a foreign land would be something like profanity, almost as bad as drinking bitter ale, another grand and solemn pleasure to be reserved for London alone! Accordingly, we set forth as ingloriously as can be conceived, by way of

the old broken-backed *Pont Neuf* (which daily becomes more picturesque and less secure) in the direction of the "*Cham' d' Mars*;" in pronouncing which latter word, I must insist upon the English reader *not* dropping the final s.

On the road to Epsom, at Sutton, there is a celebrated hostelry, called "The Cock," where everybody stops, as a matter of course. On our road to the *Champ de Mars* there is also a place of refreshment, which no wayfarer, *vid' the Pont Neuf*, was ever known to avoid. This is the famous establishment of the "*Mère Moreau*," whose name is almost as well known in Paris as is that of a person called Napoleon. But what would the plump head-waiter at "The Cock" say to the French substitute, with its Arabesque front all blue and gold, its plate-glass, its pictorial walls, the lovely and accomplished ladies behind the counter (every one, for aught any of Mrs. Moreau's customers may know to the contrary, a duchess in her own right;) and, above all, the effeminate description of refreshments provided for the travellers? One can fancy the disdain with which that prejudiced and respectable person would regard the offer of a plum or a peach, floating in a little glass of perfumed and impotent liquid, that, in its normal state of barbarism, is believed to have been brandy; or his disgust at the discovery that a similar species of refreshment is known by the fanciful and mysterious title of a "*Chinoise*." Nevertheless, victims to the same fatal fascination (which reminds us forcibly of our childhood, and its dangerous excesses on hard-bake,) all classes may be seen at all times mingled in harmony at the "*Mère Moreau's*;" the grandest of yellow gloves side by side with the humblest and most gloveless of *ouvriers*, forming, indeed, as motley a group as can be seen at any

"Crystal Palace" (of gin) in London, with the difference, that nobody here is drunk.

Before leaving the "*Mère Moreau's*," into which, it may be taken for granted, we had entered, it is as well to mention that a grand civil war has been waging for the last six months between that establishment and a rival establishment next door. The latter has the attraction of being lined on all sides, from floor to ceiling, with looking-glass; but it has no duchesses; that is to say, the young lady attendants must be classed simply as "respectable females." By this happy arrangement, ladies in one place, looking-glass in the other, the tastes of most persons may be gratified. The shepherd Paris of to-day may bask in the contemplation of beauty at the "*Mère Moreau's*;" while, next door, the modern Narcissus has no need of a brook to reflect his own charming image.

But meantime we are keeping the company waiting for us at the Champ de Mars, or what is worse, perhaps, we are *not* keeping them waiting.

Here we are, then, at last, on the course; and a very respectable course it is; at least a mile and a quarter round, so we are informed, and embracing the entire circumference of the large plain, which is dedicated, like most things in France, to the god of war. Planted closely against the ropes which bound the outside of the circle, with that evident determination to have their money's worth which is always manifested by "the people" at a gratuitous entertainment, are a miscellaneous collection of men and boys, women and children, bloused, bearded, paletôté, decorated, as the case may be, waiting, with the same patience that they manifested three hours ago, for the commencement of the race. In the middle of the field are the exclusives :

squadrons of gentlemen on horseback, who are evidently thinking of anything rather than their bets, if they have made any, and are looking, like men of taste, at the ladies, who stand up in open phaetons in the approved style. These gentlemen are, for the most part, remarkable for their tight brown baize trousers, hostlers' coats, square-toed boots, and square patches of whisker, with the other accessories which (as all Frenchmen know) make up the ordinary costume of an English nobleman. Some, indeed, have gone so far as to shave their upper lips, and encase their necks in bird's-eye cravats; but these are the enthusiasts. I believe that few of them bet much, or heavily; but their appearance gives them a tremendous character for experience and daring in all matters relating to the turf, a reputation which they certainly purchase at a cheaper rate than two or three knowing young gentlemen whom I have met with in England.

With the exception of these noble sportsmen, there is little enough in the scene that the disconsolate Englishman is accustomed to associate with races in his native land. At first sight he would imagine that he had mistaken the day, and had come to witness a review. Posted at regular intervals, all along the ropes on either side of the course, are sentinels, with loaded muskets and stern faces, evidently "on service." In the centre of the ring is a group of mounted officers, who have the appearance of a staff, and who clearly believe themselves to be in possession of the field, and allow the civilians to be there as a matter of favour. The adjacent barracks, too, where immense moustaches hang out of the windows, seem to favour the idea.

At the imminent risk of our lives, we cross the course, attended by a sentry, whose words are a little

sharper than his bayonet. Him, however, we defy, with valour; he is too well armed for the duty which he has to fulfil; and we should stand in much greater awe of the policeman in England, who *might* possibly use his staff. Here, among the outsiders, there is much more variety and animation. Here there are, of course, more soldiers, performing prodigies of prospective valour in quelling contingent outbreaks, heroic cavaliers in the cause of order which has not yet been violated. A picturesque group they are; some lounging in their saddles, or leaning against their horses' sides, whistling and singing, cracking rude jokes, and smoking short pipes. As an Englishman gazes on their bronze faces and martial bearing, it occurs to him that if the French army had been made up of such fellows as these, a celebrated person, now lying tranquilly in the Invalides, might possibly have made his way to Brussels on a certain occasion!

Leaving that important question still unsettled, we pass on to the Grand Stand, a hastily-constructed wooden edifice, where a very respectable selection of the nobility and gentry, *grisettes* and *gamins*, of Paris, are accommodated with seats at a cost of something less than a ruinous amount in sous. In this vicinity may be seen such important persons as the "promoters of the breed of horses," from whom the umpires are selected, like the Pope from the Cardinals. Here, too, are booths for refreshment, of which it does not seem fashionable to partake; they are apparently placed there to give an air of conviviality to the proceedings. Round the Grand Stand the crowd is, as usual, thickest; but there is no noise, no confusion, and above all, no thimble-rigging, or rigging of any other description; the crowd is patient and well-bred, like the audience at

a theatre. Stay, there is an exception out yonder, where there seems to be a struggle of some kind, and from whence strange oaths are borne upon the breeze. I ask an *ancien militaire* with a decoration in his button-hole, who has stopped me to take a light for his cigar, what is the matter? "Nothing at all," is the answer, simply "*deux messieurs qui se battent.*" The "*deux messieurs*" are presently led past me, and a pair of more horrible ruffians I think I never beheld, but the politeness of the old school has nothing to do with mere facts. Alas, that these fine courtesies should be passing away from us!

Another diversion in the crowd. They are evidently getting tired of waiting. This time the gentlemen of France are *not* tearing each other's eyes out, nor kicking each other in the face, proceedings inseparable from the pleasant French system of boxing. A professor of a great science is delivering a lecture, which he illustrates by experiments. He has placed his foot upon a little wooden bench, which he carries about with him for the purpose, and the first impression of the innocent spectator is that he is about to tie his shoe. Nothing of the kind. Observe, he takes from his pocket a neckerchief, with which he solemnly invests his leg, just above the knee, with as much care as ever dandy bestowed upon his throat. His object is to teach the public that noble art, the want of which has driven so many men into Coventry or despair, and the possession of which made the fortune of the late Mr. Brummel—the art of tying a cravat! See with what interest he is watched. Aspiring youth sees the gratification of its ambition, unsuccessful middle age feels that there is yet hope, as the professor, with a volubility of tongue and dexterity of finger equally difficult to follow, demonstrates every

variety of knot, bow, or tie, from the highly-respectable, uncompromising rigidity that says capitalist in every wrinkle, down to, or shall we say up to? the most graceful negligence that ever pleased the leisure, or embittered the working hours of an exquisite. I notice, by the way, that the Professor, though impressing upon others the importance of his art, has arranged his own neck most inartistically:—a seeming contradiction; but then bishops do not always practise what they preach, any more than doctors are remarkable for taking their own prescriptions. The lecture is immensely successful, and the lecturer makes his bow amidst a shower of copper. As my young friend Glum said the other day, when an English manager refused his tragedy, "France is, after all, the foster-mother of Genius!"

But surely it is time for the races to commence? Time? Yes; it is two hours after the hour appointed. The jockeys are, doubtless, being weighed, and found wanting, perhaps, in many qualifications, as French jockeys usually are. A loud roar, and shouts of laughter chorused all over the field. Here they come, that's certain, but with a strange sort of welcome! No; it is only a dog running over the course; a dog of sporting appearance, who makes his way at once into the ring. At last the great opportunity has arrived for the military to assert itself. The army is not to be trifled with. A score of dragoons at once make an impetuous charge against the invader, whom they chase all over the field. But never since Abd-el-Kader defied the French legions in Algeria, have Frenchmen found so formidable a foe. An enemy making a steady resistance may be easily overcome by numbers; but an enemy who will not fight, nor altogether fly, is terrible. Now, he seems inclined to run for it; they will have him for certain!

Twenty hoarse voices are raised in concert, twenty sabres gleam in the sunshine, twenty steeds rebound from the pressure of forty spurs, and thunder forward with resistless fury. Nothing can withstand the charge, except the enemy, who is on a sudden seen very quietly twenty yards *behind* his pursuers. The troop now wheel round in admirable style, and attempt to cut the animal down with their sabres. Somehow, he is always under the horse's legs; and a horse, it is well known, is not the more manageable under such circumstances. The crowd laugh louder and louder, and the dragoons become more and more furious. Chasing one's own hat in a high wind is generally considered the most hopeless and bewildering object of human aspiration; but a troop of horse chasing a dog beats it hollow. The dragoons come to a stand, and seem to consult; a delay of two or three minutes takes place before they decide upon renewing the attack; meanwhile the dog has walked very leisurely off the field, to the great relief of everybody.

Now the real business of the day is beginning in earnest. The horses are coming on to the course. They come, led caressingly by the jockeys, who talk together in groups. But I am disappointed in their appearance. They are barbarous specimens, perhaps, of the jockeyship of that very young sportsman, France? No, they are most business-like, most orthodox, quite English, in short. Their jackets, pink, blue, yellow, white, party-coloured, are perfection; their boots have not a wrinkle that is not unexceptionable. As for the horses, they are slim and sleek, and tread the ground in the evident belief that they are at Newmarket or Ascot, where, in truth, they would not be very much out of place. I refer to my "*Entr'acte*," the little theatrical

journal containing the substitute for "Dorling's c'rect list," which is being sold everywhere on the course, and I discover that the simple reason why the horses and jockeys remind me of England, is, that they ARE English!—Flatman! Boldrick!! Chiffney!!! and a host of celebrities, whose names I have learned by heart from "Bell's Life," are before me. Now it is all over, I don't mind confessing that I *had* expected to see something like the French postilion, who rides six horses round the circle at Astley's. I had made up my mind to moustaches; and half believed that they would ride standing, and not sitting, on the saddles. As it is, the very Frenchman, of whom there are evidently some, for I see certain Antoinettes and Pierres down in the list, are distinguishable from their British brethren by little else than their colours.

And the horses? Are they English also? At this inquiry, a little English "gent" turns round, and with a good-natured smile of contempt, informs me that "most of 'em belong to Rasper and Pastern." Rasper and Pastern, evidently a notorious firm, and I had never heard of them before! The same authority further informs me that they (the horses) are none of 'em first-raters, (which I believe I could have told him myself;) that it is not worth while to bring out really fine animals, on the chance of a prize of a very few thousand francs, but that these are well enough "as times go."

While we are talking, the jockeys are mounting, and arranging themselves for the start. There is some sort of signal given, for which, I observe, nobody seems waiting or watching, as in England: I, myself, am ignorant whether a handkerchief is dropped, or a gun fired, or a bell rung, or whether neither, or all, of the three operations are performed. With as little formality as

may be, some ten or a dozen horses make what in sporting eyes would be considered as bad a start as could possibly be accomplished. A few Englishmen, with sharp anxious faces and obvious betting-books, declare it to be "too bad," and "disgraceful;" but everybody else thinks it the right thing, or all the better for being the wrong thing.

After the preliminary stumbling and shying, however, they go gallantly; but, from what I see of the relative merits of the competitors, I should think that the contest might just as well have been between a couple of the horses simply; for no more than that number seem to have the ghost of a chance. However, not a man gives in; the "nowheres" are as hopeful as the "everywheres," to the very last. Now they make a great strain and turn the corner; the ladies in carriages all turn also; and the sporting gentlemen on horseback, as sporting gentlemen always do, and I suppose always will do, take the diameter of the field, and dash across to meet them coming round. Now they near the winning-post. Some feeble-minded persons declare themselves for Blue, but there can be no doubt that White will be the winner. White wins accordingly, not by a nose, nor a head, nor a neck, nor a length, but by numberless noses, uncountable heads, incalculable necks, and no end of lengths, perhaps, some dozen or two. In White's energetic exuberance, he flies so far beyond the flag that you think he is going round the field again. But this is only a jovial mode of asserting his triumph, which he has probably learned in France. By this time the crowd has become more dense. New arrivals clamour for the second race, and, in due time, for the third: which are all won and lost with the greatest good humour. The races themselves do not differ mate-

rially from similar displays in England. The grand difference is in the interest which they create. In England nearly all the spectators are excited by the *contest*: in France, the majority, who have no notion of betting, are simply amused by the *spectacle*. They go to a race, as they would go to the Hippodrome; and they wonder, perhaps, why M. Auriol, the admirable clown, is not engaged at both places.

It is all over: the people have been entertained, and that is sufficient. They do not trouble themselves about who has lost and who has won. They have nothing to say about "making up a book," "odds," "backing," "hedging," or "levanting." For them "settling day" has no terrors. They are thinking of dinner, unless attracted by a balloon ascent in the neighbourhood, an irresistible attraction to a Parisian, and one that can at any time make him forget everything else under the sun.

XVI.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONS IN 1851.

IN Paris it has not been a matter of very rare occurrence to see certain stray bubbles of discontent suddenly unite ; and, rising, descend with the fury of a cataract, overwhelming all before it. In history the event is a great fact for future ages : in Paris, a few short weeks pass by, and the harmless resident who does not particularly trouble himself with politics, might almost believe the past to be a fiction. Apprehension has apparently been removed with the barricades, and confidence replaced with the paving stones. As for changes of ministry, stormy debates, and stray *émeutes*, such accidents will happen after the best regulated revolution, and are of no earthly consequence to thousands. The new rule is in the main quietly taken for granted ; and Paris dines, dresses, lounges, and amuses itself just as usual. At the Opera not a cadence is wanting in correctness ; not a cravat is seen to deviate from its propriety. At the balls there are no dancers out of time ; at the *cafés* there are no drinkers out of temper. The case of the client who did not know how ill-used he had been until he heard his cause pleaded by his

counsel, has its analogy in that of many a good-humoured *bourgeois*, who is now and then surprised to learn from the newspapers what a very glorious fellow he ought to consider himself.

To a foreigner, who has even less chance than the good-natured *bourgeois* of feeling the effects of the various benefits achieved by revolutionised France, it is amusing enough to note, in the year of grace 1851, the numberless minor changes, all little revolutions in themselves, that France (that is to say, Paris) has seen since '48: changes significant and insignificant; changes in persons and things: changes in thoughts, habits, and formalities; changes that one runs against at street-corners, and encounters wherever the miscellaneous mass of the population meet on common ground. As for the *salons* of what is called "society," their observances are always essentially conservative, and are useless as studies.

To begin with the streets. Who can walk about Paris for a couple of hours, unless he be a man of business, a lover, or an idiot, or all three together, which sometimes happens, without observing a thousand little revolutions, of a social and perhaps unimportant character, but which seem to concern him more than all the great political changes by which they have been caused? The very "dead walls" are alive with great facts. Once upon a time the philosopher who preferred wasting his time to wetting his boots, might, while standing under some sheltering archway, be greeted with no higher subject for reflection than was contained in the announcement that he was requested not to stick bills on the wall opposite. The chances would be that his tendencies did not lead him to stick bills, and that he suffered no more inconvenience by the restriction

than the occupants of very small apartments in which it is impossible to swing cats.

For the bill-sticker, however, the walls of Paris are by no means a desert; some he is allowed to vivify with his wondrous announcements. Enormous offers of luxurious journeys ("*voyages de luxe*") to and from the London Exhibition for an inconsiderable number of francs, are repeated wherever a few feet of surface can be safely pasted over. Speculators even endeavour to lure adventurous Parisians by means of flaming invitations, red upon yellow, with gratis chances in lotteries, whose prizes are "*Voyages de Luxe à Londres*," &c. Advertisers, like air, abhor a vacuum. Unoccupied surfaces not protected by law, whether they be the roofs of omnibusses, or those of railway carriages, the floors of public halls, or the bodies of unemployed workmen, are converted into agencies for informing the world at large respecting every possible article that can be bought for money. In Paris, the declining drama seeks resuscitation not only by proclaiming itself upon every post and on every wall; but, in turn, seeks to profit by letting out the most conspicuous surfaces at command, for the purposes of publicity. This is a decided revolution in the drama. The act-drops of more than one of the minor Parisian theatres yield a handsome revenue by being converted into expansive advertising media. The well-worn Grecian temple and bank opposite, separated by a river and flanked by a wood, no longer descends to beguile audiences between the acts. The "drop" now tells them where to go to have their teeth drawn, their boots made, their corns cut, their coats fitted, or their collars sent home at so much per dozen, prices fixed. Neither is the picturesque wholly sacri-

ficed for this sort of useful information, The scene is a wharf; time, the busiest part of the day. A flashy barge, gaudy as Cleopatra's argosy, and clumsy as a lighter, is lashed alongside, laden with barrels flamingly heralding the virtues of Mr. Nègre's inimitable blacking. There is a crowd in the foreground; a lady carries an elegant parasol, marked in big letters with the name and address of the maker; while a huge umbrella is held up by a neighbouring figure, to vaunt the achievements of a rival manufacturer. That Nature should not be wholly outraged by appearing to send sun and shower at the same moment, a rainbow intersects the upper part of the curtain, to inspire the female part of the audience with a knowledge of the number and street of an extensive ribbon-shop. Two of the *canvas dramatis personæ* are in the act of shipping a huge iron safe, in order that Mr. Serrieur (not having the fear of Mr. Hobbs from the United States before his eyes) might offer a reward of ten thousand francs to any gentlemen who shall succeed in picking his patent lock. A triumphal car is being navigated through the crowd by a man in a Greek costume. His cap is covered with an entreaty that you will "buy your Casques at Mr. Tuillieur's, in the Rue Montmartre." The car is laden, you are told by the inscriptions on the panels, with innumerable bottles of the Elixir of the Grande Chartreuse; which is an infallible cure for everything. Bales full of Vichy lozenges, directed to every quarter of the globe, so choke up the way that a truck of Mr. Dentois' tooth-powder is obliged to stop in order that the spectators may have time to "copy the address." Fully to describe the pictorial department of this expansive puff would require a volume; and I can only add, that its

border consists of medallions let out to various manufacturers and shopkeepers, to make themselves and their wares notorious, at so much per month.

Some professional gentlemen, dentists, and others, stencil their huge advertisements against the sides of public thoroughfares. This system of advertising is more permanent than paper, paste, and print. Speaking of permanency, I discovered lately, that the universal inscriptions of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, are, nowhere, I believe, in all Paris, to be found sculptured in the stone they are usually displayed upon; that they are merely *painted* up, as they paint up inscriptions in a pantomime, to be changed by the harlequin: nor can there be any doubt that the whitewash of legitimacy might remove them altogether to-morrow.

Now-a-days, the philosopher has always a text for any amount of reflection in the external "*Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité*," that, go where he will, it is impossible to avoid. Of the so-called dead walls of the theatres, of the churches, of the newspaper offices, of every possible public building, do these mighty watchwords form a part. There is only one public building in Paris on which these words are not to be found; and that building is an important one, the Elysée. But if their absence from the Elysée has some significance, their presence "in another place" has still more. Imagine a father going to seek his missing child in that gloomy dwelling of the dead, where he most fears to find her; imagine him entering the Morgue with these words staring him in the face, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!*" We read the inscription elsewhere as a piece of political pedantry; it is here alone that it becomes a solemn and mysterious truth.

The word "Royal," again, in republican Paris, is

continually turning up uninvited and in unexpected places. At the corners of streets, on public buildings, or wherever it happens to have been employed as part of a name or inscription, it is in vain that the sturdy word "National" has been painted over it, the colours are all traitorously transparent, and the "Royal" still shines through, as if conservatism and tradition were really rooted in the land. Tell a cabman to drive you to the Palais Royal or the Pont Royal, and in nine cases out of ten he will drive you to the proper place without remark. Now and then, a fellow will good-naturedly correct you, especially if you be a foreigner; and I have heard such a thing as a growl under similar circumstances; but I doubt the probability of *Cocher* refusing his fare, if you proclaimed yourself anything short of the devil or Henri Cinq.

Politicians would doubtless draw some very wise deductions from these signs; but, alas, for the wisdom that pretends to prophecy anything concerning a nation like the French! Who shall say that the tattered tri-colours which float from every public building in memory of '48 will endure until the next revolution? Who shall say that the young trees on the Boulevards will ever grow middle-aged before stern necessity again devotes them to barricades?

Yet if we ask—

"Who fears to speak of *Forty-eight*?
Who blushes at the name?"

we may be answered on all sides by persecuted journalists and public speakers, that thousands *do* fear to speak, not exactly of '48, but certainly of the spirit, the great principle, which directed and consummated its great event. Ask the representatives of the "*Corsaire*,"

of the "Charivari," of the "Patrie," of the "Presse," and even of the moderates, such as the "Constitutionnel," and the "Debats," how many francs, in fines, they have paid, and how many months of imprisonment they have endured since '48; and for the expression of opinions that in monarchical England are held blameless and unimpeachable. Truly, these facts are French Revolutions of some significance.

I have already alluded to the use of titles in France. Legally, of course, these luxuries went out with Royalty, Louis Philippe, and a few other little things; but they have gradually been springing up again, as wild weeds will in a soil to which they have been accustomed; and they may now be seen blossoming upon the tree of liberty in all directions—like the mistletoe upon the oak—but it is to be hoped, not with the same fatal fraternity.

In society, Monsieur le Comte and Monsieur le Marquis are everywhere recognised by their titles, which are blazoned on their cards, and bawled out by their servants in a most imposing style; but officially, they sink into plain citizens, and even the distinctive "De," as a prefix to the name, is not considered purely republican.

During a country walk, the other day, I asked a peasant, who was talking of a neighbouring nobleman belonging to what we should call in England, one of the "county families," why he continued to speak of the great man by his title? The reply I received contains the philosophy of the whole matter—"It is a habit," said the peasant, with a shrug of the shoulders. Truly Conservatism, as a name, may rest on a less secure foundation than this. "Une habitude" is certainly a most difficult thing to repeal. It is this habitude that

still preserves the *word* Royal long after the *thing* Royal has ceased to exist. It will be a long time before we cease to hear of the Palais Royal; before the Rue 24 Février shall have completely supplanted the Rue Valois; and before the Place Louis Quinze shall have entirely succumbed to the Place de la Concorde.

Among the minor changes, which may be ranked as little revolutions arising out of the great one, a certain change in the manners of the people is not unworthy of notice. I do not speak of the "I'm-as-good-as-you" air that may be observed among the fiercer class of democrats of all countries and conditions. The general manner of persons of the lower condition in Paris is certainly not insulting—seldom, in fact, demonstrative of anything, except indifference; but it is apt to be cold and slighting, short and sharp, to those whom they believe to be above them—to foreigners in particular. If you ask a question of an *ouvrier*, in the street, you receive, in all probability, a civil answer; but you will miss a certain deference that those of a better rank are accustomed to receive in most countries—even in England; where the shopkeepers, at any rate, attend to their customers with a degree of respect and alacrity that seems to be almost unknown in Paris. This sort of independence—which is not without its justification, and even its advantages—has been fostered and encouraged to a great extent by the numerous Trades Associations with which Paris at present abounds. These associations are combinations of workmen to manufacture and trade at their own risk, without the assistance of the capitalist or middle-man. Into the merits or demerits of the system it is unnecessary here to enter; but it is only just to point out one fact in connection with these associations, which people do not or will not understand,

even in Paris. Their object is simply a social and economical one, and has no more relation to politics than a Joint Stock Company, or a Club, in England. Yet there are very many wise people in both countries who shrug their shoulders when the principle of association is mentioned, and feel bound to fly off at once into a tirade against Fourier, St. Simon—human perfectability—and dangerous and destructive tenets generally.

A great source of annoyance to the populace in Paris appears to be the small degree of respect paid to their characteristic and universal garment—the blouse—at any rate, whenever the government has anything to do with it. Into the public picture galleries, and national exhibitions generally, every kind of costume is admitted—except the unfortunate blouse. A man may make his appearance in as greasy and threadbare and disreputable a condition as he pleases—so that he does not wear a blouse—clean and convenient though it be. It is almost impossible to enter a public exhibition without seeing somebody turned back for attempting to infringe this regulation. An operative the other day gave the public a little “bit of his mind,” through the medium of “Emily Girardin’s” vigorous newspaper, the “Presse.” He had been violently expelled, at the point of the bayonet, from the gardens of the Tuileries, for appearing there without a cravat! In his complaint to the “Presse,” he declared it to be “very droll” that from a garden which had been taken by the people in ’48, one of the people should be now expelled for appearing in the popular costume! This objection to the blouse,—which is certainly inconsistent with a system of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—is simply a police regulation, and not an effect of public opinion. Blouses, for instance, are to be met with in *cafés* of considerable

pretensions, and I have never seen them treated with any disrespect. Indeed the most ragged-looking citizens may be seen sitting at their ease on the Boulevards, on any sunshiny afternoon, taking their *absinthe*, unabashed by the neighbourhood of the most stupendous dandies that Paris can turn out.

Apropos of costume, the directors of one of the numerous Vauxhalls and Cremornes in the neighbourhood of Paris, has established a somewhat whimsical regulation. He expects—so he declares in the bills—everybody to appear in decent and appropriate attire: “but an exception to this arrangement is made in the case of fathers of families.”

What a happy privilege for age and paternity, to be allowed to wear a costume at once inappropriate, and the reverse of decent!

There is another important revolution. A great deal has been said and written of late concerning the immorality and impolicy of retaining the hangman as a minister of justice. In France, though the guillotine still enjoys its reign, some of its worst evils are avoided under the present system. As far as the culprit is concerned, he is effectually provided for as of yore. He is put to the worst use to which, as Wilkes said, it was possible to put a man; but the infamy to society—the brutalising effect of the spectacle on the rabble—is to some extent avoided. The executions are conducted in as private a manner as is permitted by law: that is to say, the day appointed for the proceeding is kept strictly secret, and is very difficult to be ascertained. One morning it is announced in the papers that all is over; and so the matter ends. As a general rule, the spectators are but few, consisting principally of chance loiterers and loungers. Large crowds of persons who have gained

intelligence of the event may nearly always be seen hastening towards the spot; but, so silent have been the whole arrangements, and so early the hour for carrying them into effect, that these amiable enthusiasts generally arrive too late.

It was only a month or two after the above remarks were put to paper that I woke one morning and found myself a prophet. It was the 2nd of December, and all the little revolutions I had noted were thrown in the shade by the great *Coup d'Etat*. There was a demonstration, in the form of a massacre, made on the Boulevards which, as I was present on the occasion, might have prevented me from making this concluding note; but Providence willed that I should be spared to see the Empire, and accept it as a fact.

XVII.

MUNCHAUSEN MODERNIZED.

ONE Master Stephen Perlin, a French physician, wrote. "A Description of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland," published at Paris in 1558. He is evidently a faithful describer of what he sees; and, as to his comments, is not more hard upon our country than many of his compatriots living in the present day, with the difference that in those times there was every excuse for stern indignation.

One of his chief reproaches against England had, at that time, terrible truth on its side. "In Englan," he says, "there is so cruel a justice that for nothing they have a man killed; for where in France they would condemn a man to be whipped, here, without fail, they would condemn him to die." Elsewhere he remarks, "In this country you will not meet with any great nobles whose relations have not had their heads cut off. Certes, I should like better (with the reader's leave) to be a swineherd, and preserve my head. In France justice is well administered, and not tyranny, as in England, which is the pest and ruin of a country; for a kingdom ought to be governed, not in shedding human blood in such abundance that the blood flows in streams, by which means the good are troubled."

During the earlier period of his residence in London, Perlin saw the execution of the Duke of Northumberland, the father of Lady Jane Grey. The English in which he records the dying prayer of that nobleman, reminds us of similar exhibitions on the part of distinguished French men of letters in the present day. The duke is reported to have said, "*Lorde God mi fatre prie forte ous poores siners nond vande in the hoore of our theath,*" of which mystic sentence Perlin has fortunately given us a French translation, "*Seigneur Dieu, mon père, prie pour nous hommes et pauvres pécheurs, et principalement à l'heure de nostre mort.*"

Perlin did not fall in love with the character of the people. Even at that early date, Albion, it seems, was *perfidie*. The character of the natives he sums up by saying that "neither in war are they brave, nor in peace are they faithful." He alludes particularly to the antipathy of the English of that day to foreigners. "The people of this nation mortally hate the French as their old enemies, and call us *France Chenesve, France Dogue, &c.* *Chenesve*, be it understood, was the French orthography of *knave*.

But our country had charms for him in some aspects. He liked our hospitality. "The people of this place," he says, "make great cheer, and like much to banquet, and you will see many rich taverns and tavern-keepers who have customarily large purses, in which are three or four small purses full of money; consequently we may consider that this country is very full of money, and that the tradespeople gain more in a week than those of Germany and Spain in a month. For you will see hatters, and joiners, and artisans generally, playing their crowns at tennis, which is not ordinarily seen in any other place, and particularly on a working day.

And in a tavern they make good cheer oftener than once a day, with rabbits and hares, and every sort of food."

Perlin gives us a glimpse of "Merrie" England: "The English one with another are joyous, and are very fond of music; for there is not ever so small a church where music is not sung. And they are great drinkers; for if an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say to you in his language, *vis drinq a quarta rim oim gasquim oim oim hespaignol, oim malvoysi*, which means, *veux tu venir boire une quarte de vin du Gascoigne, un autre d'Espagne, et une autre de Malvoise*. In drinking and in eating they will say to you more than a hundred times *drind iou*; and you will reply to them in their language *iplaigniu*. If you thank them, you will say to them in their language, *God tanque artelay*. Being drunk, they will swear to you by blood and death, that you shall drink all that you hold in your cup, and will say to you thus, *bigod sol drind iou agoud oin*. Now remember (if you please) that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, *goud chere*. The country is well covered and shady, for the lands are all enclosed with hedges, oaks, and several other sorts of trees, so that in travelling you think you are in a perpetual wood, but you will discover many flights of steps, which are called in English *amphores* [stiles,] and by which persons on foot go along little paths and enter the grounds. The people are all armed, and the labourers, when they till the ground, leave their swords and their bows in a corner of the field."

Compare this not altogether unfair or very prejudiced view of the English, with the letters written by some of the most conspicuous of the Paris journalists, during the

fraternization of "All Nations," in 1851.* Since the dark days of Master Perlin, we have enjoyed years of peace and friendly intercourse, but it is clear that this class of the French do not yet understand us, and what is worse, show no signs of wishing to do so.

Of the letters alluded to, those of M. Edmond Texier, a not undistinguished writer in the *Siècle*, are among the most remarkable for wildness of invention and misapprehension of everything he sees and hears. Angels' visits are frequent, and in rapid succession, compared with his deviations into fact. Though the most random of writers, he is scarcely ever, even accidentally, in the right. And so illogical is he, withal—so self-contradictory are his very mistakes—that it is difficult to assign to him any other claim to literary distinction, than a happy and unfailing felicity in hitting the wrong nail in the very centre of the head.

The first English phenomenon which did not find favour in M. Texier's eyes was, of course, the climate. Of the sun he saw very little; and when he did see it—in the height of summer—it was like "a red wafer fixed upon a sheet of grey paper." It is unnecessary to follow him through the fog, rain, and foul weather of every description, which he describes, but could not have seen during his visit to London. The heavy atmosphere has its influence upon the people. Looking on the crowds passing in the streets, he is "struck with the sadness imprinted on their countenances. The continental Englishman, the Englishman one sees in Paris, is not the same person as the Englishman in England, and especially in London. Englishmen have a mask

* As far as ill nature is concerned, they have been eclipsed by those of 1862; but the descriptions in the latter are scarcely so ingenious.

which they leave at Dover when they embark, and which they put on again when they return home. Look at them in France, they are careless, joyous, and sometimes amiable; they talk, they laugh, they sing even, at table, without much solicitation; and I have seen them bold enough to conquer a *contre-danse*, or figure in a quadrille. In London they are grave as lawyers, and sadder than mutes. Not only do they stop their dancing and singing, but they are most careful not to laugh, for fear of losing their consideration or credit. At the theatre, or at a *soirée*, if a woman allows herself to laugh, it is because a woman is a woman everywhere, and must occasionally show the pearls of her mouth. As to the men, the *ennui* which consumes them is so profound, that it has imprinted its stigma upon their countenances. Their expression is always drooping, and morning or night we meet them with the same air of depression which explains the strange malady of the spleen. Nothing is more lugubrious than the physiognomy of London, on a day of fog, of rain, or of cold. It is then that the spleen seizes you. On such days the immense city has a fearful aspect. One believes oneself walking in a necropolis, one breathes sepulchral air. Those long files of uniform houses, with little windows like guillotines, of a sober colour, enclosed by black railings, seem two ranges of tombs, between which phantoms are walking."

The sadness of the people is, perhaps, partly induced by the habit of wearing black coats, which M. Texier says is universal in England. "The gentlemen and trading classes both wear black coats; the coat, when it is shabby, becomes, for the consideration of a few shillings, the property of the working-man, who wears it on Sundays; when this second-hand (*seconde main*)

fragment is completely worn out, the possessor sells it again to a beggar. The last, having worn the garment to rags, sells it in his turn to a broker, who sends it immediately to Ireland, where it is sold for a few pence to the poor. It is not until after this last process that the black coat, made in a Piccadilly or Strand establishment, absolutely ceases to exist."

But the Englishmen whom M. Texier sees in London are not only melancholy wretches and wearers of black coats: they are even worse. "The dandies yawn on their thoroughbreds, the ladies yawn in their carriages. Not one among these representatives of the richest aristocracy of the globe, seems to suspect that a famished population is crawling at their feet. Absorbed each in his own *ennui*, they have no time to occupy themselves with the misery of others. On these ill-omened days—and they are numerous—the Englishman, under the influence of his climate, is brutal to all who approach him. He insults and is insulted without giving or receiving excuses. A poor man falls down from inanition in the middle of the street; the passer-by strides over him, and proceeds on his business; his task finished, he enters his club, where he dines copiously, where he intoxicates himself, and where he forgets, in the sleep of drunkenness, the overbearing *ennui* of the day. In London, happiness consists not in the sensation of living, but in the forgetfulness of existence. Hence these pitchers of beer, these bottles of ale, this gin, this porter, and these monstrous grogs (*ces grogs monstrueux!*) absorbed by a single man in one evening."

However, the indulgence in "these monstrous grogs," and also, it may be presumed, in such things as astounding ales, alarming gins, and unnatural porters, is caused and excused, M. Texier tells us, by his old enemy the

climate; and he hopes that, in speaking thus, he will not be accused of entertaining any national prejudice or resentment: "I am not, thank God, one of those who cannot speak of Shakspeare without thinking of the battle of Waterloo; I relate what I have seen and see everyday, and do not at all ask that France should take her revenge for Trafalgar."

The next infamous institution in England, after the appalling climate and the monstrous grogs, is the Church Establishment. "The Anglican religion seems to have been invented expressly for the English aristocracy. Among its professors the fate of the Jew, the Irishman, and the beggar, inspires no pity. The Romans were not more insensible to the tortures of the gladiators in the circus. The priest will pronounce from his pulpit an emphatic discourse on charity; but for the thousands of unfortunates who die everyday in the horrors of misery and abandonment, he has not one tear, not an emotion of the heart. The Anglican minister is essentially the priest of the rich and the lettered. He is a rhetorician of sufficient attainments, who occupies himself in polishing his phrases, and rounding his periods, and cares for little beyond. His duty is to deliver in the temple a discourse, prepared with a certain amount of talent, on a fixed day and hour. After that he returns home, dines in the midst of his family, and discovers that everything happens for the best in a country where the taxes upon the poor amount to more than a hundred million.

In contrast with the luxury and extravagance of the church, M. Texier gives full license to his fancy in describing the condition of those miserable people who earn enough money to pay a hundred millions a year to the state. But I am tired of foreigners' descriptions

of what may *not* be seen in Field Lane and Seven Dials; where the starving population, it seems, are driven by tyranny to get their living—not only as beggars and robbers, but assassins. One amiable unfortunate told M. Texier that he was a native of “poor and catholic Ireland;” upon which we are treated to the important fact, that if M. Texier were to live for a thousand years (a consummation which would evidently be of great advantage to French literature), he would never forget the impression produced by those words.

As to the upper classes in general—a bloated and rapacious aristocracy—“not less *blasé* than the Roman society under the Cæsars,” they think of nothing but enjoying themselves. “It is necessary for the English in order to feel a certain emotion, to behold persons in peril. Tigers, hyænas, and lions, at one time were the rage, but when it was perceived that Carter and Van Amburgh did not run any danger, they were forsaken. The young girl who was devoured three years ago, in the presence of the public at Astley’s, by a tiger, had an immense success. For fifteen days nothing else was talked about in society and the clubs. Everybody envied those who had been so favoured as to assist at this extraordinary representation. To hear the bones of a poor girl crunched between the teeth of a wild beast—what a fine opportunity to be envied! I am certain that the time is not very distant when the spectacle of a combat between men and animals will be necessary for this enervated aristocracy. I hear even now, of a society of capitalists being formed for the purpose of building a vast circus at which men will contend against bears.”

Let us follow M. Texier through a more favourable phase of aristocratic life. He goes to the opera, and

states, with some magnanimity, that the interiors, neither of the Italiens or the Grand Opéra at Paris, can give an idea of that of Her Majesty's Theatre. "The English aristocracy is represented on six ranges of boxes. Diamonds and all the precious stones of the Indies sparkle on the necks, in the hair, and on the fingers of these noble ladies. These beautiful swans of Great Britain display, with a complaisance altogether peculiar to London, their superb forms ; and the lace, of a brownish tone, serves to heighten still more the splendour of their white shoulders, which proceed vapourously from a cloud of *points d'Angleterre*. O daughters of Albion ! the most illustrious of your modern poets—Lord Byron—has calumniated you ! The English ladies, in ball dress (and they are nearly always in ball dress), are the women whose beauty we can most surely appreciate at the first view. In spite of the rules laid down by cant, they are so incompletely clad, that if they were to disembarass themselves of their bracelets of gold and their necklaces of pearls and diamonds, nothing would remain to hide them from the public gaze, but the veil of their long ash-coloured hair."

In matters of fact the most easily ascertainable, this gentleman arrives at similar wonderful results. He informs his readers that, during the exhibition, in London, "the smallest of single apartments could not be obtained for less than ten shillings a day ; and for two rooms a sovereign !"

M. Texier is very happy to be able to assure his countrymen that "the devil does not lose his rights in English society, and that what they call British reserve can be carried to a certain point of hypocrisy." He adds, "In London, the people never see the day, and are so occupied, that they have no time to be aware that

they exist. After dinner, the tradesmen, the gentlemen, and those who belong to the nobility, go to the theatre. The representation terminated, they rush off to their clubs, where they drink and smoke. After this there is the *Finish*, an ignoble public-house, or sumptuous tavern, so called, because it is to these that they go to finish the night.

"The *Finishes* hold the same relation to English habits as the *estaminet* to those of the Germans, or the *café* to those of the French. . . . It is not until nearly one o'clock in the morning that the *habitués* began to arrive. Several of these gin-palaces (the author favours us with the English name) are the daily rendezvous of the *élite* of the aristocracy. These young lords, who at an earlier hour are always stiff and solemn, replying by a yes or no to the questions addressed to them; these honourables of the parliament, who would not have dared a few minutes before to venture an opinion on the last novel other than is contained in one of the two words—*shocking* or *beautiful*; all these disciples of *cant* (a favourite English phrase of the author); all these slaves of conventionality—the vapours of champagne, of alcohol, and of Madeira elevating their brains—take off their coats, loosen their cravats, disembarrass themselves of their waistcoats; and, in short, establish their boudoirs in public. The amusements of the *Finishes* are sufficiently varied; but there is one, continually repeated, that has always an immense success. It consists in making a young female intoxicated, until she falls down dead drunk; then they pour down her throat vinegar, in which mustard and pepper have been mixed. This horrible beverage gives her nearly always horrible convulsions. This is very gay. A diversion also very much appreciated in these fashionable *reunions*,

is to throw on the drunken persons glasses of punch or any other kind of liquor. . . . When a stranger assists at such a spectacle, he perceives that in this puissant and proud British empire, there is one man better understood than Shakespeare: it is Falstaff. It is generally towards seven or eight o'clock in the morning that the company retires from the *Finish*. The domestics then call the cabs; the gentlemen who can still stand on their feet then search for their coats in a pell-mell of over and under-coats of all kinds. As to the others, the waiters dress them as they can, with the first garments that come to hand—carrying the wearers into the vehicles, and indicating to the drivers the addresses of the packets which they confide to them. If, by chance, the waiters are ignorant of the residences of these gentlemen, they deposit the latter in a room downstairs, where they remain until they have recovered sufficient reason to be able to give their directions."

Here is a terrible revelation of the daily habits of the young nobility of this country—a revelation which we should find it difficult to accept, but for M. Texier's established veracity and accuracy of observation. He tells us, too, *apropos* of English hypocrisy, that "These same men who have been drunk together, meeting again at the club, will ask one another the news, but make no allusion to the orgies of the night before." It is a matter of mutual arrangement by which they hold one another in check; and, adds our author, "If this be not the solidarity of hypocrisy, it is something very near it."

Illustrating the height of hypocrisy in this country, M. Texier says very gravely, "Here all the feet of the sofas and chairs have pantaloons on. It is the same, also, with the pianos. I asked of my hostess why all

these articles of furniture wore more clothing than the ladies I saw three times a week at Her Majesty's Theatre or Covent Garden? 'Would you not be shocked, Monsieur,' she replied, 'if you were to perceive the legs of the furniture.'"

Some years ago something similar to this was thought a very good joke against the Americans. That it should be now turned seriously against ourselves, is truly a comic piece of retribution.

But M. Texier's grandest discovery is, perhaps, the light which he throws upon the political character of the English people. The tractability and obedience of the lower classes (whom we are accustomed to consider rather alarmingly addicted to such bad habits as individual opinion, aspiring to legislation, and to be not the most manageable of mankind,) meets with the author's great admiration. "The English people," he informs us, "is an infant, to whom you give formulas in the guise of sugar-plums. If they suffer too much, and are tempted to throw off the yoke, you stop them in one word, 'Have you not the right of petition?' and they say to themselves: 'It is true!' Then they return to work, or to the tavern. It is two years and a half ago since the chartists assembled in the City (!), and wished to make an irruption into the West End. Behold how fifteen constables, placed at the head of Waterloo Bridge, stopped two hundred thousand of these malcontents:—'How many are you?' asked the chief of the constables.. 'We are two hundred thousand.'—'What do you wish?'—'We wish to pass.'—'The Queen forbids it. Go, walk about in the suburb, if you please, but you shall not pass over Waterloo Bridge.'—'We have not then the right of circulation?'—'You have: but you are too numerous to-day for your presence not to cause

alarm. If you have anything to complain of—Petition.” And after these words the constable raised his *bâton* and struck a few chartists, in the name of the Queen. Ten minutes after, the assembly was dispersed.”

Those who remember the events of the memorable tenth of April, will appreciate the accuracy of this description, not to mention the admirable knowledge of the locality exhibited by the historian.

M. Texier is a pleasant person to accompany—upon paper—to a ball. “The proper Englishman,” he tells us, “dances gravely, his eyes fixed, and his arms stuck to his sides ; but if he is excited by sherry or port, he abandons himself to epileptic contortions ; and nothing is more sad than the aspect of this lugubrious gaiety.” This he observes at a public ball—“a temple of taciturn folly”—where a group of foreigners made an irruption, “and several, joining in the quadrilles, proceeded to embroider some continental arabesques ; unfortunately the commissaires, incapable of comprehending this *lyrisme chorégraphique*, enjoined the dancers to relapse into the monotonous limitation of the British Terpsichore. But the impetus was given, and towards the end of the evening, the islander himself, put in a good humour, abandoned himself to disorderly improvisations. Here, a word between ourselves : I very much fear that the *can-can* will not cross the channel this year. I have, however, observed some vestiges of this highly fanciful dance at another establishment—the Vauxhall. At Vauxhall they hold masked balls. The entrance costs three shillings, but the real profit of the management is in the sale of false noses. The bills do not tell the public that they will not be admitted unless masked ; and it follows, that when a foreigner, ignorant of the tricks of English trade, presents himself, he is

allowed to buy his ticket, after which it is explained to him that it is impossible to enter this establishment with the face uncovered, and he is offered a false nose, at a cost of three shillings. For the rest—when once the false nose is paid for, he is perfectly at liberty to put it in his pocket. If an attendant asks why you are not masked, you draw your nose from the depths of your coat pocket, and are allowed to pass quietly: you are *en règle*. The false nose is the passport to the Vauxhall."

It is impossible, it appears, to obtain admittance into "any theatre," without submitting to "the tyrannical etiquette of the white cravat" and the eternal black coat, upon which M. Texier elsewhere remarks. Without, in fact, appearing in the most authentic evening costume, a man who has the misfortune to fail in these requirements finds himself—in the midst of the most populous portions of London—in a desert; and without even the Parisian consolation of a *café* to enable him to kill his valuable time.

If the English are absurd at home, abroad they are a little worse. M. Texier has heard of "an honourable baronet," who had, contrary to the habits of his class, never quitted his country seat, except for the orthodox three or four months in London once a year. His mania was ornithology; and he especially prided himself upon stuffing every possible specimen that could be procured. His addiction to this fascinating pursuit was fast depriving him of his social position, when he was reminded by a kind friend, that "property had its duties as well as its rights." Aroused to a sense of his situation, he saw, at the age of thirty, that no time was to be lost. "He ordered an immense travelling carriage, in which was placed a bed, a table, his instruments of dissection,

his scientific books, and his dead birds. At the back of his carriage he established his cook and his *cuisine*; and, having ordered his valet to conduct him into the most picturesque countries of Europe, he gave himself up very quietly to his favourite occupation. At the end of a year the baronet, having accomplished his duties as a perfect gentleman, returned home, bringing with him some hundreds of stuffed birds. He had slept, drunk, eaten, and stuffed in his carriage, from which he had not dreamed of alighting; but his honour was safe, he had crossed the Channel, and his vehicle had visited Europe."

Returning again to the English ladies—which M. Texier seems very fond of doing—we are told that the "rosy and smiling Misses" whom one meets at balls, are educated to within an inch of their lives. "They know history and geography like an old professor; they have studied botany, physic, and chemistry. These ladies, whose blooming shoulders can scarcely be distinguished from the satin of their robes, will speak to you in the language of Cicero, and show you that you have lost your time at College; I have seen one very young lady, of great beauty, who knew Greek. In contemplating this bland apparition, which seemed to issue from a cloud of lace and flowers, there was not one among us who was not tempted to exclaim, with the person in the *Femmes Savantes*—

"Ah! pour l'amour de Grec, souffrez qu'on vous embrasse."

The author allows the English one redeeming point, in matters of taste. If they do not produce articles of art, like the French, at any rate they purchase them. The Duke of Northumberland, for instance, "possesses one of the richest collections of pictures in Europe, and

he estimates these great works in proportion to the price which he has paid for them. He does not profess to have the most beautiful paintings, but the most costly ones. However, as the price of works of art, whatever their merit, is limited, the intelligent millionaire, in desperation at not being able to find in the universe a picture worth one or two millions, has taken the heroic course of placing in his saloon—magnificently framed, and in the place of honour in the midst of the works of the masters—a bank-note for a hundred thousand pounds. Oh, Molière !”

Oh, Munchausen !

The author goes to Epsom on the Derby Day—"the great festival of the year in England." On his way he sees miniature houses and gardens, and young ladies in white dresses—notwithstanding the severity of the English May—and carrying parasols, "wasted flattery addressed to an apocryphal sun." At the inn where he stops to refresh, the war-cry of the moment, "No Popery," is inscribed, according to custom, on the wall. He also reads the following mysterious inscription—"The pope and the French bayonets, for ever John Bull can't"—which he prudently translates into French, for the benefit of the English public, as meaning "*Le pape et les baïonnettes Françaises, John Bull ne les supporteront jamais.*" It may be asked here, in passing, if M. Texier really copied the English inscription, by what process he contrived to put it into such very sensible French?

At Epsom he admires things in general—especially the "gentlemen ridders," the six favourites, and the champagne—the consumption of which is imperative upon everybody on that day—when two hundred thousand bottles are regularly carried from London,

and as regularly consumed ! Under this influence the company becomes gay and even *spirituel*—a circumstance from which M. Texier makes the wise deduction that the *tristesse* of the English is caused by the ordinary liquids which they imbibe—the monstrous grogs, astounding gins, and extraordinary porters before alluded to. If this view of the case be the correct one, we have only to open our ports to French wines, and abolish those estimable persons Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Combe, Meux, Truman, &c., together with all the “Co.’s Entire,” in order to become as *spirituel*, as *vivant*, as *aimable*, and perhaps, as politically prosperous as our neighbours !

The author here tells an anecdote which gives us great insight into the sporting world. A young gentleman whom he had met in one of the great libraries of St. James’s Street (“*chez Sam*”) a few minutes before the race, said that he wished to stake a few guineas in favour of “Teddington,” but that he could not find “a *tenant*.” At this moment “One of the great kings of the sport, Lord Spencer, happened to pass, to whom he communicated his embarrassment, and who replied : ‘I have your man—wait a few minutes.’ Five minutes had scarcely passed, when there presented himself, on the part of Lord Spencer, an ill-dressed man, whose rude manner and coarse language proclaimed the English workman. He was a mason. The gentleman proposed a bet of forty pounds, but the mason replied with disdain, that it was not worth his while to trouble himself with so little ; he made no bets under five hundred pounds ; and he accordingly walked off.” M. Texier learned afterwards that the mason was the representation of the masons in general, who had subscribed each a few shillings towards a sum amounting to three

thousand pounds sterling, for the purpose of speculation. M. Texier learned also—what is not generally known—that this practice prevails among every other corporation of workmen, who have each their representative on the turf.

The author gives a glowing account of the return from the Derby; and here he may perhaps be pardoned for one mistake which he makes. He says that it is a common diversion on these occasions, especially among the aristocracy, to throw bags of flour at one another—a proceeding which he quietly describes as “very gay.” The fact is, he happened to be in the neighbourhood of the officers of a certain “crack regiment,” and might well suppose that so brilliant a joke could not be of their invention.

But to note all M. Texier’s eccentricities would be an endless task. How his moustache is voted “shocking” by a sagacious public; how a Bible is forced upon him at a table d’hôte; how he sees the company go to a Drawing Room (where the English ladies had crowded all their feathers and diamonds upon their persons, in order to dazzle the foreigners); how he cannot succeed in getting a cutlet at a tavern, or a place at the theatre, or any comfort (upon which the English pride themselves so much) in the houses;—are all circumstances told with an appropriate amount of pathos. But M. Texier saw certainly more than we have seen in the playbills; for he tells us (in illustration of the rigid distinction between classes in this country) that these announcements invariably commence with the words—“The nobility, gentry, and common people, are respectfully informed.”

Taking M. Texier all in all, we must congratulate him on having contrived to concentrate, within the

space of a small volume, all the worst features of the worst prejudices which have for many ages tended to separate—far more effectually than fifty Channels—the two most civilized nations of the world. The progress of science has united them materially : mentally, gentlemen like M. Texier still continue to keep them apart.

Is it not, let me gravely ask in conclusion, an extraordinary fact that writers associated with respectable journals published in Paris, can produce such absurdities as these, and show such profound ignorance as this, undetected, among a great, intelligent, and polite people like the French? While if one hundredth part of this nonsense were written by an Englishman concerning the manners and customs of France, he would be exposed by his own countrymen through the length and breadth of his own country, within a month of his making such a fool of himself.

XVIII.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BAD SHILLING.

I BELIEVE I may state with confidence that my parents were respectable, notwithstanding that one belonged to the law—being the zinc door-plate of a solicitor. The other was a pewter flagon residing at a very excellent hotel, and moving in distinguished society; for it assisted almost daily at convivial parties in the Temple. It fell a victim at last to a person belonging to the lower orders, who seized it one fine morning, while hanging upon some railings to dry, and conveyed it to a Jew, who—I blush to record the insult offered to a respected member of my family—melted it down. My first mentioned parent—the zinc plate—was not enabled to move much in society, owing to its very close connexion with the street door. It occupied, however a very conspicuous position in a leading thoroughfare, and was the means of diffusing more useful instruction, perhaps, than many a quarto, for it informed the running as well as the reading public, that Messrs. Snapples and Son resided within, and that their office hours were from ten till four. In process of becoming my progenitor it fell a victim to dishonest practices. A “fast” man unscrewed it one night, and bore it off in triumph to his chambers. Here

it was included by "the boy" among his numerous perquisites, and, by an easy transition, soon found its way to the Hebrew gentleman above mentioned.

The first meeting between my parents took place in the melting-pot of this ingenious person, and the result of their subsequent union was mutually advantageous. The one gained by the alliance that strength and solidity which is not possessed by even the purest pewter ; while to the solid qualities of the other were added a whiteness and brilliancy that unadulterated zinc could never display.

From the Jew, my parents were transferred—mysteriously and by night—to an obscure individual in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, when, in secrecy and silence, I was *cast*, to use an appropriate metaphor, upon the world.

How shall I describe my first impression of existence ? how portray my agony when I became aware *what I was*—when I understood my mission upon earth ? The reader, who has possibly never felt himself to be what Mr. Carlyle calls a "sham," or a "solemnly constituted impostor," can have no notion of my sufferings !

These, however, were endured only in my early and unsophisticated youth. Since then, habitual intercourse with the best society has relieved me from the embarrassing appendage of a conscience. My long career upon town—in the course of which I have been bitten, and rung, and subjected to the most humiliating tests—has blunted my sensibilities, while it has taken off the sharpness of my edges ; and, like the counterfeits of humanity, whose lead may be seen emulating silver at every turn, my only desire is—not to be worthy of passing, but simply—to pass.

My impression of the world, on first becoming con-

scious of existence, was, that it was about fifteen feet in length, very dirty, and had a damp unwholesome smell ; my notions of mankind were, that it shaved only once a fortnight ; that it had coarse, misshapen features ; a hideous leer ; that it abjured soap, as a habit ; and lived habitually in its shirt-sleeves. Such, indeed, was the aspect of the apartment in which I first saw the light, and such the appearance of the professional gentleman who ushered me into existence.

I may add that the room was fortified, as if to sustain a siege. Not only was the door itself lined with iron, but it was strengthened by pondrous wooden beams, placed upright, and across, and in every possible direction. This formidable exhibition of precautions against danger was quite alarming.

I had not been long brought into this "narrow world" before a low and peculiar tap, from the outside of the door, met my ear. My master paused, as if alarmed, and seemed on the point of sweeping me and several of my companions (who had been by this time mysteriously ushered into existence) into some place of safety. Re-assured, however, by a second tapping, of more marked peculiarity, he commenced the elaborate process of unfastening the door. This having been accomplished, and the entrance left to the guardianship only of a massive chain, a mysterious watchword was exchanged with some person outside, who was presently admitted.

"Hollo ! there's two on you ?" said my master, as a hard elderly animal entered, following somewhat timidly by a younger one of mild and modest aspect.

"A green un as I have took under my arm," said Mr. Blinks (which I presently understood to be the name of the elder one), "and werry deserving he promises to be. He's just come out of the stone-

pitcher, without having done nothing to entitle him to have gone in. This was it: a fellow out at High-bury Barn collared him, for lifting snow from some railings, where it was a hanging to dry. Young innocence had never dreamt of anything of the kind—bein' a walking on his way to the work'us—but beaks being proverbially otherways than fly, he got six weeks on it. In the 'Ouse o' Correction, however, he met some knowing blades, who put him up to the time of day, and he'll soon be as wide-awake as any on 'em. This morning he brought me a pocket-book, and in it eigh—ty pound in flimsies. As he is a young hand, I encouraged him by giving him three pun' ten for the lot—it's runnin' a risk, but I done it. As it is, I shall have to send 'em all over to 'Ambug. Howsomever, he's got to take one pund in home made; bein' out of it myself, I have brought him to you."

"You're here at the nick o' time," said my master, I've just finished a new batch—"

And he pointed to the glittering heap in which I felt myself—with the diffidence of youth—to be unpleasantly conspicuous.

"I've been explaining to Youthful that it's the reg'lar thing, when he sells his swag to gents in my way of business, to take part of it in this here coin." Here he took *me* up from the heap, and as he did so I felt as if I were growing black between his fingers, and having my prospects in life very much damaged.

"And is this all bad money?" said the youth, curiously, gazing, as I thought, at me alone, and not taking the slightest notice of the rest of my companions.

"Hush, hush, young Youthful," said Mr. Blinks, "no offence to the home coinage. In all human affairs, everythink is as good as it looks."

"I could not tell them from the good—from those made by government, I should say,"—hastily added the boy.

I felt myself leaping up with vanity, and chinking against my companions at these words. It was plain I was fast losing the innocence of youth. In justice to myself, however, I am bound to say that I have, in the course of my subsequent experience, seen many of the lords and masters of the creation behave much more absurdly under the influence of flattery.

"Well, we must put you up to the means of finding out the real Turtle from the mock," said my master. "It's difficult to tell by the ring. Silver, if it's at all cracked, as lots of money is, don't ring no better than pewter; besides, people can't try every blessed bit o' tin they get in that way; some folks is offended if they do, and some aint got no counter. As for the colour, I defy anybody to tell the difference. And as for the figgers on the side, wot's your dodge? Why, wen a piece o' money's give to you, look to the hedges, and feel 'em too with your finger. When they ain't quite perfect, ten to one but they 're bad 'uns. You see, the way it's done is this—I suppose I may put the young 'un up to a thing or two more?" added Mr. Blinks, pausing.

My master, who had during the above conversation lighted a short pipe, and devoted himself with considerable assiduity to a pewter pot, which he looked at with a technical eye, as if mentally casting it into crown pieces, now nodded assent. He was not of an imaginative or philosophic turn, like Mr. Blinks. He saw none of the sentiment of his business, but pursued it on a system of matter of fact, because he profited by it. This difference between the producer and the middle-man may be continually observed elsewhere.

"You see," continued Mr. Blinks, "that these here 'bobs'"—by which he meant shillings—"is composed of a mixture of two metals—pewter and zinc. In coorse these is first prigged raw, and sold to gents in my line of bis'ness, who either manufactures them themselves, or sells 'em to gents as does. Now, if the manufacturer is only in a small way of bis'ness, and is of a mean natur, he merely castes his money in plaster of Paris moulds. But for nobby gents like our friend here (my master here nodded approvingly over his pipe,) this sort of thing won't pay, too much trouble and not enough profit. All the top-sawyers in the manufactur is scientific men. By means of what they calls a galwanic battery a cast is made of that partiklar coin selected for himitation. From this here cast, which you see, that there die is made, and from that there die impressions is struck off on plates of the metal prepared for the purpose. Now, unfortunately we ain't got the whole of the masheenery of the Government institootion yet at our disposal, though it's our intention for to bribe the Master of the Mint (in imitation coin) some of these days to put us up to it all, so you see we're obliged to stamp the two sides of this here shilling, for instance (taking *me* up again as he spoke,) upon different plates of metal, jining of 'em together afterwards. Then comes the *milling* round the hedges. This we do with a file; and it is the himperfection of that 'ere as is continually a preying upon our minds. Anyone who's up to the bis'ness can tell whether the article 's geniwine or not, by a looking at the hedge; for it can't be expected that a file will cut as reglar as a masheen. This is reely the great drawback upon our purfession."

Here Mr. Blinks, overcome by the complicated character of his subject, subsided into a fit of abstraction,

during which he took a copious pull at my master's porter.

Whether suggested by the onslaught upon his beer, or by a general sense of impending business, my master now began to show symptoms of impatience. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he asked "how many bob his friend wanted?"

The arrangement was soon concluded. Mr. Blinks filled a bag which he carried with the manufacture of my master, and paid over twenty of the shillings to his *protegé*. Of this twenty, *I* was one. As I passed into the youth's hand I could feel it tremble, as I own mine would have done had I been possessed of that appendage.

My new master then quitted the house in company with Mr. Blinks, whom he left at the corner of the street, an obscure thoroughfare in Westminster. His rapid steps speedily brought him to the southern bank of the "fair and silvery Thames," as a poet who once possessed me, (only for half-an-hour,) described that uncleanly river, in some verses which I met in the pocket of his pantaloons. Diving into a narrow street, obviously, from the steepness of its descent, built upon arches, he knocked at a house of all the unpromising rest the least promising in aspect. A wretched hag opened the door, past whom the youth glided, in an absent and agitated manner; and, having ascended several flights of a narrow and precipitous staircase, opened the door of an apartment on the top story.

The room was low, and ill ventilated. A fire burnt in the grate, and a small candle flickered on the table. Beside the grate, sat an old man sleeping on a chair; beside the table, and bending over the flickering light, sat a young girl engaged in sewing. My master was

welcomed, for he had been absent, it seemed, for two months. During that time he had, he said, earned some money; and he had come to share it with his father and sister.

I led a quiet life with my companions, in my master's pocket, for more than a week. At the end of that time, the stock of good money was nearly exhausted, although it had on more than one occasion been judiciously mixed with a neighbour or two of mine. Want, however, did not leave us long at rest. Under pretence of going away again to get "work," my master, leaving several of my friends to take their chance, in administering to the necessities of his father and sister, went away. I remained to be "smashed" (passed) by my master.

"Where are you going so fast, that you don't recognise old friends?" were the words addressed to the youth by a passer-by, as he was crossing, at a violent pace, the nearest bridge, in the direction of the Middlesex bank.

The speaker was a young gentleman, aged about twenty, not ill-looking, but with features exhibiting that peculiar expression of cunning, which is popularly described as "knowing." He was arrayed in what the police reports in the newspapers call, "the height of fashion," that is to say, he had travestied the style of the most daring dandies of last year. He wore no gloves; but the bloated rubicundity of his hands was relieved by a profusion of rings, which, even without the cigar in his mouth, were quite sufficient to establish his claims to gentility.

My master returned the civilities of the stranger, and, turning back with him, the two agreed to "go somewhere."

"Have a weed." said the stranger, producing a well

filled cigar-case. There was no resisting. Edward took one.

“Where shall we go?” he said.

“I tell you what we’ll do,” said the stranger, who looked as if experiencing a novel sensation : he evidently had an idea. “I tell you what, we’ll go and blow a cloud with Joe, the pigeon-fancier. He lives only a short distance off, not far from the abbey ; I want to see him on business, so we shall kill two birds. He’s one of us, you know.”

I now learned that the stranger, Mr. Bethnal Green, was a new acquaintance, picked up under circumstances (as a member of parliament, to whom I once belonged, used to say in the House) to which it is unnecessary farther to allude.

“I was glad to hear of your luck, by-the-bye,” said the gentleman in question, not noticing his companion’s wish to avoid the subject. “I heard of it from Old Blinks. Smashing ’s the thing, if one’s a presentable cove. You’d do deuced well in it. You’ve only to get nobby togs and you’ll do.

Mr. Joe, it appeared, in addition to his ornithological occupations, kept a small shop for the sale of coals and potatoes ; he was also, in a very small way, a timber merchant ; for several bundles of firewood were piled in pyramids in his shed.

Mr. Bethnal Green’s business with him was soon despatched ; although not until after the latter had been assured by his friend, that Edward Tothill (my master) was “of the right sort,” with the qualification that he was “rather green at present ;” and he was taken into Mr. Joe’s confidence, and also into Mr. Joe’s upstairs sanctum.

In answer to a request from Mr. Bethnal Green, in a jargon, to me then unintelligible, Mr. Joe produced

from some mysterious depository at the top of the house, a heavy canvas bag, which he emptied on the table, discovering a heap of shillings and half-crowns, which, by a sympathetic instinct, I immediately detected to be of my own species.

"What do you think of these?" said Mr. Bethnal Green to his young friend.

Edward expressed some astonishment that Mr. Joe should be in the line.

"Why, bless your eyes," said that gentleman; "you don't suppose I gets my livelihood out of the shed down stairs, nor the pigeons neither. You see, these things are only dodges. If I lived here like a gentleman, that is to say, without a occupation, the p'lese would soon be down upon me. They'd be obleeged to take notice on me. As it is, I comes the respectable tradesman, who's above suspicion, and the pigeons helps on the business wonderful."

"How is that?"

"Why, I keeps my materials, the pewter and all that, on the roof, in order to be out o' the way, in case of a surprise. If I was often seed upon the roof, a-looking arter such-like matters, inquisitive eyes would be on the look out. The pigeons is a capital blind. I'm believed to be dewoted to my pigeons, out o' which I takes care it should be thought I makes a little fortun, and that makes a man respected. As for the pigeon and coal and 'tatur businesses, them 's dodges. Gives a opportoonty of bringing in queer-looking sackfuls o' things, which otherwise would compel the '*spots*,' as we calls the p'lese, to come down on us."

"Compel them! but surely they come down whenever they've a suspicion?"

"You needn't a' told me he was green," said Mr. Joe to his elder acquaintance, as he glanced at the youth

with an air of pity. "In the first place, we takes care to keep the vorkshop almost impregnable; so that, if they attempt a surprise, we has lots o' time to get the things out o' the way. In the next, if it comes to the scratch, which is a matter of almost life and death to us, we stands no nonsense."

Mr. Joe pointed to an iron crowbar, which stood in the chimney-corner.

"I ses nothing to criminate friends, you know," he added significantly to Mr. Bethnal Green, "but *you* remember wot Sergeant Higsley got?"

Mr. Bethnal Green nodded assent, and Mr. Joe volunteered for the benefit and instruction of Edward an account of the demise and funeral of the late Mr. Sergeant Higsley. That official having been promoted, was ambitious of being designated, in the newspapers, "active and intelligent," and gave information against a gang of coiners. "Wot wos the consequence?" continued the narrator: "Somehow or another, that p'leseman was never more heered on. One fine night he went on his beat; he didn't show at the next muster; and it was s'posed he'd bolted. Every inquiry was made, and the 'mysterious disappearance of a p'leseman,' got into the noospapers. Howsomnever, *he* never got anywheres."

"And what became of him?"

Mr. Joe then proceeded to take a long puff at his pipe, and winking at his initiated friend, proceeded to narrate how that the injured gang dealt in eggs.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why you see eggs is not always eggs." Mr. Pouter then went on to state that "one night a long deal chest left the premises of the coiners, marked outside, 'eggs for exportation.' They were duly shipped, a member of

the firm being on board. The passage was rough, the box was on deck, and somehow or other somebody tumbled it overboard."

"But what has this to do with the missing policeman?"

"The chest was six feet long and ——."

Here Mr. Bethnal Green became uneasy.

"Vell," said the host, "the firm's broke up, and is past peaching upon, only it shows you my green 'un what we *can* do."

I was shaken in my master's pocket by the violence of the dread which Mr. Joe's story had occasioned him.

Mr. Bethnal Green, with the philosophy which was habitual to him, puffed away at his pipe.

"The fact o' the matter is," said Mr. Joe, who was growing garrulous on an obviously pet subject, "that we ain't afeerd o' the p'lese in this neighbourhood, not a hap'orth; *we* know how to manage them." He then related an anecdote of another policeman, who had been formerly in his own line of business. This gentleman being, as he observed, "fly" to all the secret signs of the craft, obtained an interview with a friend of his for the purpose of purchasing a hundred shillings. A packet was produced and exchanged for their proper price in currency, but on the policeman taking his prize to the station house to lay the information, he discovered that he had been outwitted. The rouleau contained a hundred good farthings, for each of which he had paid twopence halfpenny.

"Then, what is the bad money generally worth?" asked Edward, interrupting the speaker. "As a general rule," was the answer, "our sort is worth about one-fifth part o' the wallie it represents. So, a sovereign—(though we ain't got much to do with gold here—that's made for the most part in Brummagem): a 'Brum' sovereign

may be bought for about four-and-six ; a bad crown piece for a good bob ; a half-crown for about fippence ; a bob for twopence halfpenny, and so on. As for the sixpenny's and fourpenny's, we don't make many on 'em, their wallie bein' too insignificant." Mr. Joe then proceeded with some further remarks for the benefit of the protégé :—

"You see you need have no fear o' passing this here money if you're a respectable looking cove. If a gentleman is discovered at anythink o' the kind, its always laid to a mistake ; the shopman knocks under, and the gentleman gives a good piece o' money with a grin. And that's how it is that so much o' our manufactur gets smashed all over the country."

The visitors having been somewhat bored, apparently, during the latter portion of their host's remarks, soon after took their departure. The rum-and-water which Mr. Joe's liberality had supplied, effectually removed Edward's scruples ; and on his way back, he expressed himself in high terms in favour of "smashing," considered as a profession.

"O' course," was the reply of his experienced companion. "It ain't once in a thousand times that a fellow's nailed. You shall make your first trial to-night. You've the needful in your pocket, havn't you ? Come, here's a shop—I want a cigar."

Edward appeared to hesitate ; But Mr. Joe's rum-and-water asserted itself, and into the shop they both marched.

Mr. Bethnal Green, with an air of most imposing non-chalance, took up a cigar from one of the covered cases on the counter, put it in his mouth, and helped himself to a light. Edward, not so composedly, followed his example.

"How much ?"

"Sixpence."

The next instant the youth had drawn *me* from his pocket, received sixpence in change, and walked out of the shop, leaving me under the guardianship of a new master.

I did not remain long with the tobacconist: he passed me next day to a gentleman, who was as innocent as himself as to my real character. It happened that I slipped into the corner of this gentleman's pocket, and remained there for several weeks—he, apparently, unaware of my existence. At length he discovered me, and one day I found myself, in company with a *good* half-crown, exchanged for a pair of gloves at a respectable looking shop. After the purchaser had left, the assistant looked at me suspiciously, and was going to call back my late owner, but it was too late. Taking me then to his master, he asked if I was not bad. "It dont look very good," was the answer. "Give it to me, and take care to be more careful for the future."

I was slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the proprietor, who immediately seemed to forget all about the occurrence.

That same night, immediately on the shop being closed, the shopkeeper walked out, having changed his elegant costume for garments of a coarser and less conspicuous description, and hailing a cab, requested to be driven to the same street in Westminster in which I first saw the light. To my astonishment, he entered the shop of my first master:—how well I remembered the place, and the coarse countenance of its proprietor! Ascending to the top of the house, we entered the room to which the reader has been already introduced,—the scene of so much secret toil.

A long conversation, in a very low tone, now took

place between the pair, from whom I gleaned some interesting particulars. I discovered that the respectable gentleman, who now possessed me, was the coiner's partner,—his being the "issue" department, which his trade transactions, and unimpeachable character, enabled him to undertake very effectively.

"Let your next batch be made as perfectly as possible," I heard him say to his partner. "The last seems to have gone very well: I have heard of only a few detections, and one of those was at my own shop to-day. One of my fellows made the discovery, but not until after the purchaser had left the house."

"That, you see, will 'appen now and then," was the answer; "but think o' the number on 'em as is about, and how sharp some people is getting—thanks to them noospapers, as is always a interfering with what don't concern 'em. There's now so much of our metal about, that it's almost impossible to get change for a suff'rin nowhere without getting some on it. Everybody's a-taking of it every day; and as for them that's detected, they're made only by the common chaps as ain't got our masheenery,"—and he glanced proudly at his well-mounted galvanic battery. "All I wish is, that we could find some dodge for milling the edges better—it takes as much time now as all the rest of the work put together. Howsomever, I've sold no end on 'em in Whitechapel and other places, since I saw you. And as for this here neighbourhood, there's scarcely a shop where they don't deal in the article more or less."

"Well," said Mr. Niggles (which, I learned from his emblazoned door-posts, was the name of my respectable master), "be as careful about these as you can. I am afraid it's through some of our money that that young girl has been found out."

"Wot, the young 'ooman as has been remanded so often at the 'plese court?"

"The same. I shall know all about it to-morrow. She is to be tried at the Old Bailey, and I am on the jury as it happens."

Mr. Niggles then departed to his suburban villa, and passed the remainder of the evening as became so respectable a man.

The next morning he was early at business; and, in his capacity of citizen, did not neglect his duties in the court, where he arrived exactly two minutes before any of the other jurymen.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock, I saw at once that she was the sister of my first possessor. She had attempted to pass two bad shillings at a grocer's shop. She had denied all knowledge that the money was bad, but was notwithstanding arrested, examined, and committed for trial. Here, at the Old Bailey, the case was soon despatched. The evidence was given in breathless haste; the judge summed up in about six words, and the jury found the girl guilty. Her sentence was, however, a very short imprisonment.

It was my fortune to pass subsequently into the possession of many persons, from whom I learnt some particulars of the after-life of this family. The father survived his daughter's conviction only a few days. The son was detained in custody; and as soon as his identity became established, charges were brought against him, which led to his being transported. As for his sister—I was once, for a few hours, in a family where there was a governess of her name. I had no opportunity of knowing more; but—as her own nature would probably save her from the influences to which she must have been subjected in jail—it is but just

to suppose, that some person might have been found to brave the opinion of society, and to yield to one so gentle, what the law calls "the benefit of a doubt."

The changes which I underwent in the course of a few months were many and various—now rattling carelessly in a cash-box; now loose in the pocket of some careless young fellow, who passed me at the theatre; then, perhaps, tied up carefully in the corner of a handkerchief, having become the sole stock-in-hand of some timid young girl. Once I was given by a father as a "tip" or present, to his little boy; when, I need scarcely add, that I found myself ignominiously spent in hardbake ten minutes afterwards. On another occasion, I was (in company with a sixpence) handed to a poor woman, in payment for the making of a dozen shirts. In this case I was so fortunate as to sustain an entire family, who were on the verge of starvation. Soon afterwards, I formed one of seven, the sole stock of a poor artist, who contrived to live upon my six companions for many days. He had reserved me until the last—I believe because I was the brightest and best looking of the whole; and when he was at last reduced to change me, for some coarse description of food, to his and my horror I was discovered!

The poor fellow was driven from the shop; but the tradesman, I am bound to say, did not treat me with the indignity that I expected. On the contrary, he thought my appearance so deceitful that he did not scruple to pass me next day, as part of change for a sovereign.

Soon after this, somebody dropped me on the pavement, where, however, I remained but a short time. I was picked up by a child, who ran instinctively into a shop for the purpose of making an investment in figs.

But, coins of my class had been plentiful in that neighbourhood, and the grocer was a sagacious man. The result was, that the child went figless away, and that I—my edges curl as I record the humiliating fact—was nailed to the counter as an example to others. Here my career ended and my biography closes.

XIX.

A GENTEEL ESTABLISHMENT.

IN my hot youth, I once wanted some money. I do not mean to say that this was the only time I have ever experienced a similar want during that excited period. But I have particular reasons for referring to an especial occasion.

I had not arrived at the age which is known as years of discretion; indeed, even at the present moment it is the opinion of some of my friends—— But that is a consideration into which it is needless to enter. Let it suffice to state, that my money was locked up in the hands of a guardian—a gentleman of the old school, who devoutly believed that he was acting the part of my best friend by depriving me of any free agency in the management of my own affairs, and letting me spend as little as possible. Accordingly, through this very considerate conduct on the part of my best friend—who was personally a perfect stranger to me, living in a distant and absurd part of the country—I found myself unable to touch a guinea without his permission.

Such was the state of affairs, when I experienced the necessity to which I have alluded. My state of depen-

dence was too absurd. Accordingly, one fine morning, I resolved to make a bold stroke for my emancipation;—

“Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow;”—

and the blow that I proposed to strike was, to induce my guardian to sign a certain deed which would have the effect of placing a considerable portion of my property at my own disposal.

I knew that to effect this object, a letter would be useless. To tell the truth, I had already gone through the epistolary phase of supplication in all its varieties. I had tried every style:—the dutiful, the jocular, the insinuating, the desperate, the menacing, and the conciliatory, after the most approved models. I had invested fanciful friends with imaginary necessities, and expressed most philanthropic wishes to relieve them; I had contracted impossible debts at games which I never played in my life (“for the last time, on my honour as a gentleman”); I had even found sudden necessities for large sums to enable me to prosecute my studies by expensive additions to my library—which happened to be singularly complete—all to no purpose.

I now mustered up courage to make my last appeal; and this appeal I determined to make in person. I have said that I was a stranger to my guardian and to his establishment; but they were old friends of my family; and I had, moreover, been in the receipt, for several years past, of that unmeaning civility known as a “general invitation.” This was sufficient; and behold me ostentatiously driving up to the house one morning, supplied with baggage enough to stand a campaign of six months.

The people of the house upon whom I had so desperately intruded, maintained the reputation, during

their short visits to London, of being somebodies in their own county. I accordingly expected to be received with a certain ducal magnificence, which, however, I was subsequently given to understand, had not been known in the house since the time of some mysterious "old Sir Walter," about whom nobody knew anything in particular, and whom I strongly suspect to be a myth.

The fact was, that though coming from the old Norman stock of De Musheroon, my entertainers were a very plain, homely family, with—as far as the master of the house was concerned—not much more pride than can be considered appropriate when one has nothing to be proud of.

As for the lady, the case was somewhat different. She had a great notion about keeping up the dignity of the family; and I *know* I annoyed her mortally by the abruptness of my descent,—“taking them quite unprepared,”—as I heard her say to one of the servants, in giving directions about my room. This lady was the only person from whom I heard anything of the apocryphal old Sir Walter; the mystery about whom I have never been able to clear up, owing to Burke having, most unpardonably, forgotten to mention the family, in his History of the Landed Gentry.

But the most interesting member of the family—to me—was a cousin of Mrs. De Musheroon, considerably better looking than that lady, and enjoying besides the additional advantages of blue eyes, nineteen summers, and the name of Amy. She was inclined to be sentimental, and had just enough sense of the ridiculous (which I take to be sense of a very high kind) to be somewhat ashamed of it. Altogether, she was what her friends called “a riddle,” and suited me capitally; so we became excellent friends at first sight.

At an early period of my visit I had broken its object to the old gentleman, but without immediate success. He considered my allowance amply sufficient; he had no idea of young men persisting in being young men; he acted for my good,—and so forth. After ten days' stay in the house, I began to think the case hopeless, and made up my mind to return to town. I should have done so immediately but for the "shallow-hearted cousin" (of course I made the most of "Locksley Hall;") who having, it seems, gained some inkling of my plans, advised me, in confidence, to "wait a little longer," under a promise, made somewhat mysteriously, that she would try "to arrange it for me." To tell the truth, I did not feel reluctant to find an excuse for remaining; and it was fortunate that I did so; for the next morning an incident occurred which was destined to have some influence upon the success of my plans.

I must premise that the De Musheroon domestics were to me a most mysterious race. There were only a couple of men who might be considered as in attendance upon the family: the footman and the coachman. The family drove nothing more ostentatious than a Brougham; and the services of the footman were, therefore, confined to waiting at table, and to in-door duties. Then there was a gardener, who seemed to exercise his vocation only very early in the morning before the family were up; but whom I saw constantly so employed, when I have risen at unholy hours for the purpose of reading or walking.

At such times I have frequently seen this gardener in conversation with a young—no, not a lady; and yet she was scarcely so low as what we understand by an "individual," or a "party." A "young person" is the word. I saw him frequently talking to a young person

of what the newspapers call "prepossessing exterior," and whom I subsequently discovered to be lady's maid at a house not a hundred yards distant. Morning after morning I watched the pair from my window talking and walking together, and marking in their manner towards each other a certain respect and deference; a certain air of distance, mixed with one of familiarity, which obviously meant mystery; not much mystery to me, for I carelessly set down the affair as what they call "a case;" and there was an end of it.

No: not quite an end of it; for, one morning, I was taking my usual walk before breakfast, with a book in my hand, when, in a lane a short distance from the house, I saw the lady's maid—the obvious betrothed of the gardener—walking with—our footman! Oh! the caprice of woman! Why does not some good-natured friend tell the unfortunate John of Spades of the peril that awaits him? Poor fellow! The rival lover seemed somewhat confused, I thought, as he touched his hat in passing; but did not look like a very guilty man with any great weight upon his conscience. He waited at breakfast afterwards with his usual composure.

Meantime, I found myself no nearer to a settlement of affairs with my guardian; and began to think the "shallow-hearted cousin" had been making fun of me. Time went on, and it was plain that I must soon go off. I resolved, however, to trust to the chances of a few more days. I had been much amused by the caprice of my friend, the lady's maid; I was willing to see to what it might lead. An incident which speedily occurred made the case only still more mysterious.

One morning I had been persuaded to accompany Mrs de Musheroon and her cousin to pay one of those dreary compliments known as morning calls, to the Twaddle-

tons, who lived a few miles off—ten, or twenty, or thirty, perhaps: which is considered nothing in the country. They were very nice people, the Twaddleton's; talked genteelly about high life; and never told an anecdote of anybody under the rank of an ambassador. I used to humour them in this weakness; and tell them incidents relating to my dear friend Grinder (who was plucked the other day at Cambridge, for the Voluntary Theological), as the adventures of my friend—for the nonce—the Duke of Mount-Mornington, or that adventurous fellow, Lord John Hightoptover. It is wonderful how stories improve by this system. I remember, once—when in one of my most audacious moments I had given one of Grinder's exploits to the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg—the Twaddleton's were absolutely entranced; and I know that, from that moment, they pronounced me (for a mere commoner) one of the most amusing and well-bred persons of their acquaintance.

I have said, we were going to pay a morning visit to the Twaddleton's. The carriage had been ordered early, and while waiting for it, and for the descent of the ladies, I turned out to stroll for a few minutes. Passing the coach-house, I saw the brougham standing at the door with the horses in, and all ready; and, close by, the coachman, engaged, with a reckless disregard of his master's time, in conversation with my old friend, the lady's maid; the undoubted *fiancée* of the gardener, and the suspected *chère amie* of the footman! The pair had arrived at that most interesting period in interviews of this description—the parting; and they were prolonging the sweet sorrow in the usual manner, under cover of the carriage; not suspecting that a witness was so near. The final farewell did at last

take place, and I will not—considering all circumstances—say *how* affectionate it was. The lady then tripped off. I made a point of vanishing with considerable dexterity; and, as the brougham drove round to the frantically impatient ladies, I thought I had never seen a coachman look more innocent and serene.

That day I was doomed once more to be puzzled by this extraordinary establishment of domestics. Returning from the Twaddletons', I felt somewhat depressed, and was not in one of my best humours. (I should have mentioned, by the way, that the Twaddletons are very nice people, but that they once had the misfortune to live on the outskirts of the fashionable world, and were so well bred as not to ask their visitors to stay to luncheon—in opposition to the country custom, not yet extinct in England, which relieves calling from so much of its dullness.) I felt somewhat depressed in spirits, and was rallied on the subject by the "shallow-hearted cousin," who told me that I must brighten up in time for dinner next day, when there was to be a grand assemblage of all the county families, and great guns of the neighbourhood, who could be persuaded to come. This led to the expression of some fears on the part of Mrs. de Musheroon as to the efficiency of "a young man who had been highly recommended," and who had been accordingly engaged as a supernumerary to assist in waiting at table on the great occasion. In other words, he had been engaged to make himself generally useful, and it was of course anticipated that he would prove particularly useless instead.

"You see," said Mrs. de Musheroon, turning round with her usual grand manner to me, "of all our own servants, Charles" (that was the footman) "is the only one upon whom we can depend. The rest know abso-

lutely nothing out of their own departments ; and they are so stupid, that I am afraid it would be useless to attempt to instruct them for this occasion."

"I should have thought otherwise," said the cousin, with a look which, after much consideration and with considerable reluctance, I am obliged to pronounce malicious, "the gardener seems to be a quick, intelligent, young man, who would adapt himself to circumstances ; and John, who is now driving us, I have often thought more fit for domestic duties than driving. He is neither old enough nor heavy enough to be quite proper for a coachman."

There was a dead pause. Neither of the cousins spoke during the remainder of the drive. The elder lady maintained a look of portentous severity ; while, in the younger, I thought I observed several times a tendency to laugh.

At dinner that day Mrs. de Musheroon's temper was not much improved by an incident which would have escaped my notice, but for the evident annoyance which it occasioned her. Old De Musheroon, whom I have already mentioned as a good-humoured, unpretending country gentleman, made an observation to Charles (who was, as usual, in attendance) about the state of the kitchen garden, which he had been inspecting during our absence in the morning ; and consulted him as to the propriety of planting some mangel-wurzel for the cows on "that piece of waste ground in the corner."

"I wonder," said Mrs. de Musheroon, with a severe look at her husband, "that you do not talk of these subjects in the proper quarter. What *can* Charles know of them ? It is the gardener's business."

De Musheroon looked confused, as if he had made a

"confounded mull"—to use an expression of his own—about something; and drank off a glass of sherry, rather nervously. His wife subsided into her established air of severity; the young lady was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing; Charles did not seem quite at his ease: and I was the only unembarrassed person present. I had been once before somewhat amused at the old gentleman asking the coachman "If he thought that old port had been put in a damp part of the cellar?" But Mrs. de Musheroon, not being present at that time—to give prominency to the remark by going into hysterics, or making any demonstration of the kind—I had thought no more of the occurrence.

Meantime the affair of the lady's maid became more mysterious. A few days after our visit to the Twaddletons', I went out with old De Musheroon to have a pop at some pheasants. He began to talk about "his preserves." I had never known that he indulged in any such luxury; and to this day I am convinced, from my experience on that occasion, that the game could not have been very plentiful, otherwise we must have succeeded in finding something to hit. But my object in mentioning our day's sport, was to state that we were accompanied by "the gamekeeper," whom I had never before seen or heard of. In appearance, he was a most unexceptionable person—got up with velveteen and fustian, game-pouches, guns, and powder-belts, in a most orthodox manner.

In the course of our march over the stubble, De Musheroon (who is always affable to his dependants) good-naturedly rallied the gamekeeper upon the fact that he was going to be married very speedily. The gamekeeper grinned, and admitted the soft impeachment; his master promised to "do what he could for

him towards setting him up;" and so the matter dropped. But it so happened that, shortly afterwards, I was walking on in advance with my host, when I happened to ask him who was to be the bride of our friend the gamekeeper?

"Oh!" was the answer, "he considers that he's making a good thing of it. Good-looking, you know, and all that; she is the personal and confidential servant of the wife of old Sir Sykes Slimpenny, our next-door neighbour, I may say; for our respective parks only divide the two mansions." (So the De Musheroon lawn, and surrounding meadows, was a park!)

"Are you sure?" I asked, dubiously.

"Certain; the wedding-clothes have, as I have been told, been purchased."

Mystery upon mystery! Was this desirable young person going to marry the whole neighbourhood? I was fairly puzzled and perplexed. That day at dinner De Musheroon made a casual remark, relative to the approaching marriage of the gamekeeper; to which Mrs. de Musheroon observed, that "she was not aware that the event was to take place for several weeks."

"He told me it was to come off in a few days," said De Musheroon. "He leaves my service, you know, in less than a week, having engaged himself in another part of the country."

There was another awkward pause, such as I had before noticed. Mrs. de Musheroon was visibly agitated; and the remainder of the dining ceremonial passed off in perfect silence. The next morning, early, I received a message from the master of the house, who desired to see me in the library. I found him alone with his fishing-tackle, a parchment deed, a pheasant (from the poulterer's), and an attorney. He opened his

business very abruptly. He had taken my request into consideration, and was prepared to make the concession that I required. Not a word of his former very excellent reasons for refusing. It was evident that in the teeth of all his previous opinions, he had suddenly come to the conclusion that it was very proper that young men should be young men; that control over their own property was not an unreasonable demand; that, in short, young men, being young men, should be allowed to come and to *go* (strong emphasis on "go"), without restriction or restraint. For myself, puzzled and astonished as I was, I made no remark; but very quietly went through the necessary formalities, and stood up a responsible being—the *bond fide* proprietor of an actual and available balance at my bankers.

On considering, in the course of the morning, the possible reasons which could have induced my guardian so suddenly to change his resolution, it occurred to me that he had been ruled in the matter by his wife. For what object? Possibly by satisfying my demands, to put a termination to my visit. Such a thing was certainly conceivable, especially as I had already made a stay of several weeks; and the sting of the sharp tone of his violently accentuated "go" still tingled in my ears. It would not, perhaps, be very delicate to take a precipitate flight immediately on the settlement of my affairs; still I preferred that alternative, to the possibility of interfering with any domestic arrangements; so I resolved to "go," at all hazards, on the following day. Unexpected and important business is of course speedily improvised in such cases. It was evident that, for some reason of their own, they wanted to get rid of me. I did not want to go; but I went.

Not quite soon enough, however; for I was not

destined to depart without hearing more of the mysterious movements of the servants. The next morning, at breakfast, I noticed that the habitual Charles did not make his appearance, and that we were attended by a female domestic. Waiting until she had disappeared from the apartment, Mrs. de Musheroon explained the phenomenon.

"You see, it is very annoying ; I don't know what to do for a few days. There has been a slight disagreement, and all of our men-servants have left us, left us last night."

"All ! surprising and inconvenient unanimity !"

"Yes ; it is a fact. They had arranged to go upon that day ; their term was up ; but I had certainly expected as a piece of common civility that they would have waited until the family were provided with others."

"Certainly ; it would be only a piece of ordinary courtesy," I said, for the sake of saying something.

But the fact was, they had all arranged to be married that morning, and would not put off the day.

Impenetrable mystery ! It was the first time I had ever heard of such a proceeding. But I had no time to think about such matters now.

It happened that, after breakfast, I was taking a farewell of some of my favourite haunts where I had been accustomed to ramble ; when, passing the village church, I saw some gaily-attired persons issuing forth. I remembered that there were no end of persons to be married that morning, and I planted myself accordingly among the mob of rustics who were gaping about, to see them pass.

To my astonishment, there was only only one couple ; that is to say, one married couple. I recognised the

bride at once, my pretty friend, who seemed so generally sought after. But the bridegroom puzzled me. He was dressed in what—in contradistinction to livery—we call plain clothes; though, I must say, that they could not be so designated in any other acceptation of the term. There was a mulberry-coloured coat, a brimstone waistcoat, and a nosegay, uncommonly large, and dazzlingly variegated. The Berlin gloves (too long in the fingers) sparkled in the sun with whiteness. I knew that all the De Musheroon domestics were to be married that morning, and I knew that this fine gentleman was one of them. There could be no mistake, that singular command of feature, and that curious and varying twist of the mouth, belonged to Charles, and to nobody but Charles. But, whether the gamekeeper had been made a happy man, and the coachman, footman, and gardener were blighted in the flower of their several affections; or whether any other one out of the four had been made happy, and any other three been blighted as aforesaid, I have never been able to determine. I had never seen any of the servants in “plain” clothes, and the test was most embarrassing. Now, I felt convinced that the gardener was the Benedict; then, an expression came over his face which convinced me that it was the coachman; but, no sooner was this satisfactorily settled, than a reminiscence of the gamekeeper made me again a sceptic: in like manner, a sudden gesture of the footman would set me wandering once more. The bridegroom was as difficult of recognition as the late Charles Matthews, in one of his monopolylogues.

In my anxiety to clear up the mystery, I even felt inclined to prolong my stay; but that could not be. I accordingly adhered to my original arrangements, and

could not help thinking, as Mrs. de Musheroon mingled her regrets with her adieux, that she was not disinclined to part with me.

I had not entirely forgotten this domestic mystery, in my renewal of town habits and town enjoyments, when one day, at breakfast, glancing over the advertising columns of a morning paper, my eye fell upon the following advertisement:—

“WANTED, in a family of distinction, residing in the country, a young man, of good education and address. He must be able to drive, and attend to a pair of horses; wait at table; take charge of a kitchen and flower-garden; and act as gamekeeper when required. Address, by letter (post-paid,) to Reginald de M., Esq., Hautonbank Hall, Billberryshire.”

I verily believe the family are not suited to this day! They will, indeed, have to spend a large sum in advertisements, before they succeed in finding so admirable a Proteus in Plush as Charles.

How much of my freedom, and of the premature possession of my fortune, I owed to the diplomacy of the “shallow-hearted cousin,” I have yet to learn. My opinion at present is, that she was my good genius throughout. I shall know all about it some of these days, I hope and trust; for now I have got thus far, I don’t mind informing the reader, in confidence, that I have “intentions” in that quarter.

XX.

LITERARY MYSTIFICATIONS.

THE learned Jesuit, Hardouin, in his work upon Chronology and Coins, published in 1696, somewhat startled the weak minds of his readers, by the bold assertion that the ancient history, which is so dear to the learned men of the present day, through the delightful agency of Doctor Goldsmith and others, had been entirely re-manufactured in the thirteenth century, with the aid of the works of Homer, Herodotus, Cicero, Pliny, the Georgics of Virgil, and the Satires and Epistles of Horace—the only works which, according to him, belonged to antiquity—the Bucolics, and the *Æneid* of Virgil, the Odes, and the Art of Poetry of Horace, and all the collection of poets, historians, and ancient writers in general, whom we are unfortunately addicted to admiring, having been, according to the same veracious authority, fabricated by the monks of the middle ages.

We have not been in the habit of paying much more attention to such erudite speculations as that of our friend, the Jesuit, than they deserve; but the other day, (1852,) a very “modern instance,” that of the Shelley

forgeries, set us wondering upon the subject of literary mystification in general. The Jesuitical hypothesis presented itself with more than usual force, and led us insensibly, through a long catalogue of impostures, some of the most prominent of which we will note for the benefit of our readers.

Before the Revival of Letters, errors, such as those in question, were made through ignorance; but after that period—as befitted a more advanced degree of civilization—it was by fraudulent means that the learned were misled. It was one of the favourite amusements of the learned of the sixteenth century to mystify one another. In many cases, the only motive seems to have been the gratification of some personal whim, or the bewilderment of some literary associate. But we now and then find examples of elaborate attempts to misrepresent history, and to confuse names and dates to a most mischievous extent.

Of the latter class, a very large number of forgeries and fictions were concocted for political purposes. Among these may be included the false *Decretals* of Isidore, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and, for eight hundred years, formed the fundamental basis of the Canon Law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity; the deception of young Maitland, who, in order to palliate the crime of the assassination of the Regent Murray, drew up a pretended conference between him, Knox, and others, in which they were made to plan the dethronement of the young king, and the substitution of the regent in his place; and the story of the “bloody Colonel Kirk,” related by Hume and others, which was originally told of a very different person in a previous age.

The great majority, however, of deceptions of the kind seemed to have been contrived without any other object than the mere artistic love of ingenuity, to which the credulity or mystification of the learned was a flattering and irresistible tribute.

One of the boldest and most uncompromising of a very mischievous class of literary impostors was Anniius of Viterbo. Anniius published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards, he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from well-known authors. These, at first, were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor—one of which was his mistaking the right name of the historian he forged—were gradually detected, and at length the imposture was apparent. The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume, for the whole collection does not exceed one hundred and seventy-one pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery; while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favour of Anniius, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, the declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war was soon kindled. One historian died of grief for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred in their works to the pretended writers of

Annus. Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved; and the silence of Annus in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt as to whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings as a forgery, and has been equally rejected and defended.

It should not be forgotten that the statements of Annus received a supposed confirmation in some pretended remains of antiquity which were dug up in the grounds of the Inghirami family. These remains—which were Etruscan—consisted of inscriptions, and some fragments of an ancient chronicle. Curtius Inghirami had no doubt of their authenticity, and published a quarto volume of more than a thousand pages in their support. Nevertheless, they bore self-evident marks of modern times. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters: it was more difficult to defend the small italic letter, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides which, there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised until the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary. But, Inghirami replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives.

The only conjecture respecting the origin of these "antiquities," that has any reasonable foundation, is, that they were manufactured by one of the Inghirami family; who, some fifty years previously, had been the

librarian of the Vatican, and who might have been influenced by a desire to establish the antiquity of the family estate.

The writing of Christopher Columbus has, on more than one occasion, furnished a subject for fraudulent ingenuity. The Prayer-book presented to him by the Pope, and which he bequeathed to the Genoese republic, contains a codicil, purporting to be in his own handwriting; but which, apparently on very good grounds, has been pronounced a forgery. Only the other day we were told of a bottle having been picked up at sea, containing, it was alleged, an account of the discovery of America by the discoverer himself. This last appears to be a very promising performance of our friends the Americans—not very ingeniously contrived, and classified by comparison with other perversions of human dexterity, not rising much beyond the dignity of a hoax.

Petrarch's first meeting with Laura took place in the church of St. Clair, on a Good Friday, the sixth of April, 1327, so says the well-known inscription in Petrarch's *Virgil*. Alas for the belief of our youth! This famous inscription is said to be a forgery. The sixth of April, 1327, had, it seems, the perverseness to fall upon a Monday. But facts and figures are proverbially impertinent. The forger seems to have rather obtusely misunderstood the second sonnet in the printed editions (which differ somewhat from the MS.), and never to have got so far as the ninety-first sonnet, which would have informed him that the meeting took place, not in a church, but in a meadow. The Laura of Sade, moreover, is ascertained not to be the Laura of Petrarch, but Laura de Baux, who resided in the vicinity of Vaucluse, who died young, like all those whom the

gods love, and died, we are happy to say, for Petrarch's sake, unmarried.

It is pleasant to find an attempt to impose a fiction upon the world, fail most egregiously. Such was the fate of the nevertheless deeply planned scheme of the Duke de la Vallière and the Abbé de St. Leger. These two notabilities attempted to palm off upon the great bibliopolist De Bure, a copy of a work which had long existed in name, but of which no person had ever seen a copy. This was the *De Tribus Impostoribus*. A work with this name was manufactured by the Duke and the Abbé, who caused it to be printed in the Gothic character, with the date of 1598. Their intention was to sell copies of it by degrees, at very high prices ; and De Bure was honoured by being made the subject of their first experiment. That learned man, however, at once discovered the cheat, and the discomfiture of the concoctors was most signal. De Bure made two enemies by this piece of sagacity ; who subsequently attempted to write down his reputation.

Spain has produced some very accomplished forgers. About the end of the sixteenth century, a Jesuit, named Jerome Romain Higuera, applied himself to the task of making up for the silence of the historians on the subject of the establishment of Christianity in Spain. By the aid of popular traditions, and of every kind of document which he could collect, he composed several chronicles, and ascribed the most important of them to Flavius Dexter, an historian cited by St. Jerome, but whose histories were lost. He made a confidant of Torialba, one of the brothers of his order ; who, going to Germany, lost no time in announcing that he had found in the library of Fulde an authentic MS. containing the chronicles in question. The Jesuits believed this story,

and Torialba addressed a copy of the MS. to Calderon, who published it at Saragossa (4to. 1619), under the title of *Fragmentum Chronici Fl. Dextri, cum Chronico Marci Maximi, et Additionibus S. Branlionis et Helecani*. Higuera, who went so far as to pretend to enlighten various parts of this work by notes, did not live to see its publication, nor the controversies caused thereby. Gabriel Pennot, an Augustin, was the first to ask the authenticity of these chronicles, and he had for an adversary Thomas Vargas, whom he soon reduced to silence.

The imposture of Joseph Vella will be long remembered. Being at Palermo in 1782, he accompanied the ambassador from Morocco in a visit which that diplomatist made to the Abbey of St. Martin, and where he was admitted to see a very ancient Arabic manuscript. Being aware of the desire which existed to find in the Arabic writings materials for the completion of the history of Sicily, in which there was a gap of two centuries, Vella took the hint, and, after the departure of the ambassador, asserted that he had found in the library of the Abbey a precious manuscript containing the correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and the sovereigns of Africa.

To confirm the authenticity of this pretended discovery, and to give it additional importance in the eyes of his protector, Airolidi, archbishop of Heraclea, who paid all the expenses of his researches, Vella manufactured a correspondence between himself and the ambassador, who had returned to Morocco, in which he made the latter give an assurance that there existed in the library of Fez a second and more complete copy of the manuscript found in the library of St. Martin; that another work in continuation of the manuscript had been

discovered ; and also a series of medals, confirmatory of the history and chronology of the document in question.

The imposture had such success, that the King of Naples, to whom Vella presented his translation of the supposed manuscript, wished to send him on a mission to Morocco to make further inquiries. This was as unfortunate a turn as the royal favour could take ; but luckily for Vella, circumstances occurred to avert the disaster.

The translation of the Arabic manuscript had been announced in all the journals of Europe. The first volume was published in 1789, under the sanction of Airoidi. The sixth volume appeared in 1792, and was to be followed by two others. Vella was everywhere courted, and loaded with pensions and honours. Airoidi, however, having caused a fac-simile of the original manuscript—which Vella had taken great pains to alter and make nearly illegible—doubt arose as to its authenticity ; and finally, after the “ translation ” had been everywhere read, everywhere celebrated, and everywhere extracted from, the whole was found to be a deception. The original manuscript was nothing but a history of Mahomet and his family, and had no relation to Sicily whatever. Vella was induced to confess his imposture, but not until he had been threatened with torture.

In 1800, a Spaniard named Marchena, attached to the army of the Rhine, amused himself during the winter, which he passed at Basle, by composing some fragments of Petronius. These were published soon after, and, in spite of the air of pleasantry which ran through the preface and notes, the author had so well imitated the style of his model that many very accomplished scholars were deceived, and were only set right by a declaration of the truth on the part of the publisher. The success

of this mystification struck the fancy of Marchena; and in 1806 he published, under his own name, a fragment of Catullus, which he pretended to have been taken from a manuscript recently unrolled at Herculaneum. But, this time he was beaten with his own weapon. A professor of Jena, Eichstädt, announced in the following year, that the library of that city possessed a very ancient manuscript, in which were the same verses of Catullus, with some important variations. The German, under pretence of correcting some errors of the copyist, pointed out several faults in prosody, committed by Marchena, and made sundry improvements upon the political allusions of the Spaniard.

Poetical forgers have been comparatively scarce. One of the most distinguished of these was Vanderbourg, who in 1803 published some charming poetry under the name of Clotilde de Surville, a female writer, said to have been contemporary with Charles the Seventh of France. The editor pretended to have found the manuscript among the papers of one of her descendants, the Marquis de Surville, who was executed under the directory. The public was at first the dupe of this deception, but the critics were not long in discovering the truth. "Independently," says Charles Nodier, "of the purity of the language, of the choice variation of the metres, of the scrupulousness of the elisions, of the alternation of the genders in the rhymes—a sacred rule in the present day, but unknown in the time of Clotilde—of the perfection, in short, of every verse, the true author has suffered to escape some indications of deception which it is impossible to mistake." Among these was her quotation from Lucretius, whose works had not been then discovered, and which perhaps did not penetrate into France until towards 1475; her mention of the

seven satellites of Saturn, the first of which was observed for the first time by Huyghens, in 1635, and the last by Herschel, in 1789; and her translation of an ode of Sappho, the fragments of whose works were not then published. However, the poems attributed to Clotilde are full of grace and delicacy—sufficient, indeed, to induce any person with a love of approbation not simply diseased and fraudulent, to avow the authorship.

About the same period Fabre d'Olivet published the "*Poesies Occitaniques*," a work which professed to be a translation from the Provençal and Langue d'Oc; and in his notes he inserted fragments of the pretended originals. "These passages," says Raynouard, "written with spirit and grace, and often with energy, have deceived the critics, who believed them original, and have quoted them as such." Wishing to give to these fragments of his composition the advantage of passing for authentic, the author employed a means equally ingenious and piquant. In one of the works professing to be translated, he mingled some passages drawn from the poetical manuscripts of the Troubadours; and by this mixture of veritable and fictitious fragments, he found it more easy to seduce the credulity of the critics. He did more: as the language of the old Troubadours, from whom he had quoted passages in his notes, had some obscurities, which, being cleared away, would perhaps have facilitated the discovery of the fraud, he reduced their language to the idiom which he used himself; and by this means it became much more difficult to doubt the authenticity of these pretended productions, which for the rest, have a real merit of their own, under any aspect.

The French have from the first been peculiarly felicitous in this dangerous talent. Everybody at one time

believed in Varillas, the French historian, until some first-rate scholars succeeded in the difficult task of destroying his great reputation. Varillas was famous, especially, for the *exclusive* nature of his historical and courtly anecdotes ; and it was believed that he had the secrets of every cabinet in Europe at his fingers' ends. But notwithstanding his parade of the most minute matters—titles, correspondence, memoirs,—it became apparent, in the end, that he had been indebted to his invention, simply, for all this very exclusive knowledge. Yet it is impossible to read him and to withstand his plain, straightforward semblance of sincerity.

Then there was the celebrated "Voyage Round the World," written by a Neapolitan nobleman, named Carreri, who, it has been said, braved every peril of sea and savages very comfortably in his own chamber, which he never quitted for years, owing to a serious indisposition. There is every probability, however, according to more recent accounts, that Carreri was unjustly accused—that he had previously visited the places he describes. Still, for some years, his book was believed to be an imposture. The Travels of Damberger, which made a great sensation in their day, differed from these last: they were undoubtedly genuine—as a fiction.

Disraeli, the Elder, notices a singular imposition which has been practised by a variety of authors, of announcing a variety of titles of works "preparing for the press," but of which nothing but the titles were ever written. This system seems to have been very considerably practised by Paschal, historiographer of France, "for obvious reasons," as the phrase goes: he received a pension for writing on the history of France, and was obliged in decency to announce titles, at any

rate. When he died, it is stated that his historical labours did not exceed six pages!

We find Gregorio Leti mentioned as an historian of the same class as Varillas. "He took everything too lightly; yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history, which are not to be found elsewhere; and which perhaps ought not to have been there, if truth had been consulted."

Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, mystified a vast number of persons by the circumstantial and picturesque manner in which he wrote his travels. His book is said to be apocryphal; but it is written with a wonderful appearance of truth.

An anecdote of very recent date will conclude the list—as far as we are at present in a condition to extend it—of the most curious continental mystifications.

At the commencement of 1836, the French and foreign journals announced that the Greek translation of the Phœnician historian, Sanchoniathon, by Philon de Byblos, had been discovered in a convent in Portugal. This discovery astonished the whole learned world—not a very large body to astonish, by the way—but they were truly astonished, because nothing remained to them of the work in question but fragments quoted by Eusebius. Some months later, however, there appeared at Hanover a German treatise, purporting to be an analysis of the primitive history of the Phœnicians, founded on the newly-discovered complete translation of Philon, with observations by F. Wagenfield. This publication contained, in addition, a facsimile of the manuscript, and a preface by the learned Grotefend, director of the Lyceum of Hanover. But our "learned friend" last mentioned, soon found that he had been completely the dupe of Wagenfield, a young

student at Brema, whose work, however, displayed considerable imagination, and profound knowledge. In spite, however, of the pompous announcements which were several times made, the Greek text never appeared. The fragments, of which Wagenfield has given a German version, have been produced in French, by M. Le Bas.

So much for the exploits of our continental neighbours in this very fruitful field. How far our own countrymen are prepared to contest with them the palm of imposture, we will now proceed to show.

Hoaxes, mystifications, forgeries, impostures of every kind—whether for personal or party purposes, or from mere mercenary motives—had long ceased to be a novelty in the literature of the Continent, before the literary or learned of England became addicted to the same pleasant pastime. In this country, historians, antiquarians, critics, and readers had long suffered from the injurious effects of continental ingenuity—from the elaborate writings of scholars who never had any existence, and learned lights thrown upon “historical” events which never came to pass—before the perplexing and poisonous fruit of these practices began to flourish in our more sullen soil; and it is due to “a neighbouring nation” to notice that the first literary imposture which rises into the dignity of a real, elaborate, uncompromising, and mischievous forgery, was—an importation. George Psalmanaazaar, the distinguished Japanese, and historian of the Island of Formosa, if not a Frenchman—which he is ascertained to have been by education, and most probably by birth—was certainly not a native of these islands.

George Chalmers, the literary antiquary, enlightened the curious public, some fifty years since, with the discovery of what was believed to be the first English

newspaper, the *English Mercurie*, date 1588. We are indebted to Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, for the exposure, a few years ago, of this established and unquestionable forgery, which seems to have been concocted by Dr. Birch, assisted, perhaps, by his friends, the Yorkes, with what motive we cannot even guess.

Daniel Defoe, at a later period, was a master of a more harmless species of mystification. Who, among the civilised and sentimental even of the present day does not—in the face of all fact—believe in his heart in Robinson Crusoe? There is one portion of the history of this wonderful work which, fortunately, we are not bound to believe—namely, the fraudulent appropriation by the author of Alexander Selkirk's notes. This calumny has been long since successfully refuted. Some other of Defoe's "authentic" narratives are not so well known. The *Adventures of a Cavalier during the Thirty Years' War*, were long believed, even by eminent authorities, to be literally and circumstantially true. And true indeed they are, when we have once set aside the fact that the cavalier in question had no existence; for the rest, the adventures are for the most part strictly historical, and those for which there is no direct authority are valuable probabilities illustrative of the great contest in which the cavalier is supposed to have taken part. In the same manner, the *Life of Colonel Jack*, *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana*, and *Captain Singleton*, are all living and breathing persons; in their biographies everything is true with the exception of the names and dates; and even these have been widely and implicitly believed by the most matter-of-fact and unimaginative persons. Defoe's most amusing mystification, however, was his pamphlet, entitled "*A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one*

Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705," which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's book of "Consolations against the Fear of Death." The story, which is told on the alleged authority of persons then living, details with marvellous minuteness the appearance of the ghost of Mrs. Veal to her friend—not under mysterious and solemn circumstances, with which even Mrs. Radcliffe can scarcely, now, inspire terror—but at noon day, in Mrs. Bargrave's house, where the ghost gained admission by simply knocking at the door. Neither is the spirit conventionally attired; she is in Mrs. Veal's (riding) habit as she lived, and has altogether the appearance of a respectable lady making a morning call. The air of truth which pervades every detail of the interview, throws the reader completely off his guard, and the first hint—which is most carelessly and artistically incidental—of the visitor's immateriality, is something startling as a sensation. Very artful also is the ghost's puff of Drelincourt on Death, in which lies the whole object of the pamphlet. The pamphlet was, in fact, a book-seller's puff, concocted to sell off a large edition of M. Drelincourt's work, which had been long lying idle on the publisher's shelves. And so great was the credence given everywhere to the ghost story, that the not very learned or lively treatise went off like wildfire.

The first important event in the life of Psalmanaazaar—his birth—remains a mystery, and is likely to remain so, in company with the long list of important mysteries which are not worth the trouble of solution. Nobody knows the name of the Free-school where his education was commenced, nor of the archiepiscopal city at whose Jesuit college it was continued. The name of the young gentleman to whom on leaving college he acted as tutor

has not been handed down to fame, and the circumstances which led him to fall into a "mean and rambling life," as one of his biographers describes it, have never been recorded. He seems, from the very first, to have directed his attention to imposture; as much from natural taste as for the means of livelihood. His first crusade was against religious enthusiasts. He was of Irish extraction—so said some credentials which he contrived to procure—left his country, not for his country's good, but for the good of the Roman Catholic religion. Determining to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, his first necessity was a pilgrim's garb, which he contrived to carry off, together with the appropriate staff, from a chapel at noon-day. The rest of the adventure we gather from no unimpeachable source—himself. "Being thus accoutred, and furnished with a pass, I began, at all proper places, to beg my way in fluent Latin, accosting only clergymen, and persons of figure, by whom I could be understood: and found them mostly so generous and credulous that I might easily have saved money, and put myself into a much better dress, before I had gone through a score or two of miles. But so powerful was my vanity and extravagance, that as soon as I had got what I thought a sufficient viaticum, I begged no more, but viewed everything worth seeing, and then retired to some inn, where I spent my money as freely as I had obtained it."

He seems to have been about sixteen years of age when, while wandering in Germany, he first hit upon the project of passing for a native of the island of Formosa. He set to work immediately, with equal ardour and ingenuity, to form a new alphabet and language; a grammar; a division of the year into twenty months; and, finally, a new religion. In the prosecu-

tion of his scheme he experienced many difficulties. But these he surmounted by degrees. He accustomed himself to writing backwards, after the practice of eastern nations, and was observed worshipping the rising and setting sun, and practising various minor mummeries, with due decorum. In short, he passed everywhere for a Japanese converted to Christianity; and, resuming his old pilgrim habit, recommenced his tour in the Low Countries.

At Liege he entered into the Dutch service, and was carried by his commander to Aix-la-Chapelle. He afterwards entered into the service of the elector of Cologne, and finding, it may be presumed, that as a convert he did not attract sufficient attention, he assumed the character of a Japanese in a benighted and unenlightened condition. As he probably anticipated, he immediately became an object of interest. At Sluys, Brigadier Lauder, a Scottish Colonel, introduced him to one Innes, the chaplain of his regiment, with a view to a spiritual conference. This was an important step in the life of the adventurer. Innes seems to have been the chief cause of the imposture being carried to its height. That he had an early inkling of the deception there can be no doubt; but he was far too prudent to avow the fact, preferring the credit of the conversion, as likely to favour his advancement in the Church.

It was arranged in the first instance that Innes should procure Psalmanaazaar's discharge; but he delayed taking this preparatory step until he should hear from the Bishop of London, to whom he had written on the subject. At length, finding that his *protégé* was paying attention to some Dutch ministers, he saw that no time was to be lost, and resolved at once to baptize the impostor—for such he had now, in his own mind, estab-

lished him to be. It may be here mentioned that he had arrived at this fact by a stratagem. He had asked Psalmanaazaar to write a passage of Cicero *twice* in the Formosan language, and he noticed some considerable variations in the respective renderings. He advised the adventurer with some significance to be more prepared for the future—a warning of which Psalmanaazaar took advantage by perfecting his alphabet and general system, and producing in fact an entirely new language. He subsequently accompanied Innes to England, where he attracted considerable attention amongst the learned. When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, it was pronounced by some of the first men of the day to be grammatical, and a real language, from the simple circumstance that it resembled no other. Next appeared the “Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a native of that Isle, 1704;” which contained, besides the descriptive matter, pictorial illustrations of their dress, religious ceremonies, their tabernacle, and altars to the sun, moon, and the ten stars! their architecture, royal and domestic habitations, &c. This fabulous history seems to have been projected by Innes, who lent Varenus to Psalmanaazaar to assist him in his task. In the meantime he trumpeted forth the Formosan and his work in every possible direction—to such an extent indeed that the booksellers scarcely allowed the author two months for the production of his wonderful volume. The fame of the work spread far and near. The first edition was sold at once; but it was not long before doubts were expressed as to its veracity; and in the second edition the author was fain to publish a vindication. The fact was, he had fallen

into some awkward blunders. He stated, for instance, that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually; and though this was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island without occasioning depopulation, he persisted in not lessening the number. A lively controversy upon the subject was kept up for some years, but eventually the author repented of his imposture, and made a full confession, which he left to be printed after his death. The latter years of his life were passed in useful literary pursuits, notwithstanding that he was guilty of a minor imposture in connexion with his great one—nothing less than fathering the invention of a white composition called Formosan japan—which speculation proved a decided failure. Psalmanaazaar was a favourite in contemporary literary circles, where he was recommended by his powers as a conversationalist. Dr. Johnson took pleasure in his society, and speaks of him with respect. He fared better than his patron Innes, who, in consequence of another nefarious transaction in which he was engaged, lost his character, and was generally avoided. Psalmanaazaar died in May, 1763.

While the author of this startling and masterly imposture was making amends in mature age for the failings of his youth, the representative of a lower class of dishonesty—a person of inferior abilities and meaner moral character—was proceeding in a stealthy, secret manner to undermine the reputation of one of our greatest English poets. Lauder was a professional critic of some talent, in a limited sphere. He contributed to the then flourishing Gentleman's Magazine; and in the pages of that periodical attracted attention by a series of articles, in which he brought charges of plagiarism against Milton. The public were not there-

fore unprepared for the appearance, in 1750, of a work called "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost." In the preface to this work, Lauder says, in reference to the origin of the poem :

"It is related by steady and uncontroverted tradition, that Paradise Lost was at first a tragedy ; and, therefore, amongst tragedies the first hint is properly to be sought. In a manuscript published from Milton's own hand, among a great many subjects for tragedy, is 'Adam Unparadised, or Adam in Exile ;' and this, therefore, may justly be supposed the embryo of the great poem. When, therefore, I observed that Adam in Exile was named amongst them, I doubted not but in finding the original of that tragedy, I should disclose the genuine source of Paradise Lost. Nor was my expectation disappointed ; for having found the 'Adamus Exsul' of Grotius, I found, or imagined myself to find the *prima stamina* of this wonderful poem." The ingenious critic rendered the admirers of Milton very uncomfortable, until the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. John Douglas ; who had a very simple but very convincing story to tell. In the year 1690, it appears there was printed in London a Latin translation of the Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, by one Hogæus, as he called himself on the title page, or Hogg, as he was probably known by his personal friends. And further, it was very plainly proved that the greater portion of the passages cited by Mr. Lauder, were not quotations from Masenius, Grotius, and the rest, but from the very intelligent translation, by Hogæus, of Milton himself ! The striking, and frequently literal resemblance between these quotations and passages in Milton's works may thus be easily

conceived. In cases where Mr. Lauder had not availed himself of Hogæus, he had not scrupled to interpolate, and manufacture whole passages, which never had any existence in the writings of the authors from whom he pretended to quote.

Whatever doubt might exist after Mr. Douglas's very valuable pamphlet with regard to the entire falsity of the charges brought against Milton, was speedily set at rest by Mr. Lauder himself in an Apology which he "most humbly addressed" to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1751, wherein he makes an abject confession of his fraud.

In the year following the exposure of this mean and mischievous impostor, there was born at Bristol, of poor parents, a boy who was destined, some sixteen years after, to occasion a literary controversy which can scarcely be considered settled, even in our own day.

In the year 1768, at the time of the opening of the New Bridge, at Bristol, there appeared, in Farley's Weekly Journal (October 1), an account of the Ceremonies observed at the Opening of the Old Bridge, taken, it was said, from a very ancient manuscript. The performance attracted attention; and after much inquiry, it was discovered that the person who brought the copy to the office was a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton. He was at first very unwilling to discover whence he had obtained the original MS., and returned some evasive answers. Ultimately he stated that he had received this, together with many other MSS., in prose and verse, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in an upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe Church.

The evidence of the boy's mother and sister is cor-

roborative of his statement. Mrs. Chatterton tells us that her husband's uncle, John Chatterton, being sexton of Redcliffe Church, furnished her husband, the school-master, with many old parchments for covering the boys' copy books—these parchments having been found as described by her son. The best of them were put to the use intended; the rest remained in a cupboard. She thinks her husband read some of them, but does not know that he transcribed any, or was acquainted with their value. It was not until years after—in another house, whither the parchments were removed with the family—that her son made the important discovery. Having examined their contents, he told his mother that he had “found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it.” He then took possession of all the parchments, and was continually rummaging for more. “One day,” she says, “happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of these parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, carried away the cover in his pocket.”

After the affair of the bridge, Chatterton imparted some of the MSS. to Mr. George Calcott, pewterer, of Bristol; namely, the “Bristow Tragedy,” and some other pieces. These Calcott communicated to Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who had been long engaged upon a history of Bristol. Most of the pieces purported to have been written by one Thomas Rowley, a monk or secular priest of the fifteenth century, and his friend, Mr. Cannyng, an eminent Bristol merchant of the same period. Notwithstanding some prevarications in Chatterton's story, Mr. Barrett believed the main portion of it, and even inserted some specimens of Rowley in his history.

In March, 1769, Chatterton sent Horace Walpole

who had not then long completed his *Anecdotes of Painters*, an offer to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had once flourished at Bristol—sending him at the same time a specimen of some poetry of the same remote period. Receiving some encouragement on the score of the verses, he again wrote to Walpole, asking for his influence and assistance in a project which he had then formed of “seeking his fortune” in the metropolis—not on the ground that he himself was a man of genius, but because he was acquainted with a person, as he said, who was possessed of great manuscript treasures, discovered at Bristol. It was this person who had lent him the former specimens, and also the “*Elenoure and Inga*,” which he transmitted with his second letter. Walpole was at first deceived by these alleged antiquities: but Gray and Mason having pronounced them to be forgeries, he returned them to Chatterton with a cold reply. There are various reports about Chatterton’s personal conduct at this period; he is said to have become an infidel and a profligate—but neither charge has been proved. All that we know for certain is, that he contrived to get to London without Walpole’s assistance; that he there subsisted by writing satires and miscellaneous pieces—being employed, it is said, in some cases, by the government for party purposes. He made the acquaintance of Wilkes, Beckford, and others—but failed to procure any substantial benefit from them.

Owing to some change in his affairs—the nature of which is unknown—he seems, soon after, to have abandoned all hope of gaining the objects of his ambition—advancement and distinction. He removed from Shoreditch to a lodging in Brook Street, Holborn

and here he fell into poverty and despondency. "The short remainder of his days were spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death he refused with indignation a kind offer from Mrs. Angel (his landlady) to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry—though he had not eaten anything for two or three days. On the twenty-fifth of August, 1770, he was found dead, in consequence, it is supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground belonging to Shoe Lane workhouse." Thus was the seal put upon Chatterton's secret.

Warton, one of the most distinguished opponents of the genuineness of these poems, makes a general onslaught against them, in his *History of Poetry*. He does not even consider them to be very skilful forgeries. The characters in several of the manuscripts are of modern formation, mixed up most inconsistently with antique. The parchment is old, but made to look still older by yellow ochre, which can easily be rubbed off; the ink has also been tintured with a yellow cast. In some coats of arms, drawn upon the MS. of Cannyng's Feast, the hand of a modern herald is clearly traceable. He remarks, also, upon an unnatural affectation of antique spelling and obsolete words, side by side with combinations of words and forms of phrases, which had no existence at the pretended date of the poems. In the *Battle of Hastings*—said to be translated from the Saxon—Stonehenge is called a Druidical temple; while at the period when the poem might be supposed to be written, no other notion prevailed concerning this monument than the supposition that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre. After urging several

similar arguments, Warton concludes by giving the whole of the poems to Chatterton: if for no other reason, on the very probable supposition that the author of the Execution of Sir C. Baudwin, might easily be the writer of the rest.

The sad and solemn conclusion of poor Chatterton's career, leaves us no heart to dwell upon the feeble waggeries of some literary mystificators who succeeded him. Nor, indeed, under any circumstances, are such frolics worthy of any special notice. It was more than a score of years after the publication of the Rowley Poems, before any deep-meaning and really respectable forgery was brought to light. With the author of Vortigern and Rowena is associated no vulgar mystery. He has told us all about himself with most touching confidence.

Mr. Ireland's first essay at literary imposture was unwittingly suggested by his father; whose estimation of the works of Shakespeare was without bounds. It was not a mere matter of literary taste; it was not merely enthusiasm; but a creed and a faith. The most minute matters associated in the most distant manner with his idol, were carefully treasured. To please his father, young Ireland hit upon the notion of concocting nothing less than an autograph of the great poet. This duly made its appearance in the form of a mortgage deed, drawn up with a careful imitation of the legal hand-writing of the reign of James the First, and the "signature" of Shakespeare—cramped, eccentric, and unmistakably genuine!

Who but the son can properly describe the father's joy when this precious parchment was presented to him, as having been found among some (unspecified) documents in the (imaginary) library of some *château*

belonging to some (fictitious) friend. The deed, which purported to be between Shakespeare and one Fraser and Elizabeth his wife, was inspected by crowds of antiquaries, to whom it gave the greatest satisfaction.

Then, as the novelty of the discovery wore off, came the increased voracity which follows the first taste of blood. The old gentleman became eager and inquiring. There were probably more Shakespeare papers in the same place; and it was the duty of his son to make further researches. In vain did the unfortunate fabricator resist and return evasive answers. The antiquaries, and his father at the head of them, became more exacting. To save himself from importunities, and perhaps exposure, Mr. Ireland now penned Shakespeare's Profession of Faith and a few letters, all of which passed muster: in many instances documents produced as two hundred years old had scarcely been in existence two hours. Then followed a decisive step. An original play by Shakespeare was pronounced to be extant; and to support his assertion, Ireland, to the great joy of the happiest of parents, produced the Vortigern and Rowena, which distinguished critics admitted to private readings pronounced to be a genuine work of the poet; and it was ultimately arranged to bring it out at Drury Lane.

Prior to this, however, some suspicions of the validity of the production had crept abroad, and were now made the subject of controversy in pamphlets and newspapers. Malone, one of the most distinguished among the opponents, made a collection of documents intended to prove the forgery; but he did not succeed in bringing them out before the representation of the piece. He issued, however, a notice to the public, warning them of the imposture, which he intended to expose. To this the elder Ireland replied by a handbill, which he caused to

be circulated among the multitude, who, towards the hour of performance, were choking up the avenues to the theatre.

Meantime there were enemies within as well as without Drury Lane; and the principal of these was a no less important personage than Kemble the manager. The latter brought all the force of his wide and weighty influence against the piece; by which he called forth a very severe rebuke from Sheridan, who reminded him that he was forgetting his duty as a servant of the theatre. Ireland had also an important opponent in Mrs. Siddons, who refused to lend her aid in palming Vortigern upon the public.

The piece, however, was announced for representation "positively" on the 2nd of April, 1796. Kemble had, it seems, endeavoured to fix the previous night for its production, "in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of All Fools' Day." Being detected in this damaging attempt, probably by the quick perception of Sheridan, the uncompromising manager succeeded in announcing *My Grandmother* as the farce to follow—a sarcasm obvious enough to a thoroughly London audience. This was not all; leagued with Malone, and the rest of the sworn opponents, and with a real literary enthusiasm to which he was cheerfully prepared to sacrifice the interests of the theatre, Kemble had recourse to every expedient prior to, and on the night of representation, in order to crush the play. He arranged with a number of devoted adherents who were carefully posted in the house, to give himself the signal for the uproar. The signal agreed upon was the line which happened to occur in one of his own speeches—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which line he took care to deliver in a sufficiently pointed manner, and with a tremendous result. Never had such an uproar, and such derisive laughter and hooting, been heard within the walls of that most respectable theatre. Waiting with great patience until he could again obtain a hearing, Kemble came forward, and reiterated the line "with an expression," as Mr. Ireland tells us, "the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive."

The demonstration upon this assumed all the indignity of a "row;" and it was kept up with such effect that not one syllable more of the play was intelligible. The line occurs towards the close of the second scene of Act V—being the last scene but one of the drama—prior to which no hostility had been manifested. Indeed, so decided was the applause that many—even of the performers—were confident of success. This was notwithstanding that Kemble had given several parts in the play not only to the most incompetent, but to the most absurd actors he could find. He had also placed *Dignum* purposely in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sound of trumpets, he had to say, "Let them bellow on," "which were words uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang that no muscles save those of adamant could have resisted."

Malone's "Investigation," which was a final blow to the pretensions of the play was not long in making its appearance. After this, Mr. Chalmers published, first his "Apology for the Believers," and then a "Supplemental Apology," wherein, says Mr. Ireland, "though advocating the untenable side of the question, he displayed a far greater depth of antiquarian research and scholastic reasoning than his opponent; in short, there is scarcely one position laid down by

Malone that is not most satisfactorily refuted by Chalmers."

Ireland adds that this warfare affected him only in so far as it caused suffering to his father, who was even himself accused of having fabricated the papers, and this, he avows, was his sole reason for satisfying "the world" on the subject. The play of Henry the Second was another Shakspearian attempt by the same author; but it deceived few, and attracted generally but little attention. Mr. Ireland has since made his appearance as the author of a novel called "Rizzio." He had previously taken up his residence in Paris, where Napoleon showed him favour and attention. In England he was never forgiven by the distinguished critics, among whom was Boswell, whom he had deceived. He returned eventually, however, to his native country, and died in London not many years ago.

The name of Allan Cunningham, in association with this class of literary ingenuity, brings us down to something like our own times. It was in the summer of 1809, that Mr. Cromek, by profession an engraver, visited Dumfries, in company with Stothard the painter, for the purpose of collecting materials and drawings for a new edition of the works of Burns. He took with him a letter of introduction to a young stonemason of literary tastes—ambitious, ardent, and obscure. Their talk was all about Burns, the old Border ballads, and the Jacobite songs of the Fifteen and the Forty-five. Cromek slighted some of Allan's poems, which it may be supposed the young bard did not fail to read to him, and sighed after the old minstrelsy. "The disappointed poet" (says Mr. Peter Cunningham in the interesting introduction to his father's songs) . . . "changed

the conversation, and talked about the old songs and fragments of songs still to be picked up among the peasantry of Nithsdale." Cromek was immediately seized with the notion of a collection; "the idea of a volume of imitations passed upon Cromek as genuine remains flashed across the poet's mind in a moment, and he undertook at once to put down what he knew, and to set about collecting all that could be picked up in Nithsdale and Galloway." Cromek was delighted with the idea; the "Collection," with appropriate notes and illustrations, in due time appeared, and was pronounced by competent authorities to breathe the genuine Jacobite spirit which it was impossible to mistake. Professor Wilson was the first to detect the "Jacobite spirit" as not being exactly "proof," and mercilessly exposed the deception in Blackwood—with due respect, however, for the original powers of the poet.

The last successful, and perhaps most pardonable of literary forgeries, came forth under the title of *Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch*. The story, (which is supposed to be told by one Abraham Schweidler, Lutheran Pastor at Coserow, during the early part of the Thirty Years' War) appeared at Berlin in 1843, "edited" by Doctor Meinhold. At that time a school of criticism, of which Dr. Strauss was the head, gave great offence to faithful and pious people, by an assumption of critical infallibility so nice as to discriminate, even in the Gospels, between what is true and what the critics were pleased to say is false. Dr. Meinhold determined to play the Infallibles a trick. He wrote the *Amber Witch*, and pretended that it had been brought to him by his sexton; who had found it in a

niche in the church, where it had lain for centuries, among a heap of old hymn books and parish accounts. Strauss and Company were fairly caught. They published an acute analysis of the fiction, and pronounced it to be a genuine chronicle of the seventeenth century. Dr. Meinhold having thus trapped his prey, confessed the deception, and extinguished the authority of the till then, dreaded critics.

The forgery of the Shelley letters is one of the most mischievous examples of the most mischievous class of literary impostures; and from various signs of the times not to be passed unnoticed by those who watch and weigh, we may expect to see even worse—that is to say cleverer, scholars of the same school. The discovery was made accidentally by Mr. Palgrave, who happened—while glancing through the volume published by Mr. Moxon—to detect in a letter supposed to be written by Shelley, a portion of an article on Florence written for the Quarterly Review in 1840, by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. This was sufficient to put Mr. Moxon upon the scent. At the General Post Office the letters were declared to be genuine, “to the best of the belief” of the clerks. The postmarks were then compared with the postmarks of Byron’s genuine letters to Mr. Murray, posted from the same cities in the same month and year, and addressed to the same place—London. Here they failed. Where “Ravenna,” on a genuine letter, was in small, sharp type—in the Shelley letter it was a large uncertain type; and in the letters from Venice the post-mark was stamped in *italic*, and not, as in the Shelley specimens, in a Roman letter. In other respects—seals, hand-writing, manner and even matter everything seemed undoubtedly genuine. The onus

of the matter then rested with Mr. White, the publisher, from whom the letters had been purchased. Mr. White published a long account of the manner in which he had purchased them from "a well-dressed lady-like young person," who called upon him at different periods, giving very little account of herself, and still less of the manner in which the letters had come into her possession. He was introduced subsequently, however, to a person who stated himself to be a son of Byron, and the husband of the lady; and from him Mr. White completed his purchases. "It is proper," says the *Athenæum* in noticing the above transactions, "to say thus early that there has been of late years, as we are assured, a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley, and Keats; that the forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the entire body of London collectors; that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim; that they have been sold at public auctions, and by the hands of booksellers, to collectors of experience and rank; and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books, bearing not only the signature of Lord Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages.....At the same sale at which Mr. Moxon bought the Shelley letters, were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife, revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts, not wholly dishonourable to a father's memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley—the present Sir Percy Shelley—and are now proved, we are told, to be forgeries." Other letters, however, which seem to have emanated

from the same source, had been previously sold by public auction. One—the most infamous—in which Shelley makes an assertion against the fidelity of his wife, sold, it is said, for six guineas.

The form of correspondence—especially when it involves calumnies against the dead—is the most dangerous form in which the literary forger has yet exercised his labours. That such impositions are active and widely spread—not only in England, but in many parts of the Continent—there can be no doubt.

THE END.

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